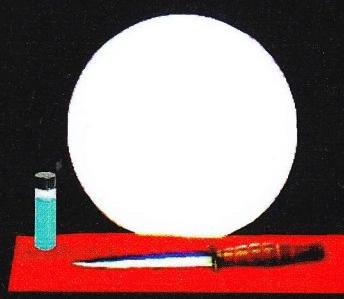




Inside Solar Lodge Behind the Veil

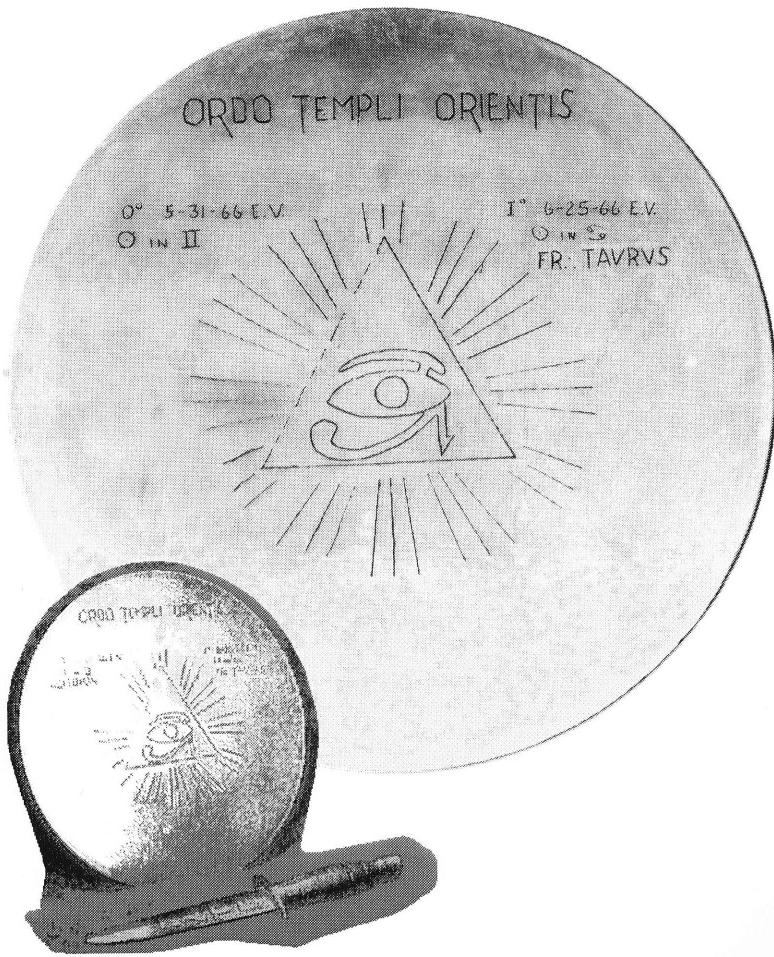


Frater Shiva



Inside Solar Lodge

Behind the Veil



The Obverse of the 11" Pantacle of Frater Taurus
SOLAR LODGE 1966

The Pantacle and its photographs are ©2012 by Frater Shiva & Frater Taurus
 THE LOW RESOLUTION IS DUE TO DIGITAL PROCESSING OF BRILLIANT REFLECTED SUNLIGHT
 The words "Ordo Templi Orientis" are now ® by OTO



Frater Shiva

Desert Star Temple
2012

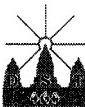
Inside Solar Lodge - Behind the Veil

Published by
Desert Star Temple

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INSIDE SOLAR LODGE - OUTSIDE THE LAW

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HIGHLY REVISED WITH MUCH ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

Many of the *Tales* described in this book are viewable online at:
<http://www.youtube.com/user/phaeton444>

"The results obtained when combining Ceremonial Magick with Liberating Medicine are completely different when compared to a passive indulgence in the Medicine alone."

- Frater Shiva

That's part of what this Book is about.

This Treatise is essentially historical in nature.
It is neither an "Operations Manual"
nor a "Recommendation for Consumption"
of any pharmaceutical mentioned herein.

For that kind of information, you can review
The Universal Psychoactive Reference

being an encyclopedia of liberating medicines,
containing extensive medical, chemical, behavioral,
botanical and legal information, accessible at

<http://www.erowid.org>

Review your local laws, then
ask your doctor or pharmacist if
psychedelics are right for you

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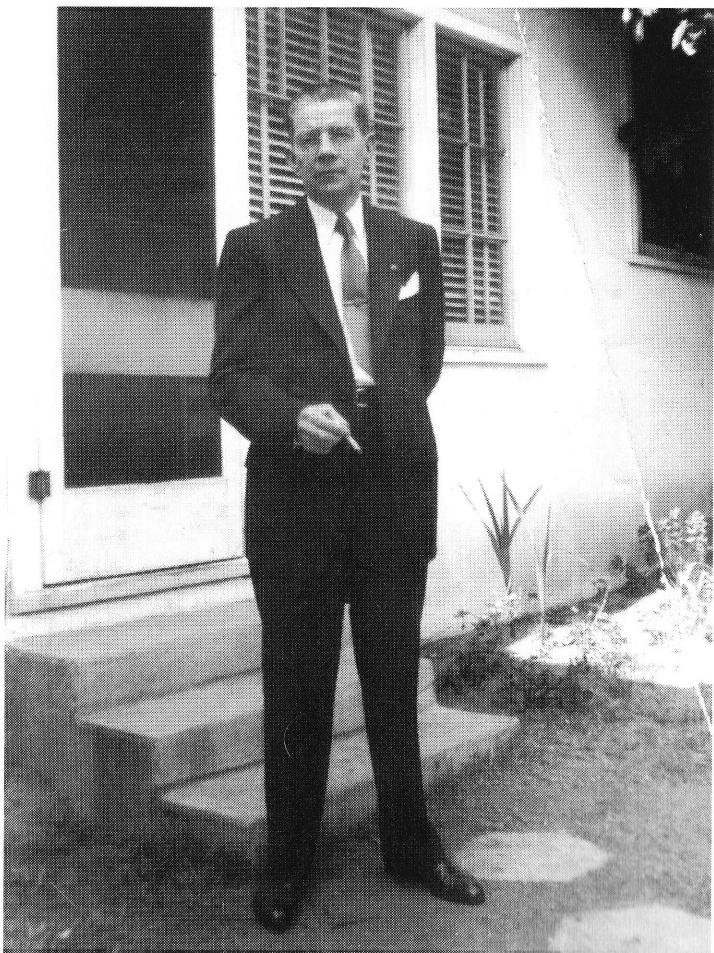
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Frater Aquarius

"There are only three things that I believe in -
The Book of the Law,
The Seven Secret Chiefs
and
The Attractive Principle."



A previously unpublished photograph of Ray Burlingame
circa 1945 – Long Beach, California



Foreword

THERE IS A CONTINUING DEBATE among the scholars of New Religious Movements on the value of testimony of "apostates," i.e., converts who leave a group willingly or unwillingly. One side would argue that accounts of ex-members should be completely rejected as objective evidence of a group's core beliefs and activities. Apostates are said to exaggerate the bad qualities of a novel group in service of a project of self-vindication. In this scenario, an ex-member casts himself or herself as an innocent victim of the group's successful milieu control. The one-sided narrative serves as a means of exonerating prior willing participation in activities that in retrospect are viewed as socially undesirable. The ex-convert as an apostate thus rejects the belief system of the group and in turn becomes a secular crusader, citing the group's crimes against society as justification for its suppression. Perhaps the best example of this phenomenon in Crowley's life was Marian Dockerill's *My Life in a Love Cult: a warning to all young girls* (1928). Dockerill, a sister of Crowley's mistress Leah Hirsig, cast Crowley and others as charismatic con men whose mental control over women led to their ruin.

The about-face of a former convert is thus of no value from this perspective, whose supporters have been labeled as "pro-cult apologists." Setting aside the scientific validity of the concept of brainwashing, there are sufficient reasons to be wary of evidence presented in an otherwise unattested "atrocity story," particularly when the group might be highly secretive or obscure.

As should be obvious, all the terms in use in this discussion are laden with value judgments, making any empirical research highly challenging and prone to polarization. The other side of the debate is what has been termed the anti-cult movement. It would label novel groups as “cults,” a word which has acquired a predominantly negative connotation. For the anti-cult movement, those who leave a cult group are “defectors” as opposed to “apostates.” Defectors, former participants who eventually break through the group or the leader’s control, provide the best possible evidence of the inner life of a controversial new religion. From this perspective, defectors have been subject to extreme coercion (“brainwashing”) and their narratives understate, in part due to embarrassment, the degree of criminality and other socially deleterious activities within a group.

Frater Shiva, the author of this book, presents the reader with an opportunity to look inside a small, highly organized, former movement that from the start was “outside the law.” He takes credit for organizing the initiatic training structure of the Solar Lodge, from which he eventually chose to exclude himself. Soror Capricornus (born Georgina Rose L. Chalkley), was the charismatic leader, but she took her cues from inner direction rather than a knowledge of the Thelema literature.

It was left to Frater Shiva to develop the curriculum that was the flaming heart of the group’s activities. He is thus both an insider and an outsider, a hierophant and a destroyer (as befits his magical name).

I have enjoyed learning from his perspective over the years of our acquaintance. I had written to him in 1985 after I chose to leave the Society Ordo Templi Orientis and its founder Marcelo Ramos Motta. The latter had shared with me his correspondence with the author, and it engendered a lasting respect for his straightforward responses to the extreme and irrational demands, made within a few letters, up to and including his willingness to commit suicide should Motta demand it.

Our author replied that he would do nothing unless it was consonant with his True Will, which was not the answer Motta sought. He had escaped from “the Tong” and having learned from the experience, he saw no point in repeating the exercise.

My letter was returned and it sat in my filing cabinet for another twenty years. The development of the commercial Internet made it possible for me to find him and open up a communication with an actual participant in Thelema in a time when it had no organization outside of Europe. I have found him an honest witness to his own wisdom and occasional folly. His is a real-life story, from which I believe both the scholar and the adherent may benefit.

Martin P. Starr



ON BOARD A SOUTHBOUND TRAILWAYS BUS

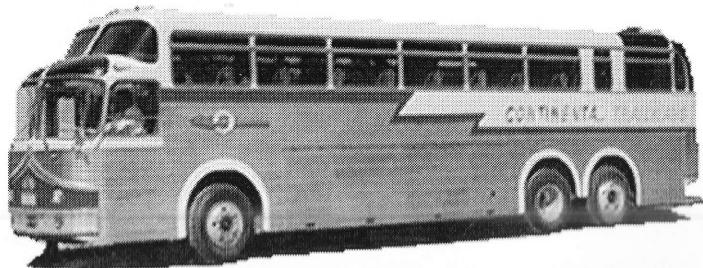
The Author's Experience of 1972

CONTINENTAL TRAILWAYS and Greyhound Lines were the two major bus companies available for travel in the early 1970's. I always chose Trailways because they were cleaner, offered greater leg room and were much more comfortable.

I was riding from Vancouver, British Columbia to Riverside County in Southern California, where I was to surrender myself to the Establishment. They had been looking for me for over three years, but they just couldn't seem to find me.

Los Angeles Times 1971

The FBI narrowed its hunt for fugitives in the "boy in the box" case down to one with the arrest of former Los Angeles schoolteacher Richard M. Brayton, 60, and his wife Georgina Rose, 50. They were arrested on federal warrants charging them with unlawful flight to avoid prosecution for child abuse. They were among five persons being sought by the FBI in connection with the reported abuse of Anthony Saul Gibbons, a youth discovered chained inside a wooden box at a commune near Blythe two years ago. The FBI said [Frater Shiva], a former USC dental student, remains at large.



It was always a long trip of 33 hours down the west coast of the United States, one that I would make several times in my lifetime.

I was wide awake but a bit bored.

Then my eyes fell upon a paperback book that was laying on the floor.

Its front cover was missing. So what?

I picked it up, determined to pass the time by reading. It was ...

Flying Saucers

A MODERN MYTH OF THINGS SEEN IN THE SKIES

by Carl G. Jung

London, 1959

Dr. Jung said that in olden times, UFOs might have been called "gods," but the unconscious of modern man sees it differently. Ancient men saw dragons or monsters and divine beings in the heavens; modern man sees mechanical archetypes - spaceships manned by extraterrestrial entities.

He indicated that Flying Saucers were a touchy subject and that by simply addressing them, he was opening himself and his professional reputation to criticism and ridicule.

He also said that he felt he must take the risk even if it meant putting his reputation in jeopardy. He was 83 years old when he wrote *Flying Saucers*.

This present treatise is presented under similar circumstances. If I had written a definitive book about psychedelic drugs earlier in my career, coupled with Magick no less, I imagine that my teaching credentials, professional licenses, positions of responsible employment and general reputation might have fallen into a rapid downhill slide.

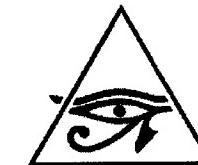
A few years ago I would have publicly denied any association with these precarious subjects, the whole affair being under an umbrella of the strictest secrecy. Thank goodness the internet didn't catch up with me and my *True Tales of Initiation and High Adventure* until just one year after I stopped working for a living.

Now that I am a senior citizen and pleasantly retired from these areas of vocational endeavor, I see no reason to refrain from laying it all out for the younger generations and for posterity in general.

By the way, when I finally walked into court, surrounded by a phalanx of Solar Lodge guards, the judge simply said ...



"Case dismissed!"



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The following individuals simply must be cited, thanked, and recognized for their participation in the production of this treatise:



Frater Taurus, who was there in the beginning and who, decades later, suggested and encouraged the publication of this material.

Frater Kuat, who was there the longest, even unto the end, and who disclosed the nature of the fully-developed *Tong*.

Frater Jon, who was there for the entire main event, and whose insight and experiences are partially chronicled in this book, especially in his own personally-written chapter.

Frater Geo, who was there at the supreme crisis, and who was somehow able to escape capture and imprisonment.

Frater Anubis, who was also there for the entire main event, and who went on to become, in his turn, the right-hand man of The Grand Master Baphomet (retired).

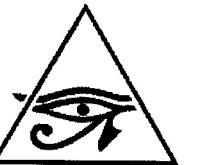
Keith Richmond, and the staff of Weiser Antiquarian Books, for their insight and hard work in making this tale available to you.

Jerry Cornelius, for his meticulous research into Solar Lodge, and for seeing it for what it was.

Martin P. Starr, for his long-held historical interest, and for helping to dump the rubbish.

Ave! Fraters Ordum Universalis :

THE NAMES OF WOMEN MEMBERS ARE NEVER REVEALED



Preface

The term is "clandestine" and it refers to Initiates who work without a proper written charter from the Grand Master of their jurisdiction.¹

For example: *Solar Lodge*

DOUR YEARS AGO, if you had entered "SOLAR LODGE" into a search engine, you would have received some references to Masonic Lodges, a few random other topics, with a multitude of links to sites that offered to tell the story of the infamous *Solar Lodge* that was set in motion in 1962 and flourished from 1965 until 1972.

These tales were drawn from newspaper articles, books, interviews and urban myths. They all fed off one another and most of them simply repeated the many falsehoods, both deliberately and accidentally, which had accrued around the story of the Lodge.

Witnesses who were actually present in those days have given reports wherein various people and their names are confused, dates are incorrect, and outright lies are presented.

So I thought it was time to set the record straight. But who am I to be so bold?

Well, I was there. I Am Shiva the destroyer. I destroy illusion. From 1965 until 1972, I was the Grand Secretary General of Solar Lodge. I started writing these *True Tales of Initiation and Inner Adventure* in 1970 in the city of Ensenada, Baja California during that time when we were lying low under the scanning radar of the Establishment.

In the later part of 2007, I told the true story in *Inside Solar Lodge – Outside the Law*. Did that make any difference?

Well, today, if you enter "SOLAR LODGE" into a search engine, more than four years after the publication of *Inside Solar Lodge - Outside the Law*, you will still receive some references to Masonic Lodges and a few random other topics, but the majority of sites that contained outrageous fabrications and gross misconceptions have thankfully receded into the background.

If your search was slightly expanded to "INSIDE SOLAR LODGE," almost all the results will point to that first book of mine or to this book, which is greatly expanded in length as well as in depth.

Webmasters who were previously hosting or posting false tales and distorted myths of Solar Lodge have made corrections or adjustments to their sites, and it would seem that much of the mystery surrounding the Lodge has been dispelled.

But there are even deeper mysteries that have not yet been revealed. Who shall roll away *this Stone*? I will.



Solar Lodge utilized the initiation rites of the O.T.O., but its curriculum was that of the A.:A.: I know this to be so because I developed and overshadowed the training program, administered *all* of the examinations and participated in most of the rituals of initiatory advancement.

It should be noted that the A.:A.: is a system that leads *individual* candidates through a series of grades of spiritual initiation, and that it is not concerned with mundane matters such as social status, wealth, poverty and/or other material plane considerations. Each member [theoretically] knows only that one initiate who introduced him or her to the Order and any individuals that he or she may introduce after becoming an initiate.

On the other hand, the O.T.O. is a broad-based religious membership organization, which aims to promote and practice the principles of *Thelema*, as well as promoting its member's spiritual advancement through a series of initiatory degrees. It is also concerned with more worldly matters, such as the encouragement of universal brotherhood, the organization of sacramental, educational, and cultural events, and the maintenance of the Crowley copyrights.

At the time when Solar Lodge was rising to its full power in the mid-1960's, no other individual in the U.S.A. was publicly claiming responsibility for the O.T.O.'s activities, and we believed ourselves to be the legitimate heirs of that Order.

In 2007, the current head of the O.T.O., *Hymenaeus Beta*, told me that O.T.O. did not formally recognize Solar Lodge due to its lack of proper initiatory authorization.¹

I am willing to defer to that opinion, for *we had no written Charter*.

Therefore, any reference to O.T.O. in this present volume is merely *historically descriptive* and is not meant in any way to be *claimative* in any contemporary manner.



Some of the information regarding the actions and words of *other individuals* in this dramatic tale came to me from the works of Jerry Cornelius, especially in the *Red Flame* editions that told the biographical tale of *The Caliph versus Solar Lodge*.ⁱⁱ

Even earlier, in 1996, Jerry wrote *Myths of the Solar Lodge Revisited*.ⁱⁱⁱ This Epistle is remarkably accurate.

In particular, he documented and debunked *all* of the sordid, untrue details surrounding the infamous *Boy in the Box* ordeal, and he unveiled the "state's eye-witness," the source of many of the false accusations made against Solar Lodge.

These testimonies were amazingly recanted by the witness himself in a later television interview. He was mostly unknown by his real name, but known to us as *Frater Ra*.

Ra claimed that he was motivated to prevarication from a fear of incarceration. What has not been overtly revealed is the fact that a good part of his drive and direction came from a certain *denomination* into which he had sought refuge and where he had become indoctrinated into its faith.

As I understand it, its *faith* encouraged one to openly discredit and overtly damage any previous affiliations.

In his online review of *Inside Solar Lodge - Outside the Law*, Jerry said ...

¹ OTO and *Ordo Templi Orientis* are ® registered trademarks of *Ordo Templi Orientis*. You can visit them at www.oto-usa.org.

"Grady McMurtry loved sharing his stories of what he had discovered in the early 1970's about the Solar Lodge during his investigation into the library thefts of Germer, Regardie and Mildred Burlingame.

"Years later, when I began writing Grady's biography, I obtained a full set of his unpublished research and letters where he discussed in-depth his findings with Gerald Yorke and Israel Regardie and a few others about the Solar Lodge. Most of these files are not found in the OTO archive but remained in the possession of his ex-wife Phyllis Seckler who graciously shared them with me.

"I found what Grady discovered to be a fascinating story, but again, it lacked intimacy as to the Solar Lodge's real legacy.

"What I did learn was, that Grady was indirectly responsible for the information, albeit very twisted and sensationalized, that was published in *The Family*. But Grady's files debunk most of Sanders' book and it was too bad that they remained buried for as long as they have."

In 2008, Jerry told me:

"I began my defensive mode of the Solar Lodge back in the seventies thanks to Grady McMurtry. Regardless of his rants about the library thefts which infuriated him and often blinded his judgment, especially as seen in his early letters to Jean and Dick, he always turned the story around to us by saying that he admired you guys for at least having the guts to take the Thelemic reigns and running with it. He always considered you all serious magicians. That dichotomy struck me, because I believed that if he felt this way then obviously there was far more to the story than most people were aware."

And in 2009, he wrote:

"Grady did not always trash the thief of the Germer archive in the same respect as do modern researchers. Don't get me wrong, he did not condone it, but he understood it. Remember, he was a major mover in the

late 1950's trying to get Germer to get off his ass to do something. Germer had already closed Agape Lodge, forbade further initiation, admittedly was not into magick, and Grady argued that he was killing Thelema. Disgusted, he left California and went to Washington D.C.

"And, being an old friend of Mildred's, Grady also knew her angst about Germer too ... which (directly or indirectly) obviously inspired Jean.

"No one liked Sascha, she was a bitch and the idea that she controlled all of the Crowley estate was wrong. Should have Solar Lodge done what they did?

"Well, in truth, as Grady often said, and which I too agree, I would have most likely assisted in rescuing the archive.

"As for the thief of the other archives; like that from Grady's storage unit or his personal stuff after his death, both were not done for Thelema's sake but out of pettiness to keep stuff out of the hands of those who rightfully have assumed authority. and whom the thieves didn't like.

"In Sascha's time, she had the stuff, had no right to it and there was no one in charge to assume proper authority at the time to request it.

"It was not really 'theft' as much as rescuing stuff so that it could be used."



Several reviewers found *Inside Solar Lodge - Outside the Law* to be informative and engaging, and virtually everyone said *nice* things about it.

I believe they did so out of a sense of relief at finally hearing (what obviously were) our *True Tales of Initiation and High Adventure*, and not necessarily because we were such *nice* people.

A number of individuals came up with some interesting questions within the forums of *lashtal.com*, and also in my interview by Brother Hiram and Brother Malachi in *Another Mirror at the End of the Road*,^{iv} and most of that material has been incorporated into this deeper version of the tale.

My records indicate there appear to be only two published reviews that expressed some form of skepticism or unhappiness or

misunderstanding, and they both appeared in the same online edition of the *Silver Star Journal*.^v

First, *Shade Orobos* had this to say:^{vi}

"However, on the sleaze-o-meter, Frater Shiva clearly had to be aware of the thefts of Crowley archives ... combined with denial that a commune of Crowleyites in the 1970's ever did any drugs (!!!) and were strictly conservative about sex (???) - this seems to go beyond self-serving whitewash and somewhere into the realm of boggled imagination ..."

This brief quote more or less summarizes the worst that has been said about the stainless quality of our memories - and about what was written, and what really took place.

It should have been noted that in reference to the purloined items mentioned in the first book, I may be quoted as saying, "Of course, I knew precisely where the source was, for most of it ended up in my room as it was the repository for the archives." This is hardly an admission of *non-awareness*.

The first book made several references to drugs and drug use. At no point was there *ever* a *denial* of drug use, except so say that nobody was using the legal medical supplies at Solar Ranch.

There was, of course, an obvious *non-reference* to psychedelic libations and that science and art is fully explored within this present work.

"*Strictly conservative*," in relation to sex, is exactly the standard that I saw operating in our midst. Ripley said, "Believe it or Not!" We certainly were not *conservative* in relation to the Judeo-Christian Establishment in which we lived. That is, many partners were not actually *married!* But the relationships tended toward heterosexual monogamy. There were two known homosexual men (they never met); there was one known lesbian; there might have been one or two "loose" (easy) women, for I heard rumors, but I personally never knew it to be so.

There was absolutely no restriction placed on anyone's sex life, and the community responded by manifesting primarily in paired knight and lady *duos*. There was *discretion* and probably *indiscretion* as well, but no problems ever arose from them if it were so. Some pairs would divide and reform with someone new,

just like in our society, but maybe even more stable than that.

Much later in the game, when we found ourselves *outside the law* and self-exiled in Mexico, there were gathered around us a scattered group of such knights and ladies, four of each, who were unattached but available to be sure. So we matched them by temperament, and consulted with them to see if they agreed, sort of like an arranged betrothal. Then we created eight *Princes and Princesses of the Royal Secret*, an intermediate degree, but the first of the grades wherein "the final secret is openly revealed." Then they were given a variety of practices in yoga and tantra and magickal stuff too, and exhorted to practice - in pairs.

Free-love and partner-swapping may have been components within *The Abbey of Thelema*, *Agape Lodge* and *The Dawning of the Age of Aquarius* in the mid-sixties, but in Solar Lodge this was not the way that it happened.

The only "self-serving whitewash" used in the first book was the self-proclaimed and openly-stated technique of neither using the mundane name of a living person, nor of linking said survivors directly to any illegal act. There is simply no "*realm of boggled imagination*" introduced anywhere, because what I had written was true.

In that very same edition of the *Silver Star Journal*, reviewer *Papa Nick* observed:^{vii}

"The truth about the Solar Lodge is important, because if nothing else, it served as a bridge between the disappointing Agape Lodge and the later emergence of O.T.O. Inc. It was a shaky bridge, to be sure, but it was financially successful, something Crowley would have loved to have seen from Agape Lodge ... In one respect, Solar Lodge had been at that point the only successful implementation of Crowley's O.T.O. vision yet, anywhere in the world, because they did it "in business way!" ... This was not a bunch of acid-addled hippies just imagining in the cannabis smoke a new way of life, outside the system. They were well on their way to making it happen - a more-or-less self-sustaining Thelemic community."

The reviewer has perceived the truth of the matter and he has stated it in the clearest possible terms.

Then he goes on to stir the pot, so to speak, by asking ..."

"I have to question, if his [Shiva's] motivation was so pure, why he didn't speak up when he saw the improprieties of other members and Brayton herself."

But my "motivation was [not] so pure," nor is it claimed to be so anywhere in the text. I merely offered to tell the inside version of the *true story*, but not the one where I was blameless or the story where everything that we did was EXEMPT FROM KARMA.

After all, my initial impulse, my primary motivation that led me to this occupation we call the Great Work, was to *see the inner lights!* Perhaps I was the most darkly (selfishly) motivated of them all - but I don't think that was really the case.

It should be kept in mind and held in the proper *perspective*, so to speak, that Solar Lodge, with all of its members and levels and grades, was an *outer order*. Simply because there was an "inner circle" didn't mean that our efforts were free from any ego-influence.

Everything in *outer orders* is ultimately selfish: the actions, the motivations, and even the point-of-view that is adopted by the initiate, no matter how sincere.

There were a few examples of direct *inner order* contact at Solar Lodge and many of us had these experiences from time to time, but they were undertaken with psychedelic enhancement and thus perfect for a look at the next level of reality, but not fully worthy of the term "attainment."

I came out "smelling like a Rose" because all charges against me were dismissed in court; I did no time in jail; I was reluctantly given my *verbal walking papers* by my *guru*; I came away clean, with only a bit of selective decontamination of illusion still required within the following year.

But then, especially in the early stages of the story, and in fact most especially in this present account, we get to see some pretty silly, stupid and self-motivated nonsense perpetrated by Frater Shiva, or his shadow, or both.

These *Tales* are told mostly from my own viewpoint, especially when I was actually there, which was most of the reported times (but certainly not *all* of them). I portrayed myself pretty much in a neutral stance, and I have purposely spared other living initiates

and their associates the unnecessary identification of their civil names with any given action or act.

This book is neither titled, nor was it ever intended to be called, *The Confessions of Frater Shiva*; it is not a soap-opera about how she done me wrong, nor of who did what to whom, except when they really did it. This is a story about magick and consciousness from right in the midst of it all, because when you're deep *Inside Solar Lodge*, some things are not seen as improprieties. From a group consciousness point-of-view, they can be matters of war.

One simply does not usually confront one's sworn superior upon the planes of combat. It is frowned upon in armies and benevolent associations everywhere. If you want to play Templar, you've got to join the army. There is an *Oath of Obedience* at work you see - in O.T.O. work that is, not in A.: A.:

So everybody went along with almost anything, and there was never *anyone* who stepped up and said, "You are wrong!" There were a few disturbing personality issues that arose, not connected to this matter of motivation, and they were quietly handled - or the person would just walk away.

Nonetheless, like a prophet, I sounded the warning of the impending destruction of all our efforts at Solar Ranch, and that was before we even began to build - and I was publicly denounced and humiliated for that little outburst.

Later, I stood face-to-face with the *guru* and insisted that the rules for initiatory advancement not be violated for material gain, but I lost that one on a *cosmic imperative* - an "I'm in charge, so we'll do it my way" announcement, enforced with loud and angry tones of voice! This is called "personal power" by shamans.

I spoke up on numerous occasions, but I always lost the debate until that fateful day when I finally "won" and thereby attained "liberation."

As for the archives, I have openly admitted to the reception of stolen goods and to the ongoing custodianship of those same files and books. May it be said in hieroglyphs on the wall of my tomb, "*He kept the relics intact.*" You see, it was *after* the Grand Master had taken these artifacts away from me and stored them in a big metal locker in the Sonoran desert that the lightning flash of god took them away into the void.

May it also be said of me that, *He was fortunate in that he never had to kill anyone, or even to cause damage and pain.*

I knew about most of these things we are discussing because (with some surprising exceptions) I knew about it all.

This was a gang-mentality, you understand? There is no difference between street gangs and drug cartels and military troops and samurai-corporations and suicide bombers who pass out leaflets for *Jehovah and his Witnesses*. There is always a chain-of-command, a "pecking order," and one follows orders (unless one finally decides to leave - if they can).

Gurus encourage this attitude. Aleister was all for *individual freedom*, but he also held sway as "one hell of a holy guru" with strong preferences toward being obeyed. It seems there were several screaming-rage types of arguments at *The Abbey of Thelema*, and people even died!

We certainly experienced some interesting scenarios, including deaths, but we generally avoided wild, dramatic confrontations. Just like in the Army or the *Jihad*, everyone followed orders, even if they might not have agreed.

It is this dictatorship quality and the banned *Oath of Obedience* that became so despised amongst we survivors, the non-members of the anti-Tong.

Papa Nick then went on to say ...^{ix}

"We should always hold "tell all" books written decades after the fact, when all of the major players are dead, at arms length. You have to consider the motivations of the author. Is it really the truth finally revealed, or is it the weaving of a further fiction that is self-serving, with nobody left to either refute or confirm the "facts" as the author sees them?"

Inside Solar Lodge - Outside the Law was never represented as being a "tell all" book, but merely a text that told what happened, what went on *inside*, in the style of a true historical novel. That is to say, it rested in the category of "historical non-fiction."

But really, it was just a trip down memory lane.

Thank goodness the "facts" as the author (that's me) sees them are also seen by others to be true. I am not the *Last Man Standing*. This is not a case of me being *The Last Samurai* and crying out

fables in the land of the dead, even if the newspaper did refer to me as *The Last Fugitive*.

You know how people like to say, "Well, I'm sure that was what happened from *his point-of-view*."

Well, noted here and there throughout this second chronicle, let us keep in mind that Frater Taurus, Frater Jon, Frater Anubis, Frater Geo and Frater Kuat have come onboard to act as contributors or advisors - by my own request - to affirm or deny the facts and keep the story clean.

Don't you find it amusing, that amongst our staff of surviving initiates, there are two attorneys-at-law, a licensed physician, a licensed hospital administrator and a prominent administrative official within the Establishment?

What hidden motivations would encourage or permit us Fraters to weave a "*further fiction*," one that is *self-serving*, no less?

We are neither selling anything nor are we polishing our images by pointing our fingers at a dead person or two.

There has even been an agreement of the facts and a full understanding of non-contention between the once-warring clans of the McMurtry lineage (A.:A.:) and the Solar lineage (S.:S.:). The O.T.O. part of this famous, once-upon-a-time, antagonistic equation has been completely removed, except as an historical foundation.

Thus we have Star and Star; System and System. And we really don't dispute any claim or know one another that well.

Each of us contributors, having confessed our complicity or innocence in any adventures to the satisfaction of our own selves in the full light of day, have nothing further to hide or to twist around in subtle lies. Well, Frater Kuat may have embellished some scenarios, because that is his self-confessed nature.

This book was built up from a magickal record, started in 1970 no less, when the heat was on and rising fast, because I knew that the story had to be recorded. Was I not the *Grand Secretary General*?

The story was privately issued by me in 1972, and sporadically thereafter, for the instruction of students. Each of us participants, as far as I know, would have lived out our lives to the very end and never again made public mention of Solar Lodge.

If that had happened, hardly anyone would know the truth about the illusion of the OTO-Solar-Manson myth, and many would not be sure that we pirated West Point - that we had seized and held the tent of Saladin (for a few years).

These specific tales would never have been publicly told if it were not for some strange twists of fate.

First, Martin P. Starr broke the story internationally after a quarter-century of historical research. He went to Japan in 2005 and read the story of Solar Lodge to the 19th World Congress of the International Association for the History of Religion.^x

Then, a year later, I opened the door a bit wider under my openly-declared motivation of cleaning up some of those miserable stories that were raging on the wild world web.

How pleasant it is to see that at least some small part of *The Stables of Hercules* has been cleaned!

Now it comes down to the fact that I can say, "Here is the expanded version, wherein the *tell-all tale* will finally be told!"

You will probably see exactly what I mean.



Inside Solar Lodge Outside the Law, limited to 418 copies, sold out six months after it was released. It is now out-of-print, and it is hailed as a "rare collector's item." Imagine that! Since 2007, I have received many questions about our efforts and our motivation, and this present book answers those questions, filling in many details that were not addressed the first time around.

In 2010, I took a lengthy journey and met in person with a few associates from the olden days of our Lodge. After comparing viewpoints about many events that are described in the first telling of the story, specifically some of those where I was not actually present, a few details came to light that require correction.

These modifications do not in any way alter the main line of the tale. The story remains the same, but these fellows provide startling new revelations and greater accuracy in some of the finer points of our history. This allows the reader to view the tale from an entirely different perspective.

You might wish to be aware that one reviewer of the first book, the webmaster of lashtal.com, although originally stating, "What an

extraordinary work!" went on later to point out, "His story jumps all over the place." ^{xi}

While I must admit that the first book was not perfectly linear in a time sense, it did run *fairly* straight right down through the years.

However, this new version will probably severely rattle anyone who is interested in having their story lines laid out like the Gregorian calendar.

For one thing, we are going to be shifting in and out of different dimensions from time to time. Alternatively, the dialog will sometimes proceed according to the *subject matter* under consideration and it will not necessarily be the shortest distance between the beginning and the end.

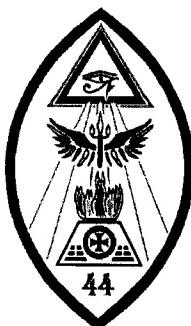
The official starting line will be found in 1945, *era vulgari*, with the detonation of the first atomic bomb, and the finish line will not be crossed until we reach the eternal now of today. In between, you might want to hang on for a pretty wild roller-coaster ride.

This phasing in and out of linear time is due to the influence of *the Chronology of Compartments*, which is a bit complex to go into here, but it is thoroughly explained, more or less, in *Appendix A* - for those who care about this sort of thing.



Now then, please join me again (or *for the first time*, if such is the case) as we step *Behind the Veil* of ... Solar Lodge.

I Am Shiva
Tomé, New Mexico, 2012



Introduction

"Solar Lodge was a secret society that was established in 1965 and withdrew into initiatory inactivity in 1972."

- An Online Encyclopedia

Time and time again, various researchers and commentators have remarked upon Solar Lodge's rapid growth, its apparently effortless rise to financial independence, and its unusual application of the A.:A.: curriculum to daily life in a group setting.

Other, similar, organizations often appear to grow slowly, to always need or want more money, and they would probably lose a good portion of their membership if the A.:A.: *Tasks of the Grades* was the measuring stick of their common, everyday reality.

What was the secret?

What unique factors and forces were at play behind the veil of Solar Lodge?

I will tell you, both simply and then, over and over again, in greater detail.

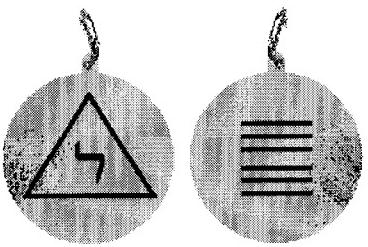


Simply speaking, these were the Keys:

1. A silver talisman.
2. Ceremonial Magick.
3. LSD.

The Talisman

The specific talisman under consideration was a one-inch round silver disk, with a "triangle enclosing a *yod*" symbol engraved on one side and the *Yi King* hexagram for *heaven* on the other side (six unbroken lines in two trigrams).



Note the theme of the number three (3) in these emblems. This triple formation will be a recurring subject that appears throughout this treatise.

This talisman originated with Aleister Crowley, and of his source I have no knowledge. It came to Frater Aquarius (Ray Burlingame) via Jane Wolfe (the Lodge Master of *Agape Lodge*).

While in the hands of Jane Wolfe, what time-frame transpired or what forces moved her to action I do not know.

The only thing that is known, is that it was passed by her into Aquarius' possession.

A few days before his death, Frater Aquarius gave the talisman to Soror Capricornus (Jean Brayton), along with a verbal instruction to initiate.

This Silver Talisman was the singular focal point of Solar Lodge's magickal authority on the physical plane.

All members of the Lodge's V° have seen it and felt it, for it was applied to their brow during their initiation.

All members of the ninth degree were presented with a similar silver talisman at the time of their initiation, but these were blank; that is, there was no engraving.

Each of these replicas had been ceremonially charged directly from the original talisman.

A talisman is a "storehouse of energy."

This particular talisman really did contain energy. It is the *nature* of that energy that we will be exploring.

Ceremonial Magick

The specific magickal ceremonies enacted by Solar Lodge were comprised of the entire set of Class D publications of the A.:A.: and all of Crowley's instructions pertaining to *Raja Yoga*, plus a few basic practices from other sources.

They also included the initiation rituals of the O.T.O. and the private (two people) ceremonial-tantric rites of the eighth and ninth degrees.

The Ritual of the Equinox, an elaborate group ceremony conducted at solstices and equinoxes, which I designed, was exclusive to Solar Lodge.

The right and regular performance of the inner practices and the outer ceremonies was the single drummer to whom everyone in the Order marched.

The magickal ceremonies were interesting and even fun to learn, but one never *really* saw what potency they held until the third key was inserted ...

LSD

Just as Solar Lodge was getting underway, LSD was coming out into civilization in a big way. Pharmaceutical-grade LSD-25 from *Sandoz Laboratories* in Switzerland was easily and legally available.

A "full dose" (500 micrograms), that was pre-dissolved in a tasteless blue liquid and delivered in a two-dram vial, cost ten dollars.

If a person was simply going to take this substance and then sit back to see what happens, then they would be wise to first read ...

The Psychedelic Experience

A Manual based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead

By Timothy Leary, Ph.D., Ralph Metzner, Ph.D.

& Richard Alpert, Ph.D. (Ram Dass).

This is the classical textbook of 1964, and the information contained therein remains valuable today.

However ... In *The Psychedelic Experience*, it implies that the voyager into inner realms must "go with the flow," not attempting

in any way to impose his or her will upon a sea of hallucinogenic visions and impressions.

This is very sound advice indeed.

Even the advanced magician – one who is attempting to control the denizens of the astral and mental planes - must know when to become passive, lest he or she be carried away into some form of useless and unpleasant obsession.

The other side of *that* coin is knowing when to become active, lest one lose the opportunity to "change the world."



It must be recognized that the temporal Establishment is firmly set against any of its citizens having access to other dimensions.

It simply isn't good for business.

Any substance or movement that produces a reorientation of consciousness is always accompanied by stories of government investigation, or infiltration, or condemnation.

We need look no farther than the Inquisition, the Salem Witch Trials, and the universal anti-psychadelic drug laws.

Dr. Timothy Leary encouraged the use of LSD for its therapeutic, emotional and spiritual benefits, and coined the saying, "Turn on, tune in, drop out."

He was attacked by conservative figures in the United States and was described as "The most dangerous man in America" by President Richard Nixon.

- condensed from an Online Encyclopedia



In addition to the three *keys*, there is also a consideration of the three *modes* of operation ...

1. The Point and the Triad.
2. Overshadowing.
3. Synchronization.

The Trilateral Transmission

The initiatory current flows from a point of light into a triad of manifestation. This triad is able to focus its energies so that a fourth point (a candidate) can safely receive the influx from the original point of light.

The candidate thus becomes an initiate and, together with two other initiates, they are able to focus their energies upon another, new candidate.

This "transmission" process can go on indefinitely, giving rise to a "spiritual lineage" on the outer planes.

It is also reflected in the transmission of light down through the levels of consciousness; thus we have terms like *outer order*, *inner order* and *supernal order*, or *the Three Kingdoms*. This is also the manner in which light is brought down into physical brain awareness by the individual practitioner via his or her own internal levels of consciousness: One into three into one into three into one, *et cetera*.

The magickal ratio is 1:3:1:3:1:3:1 ... *ad infinitum*. But in symbols it would read thus: • Δ • Δ • Δ • ... ∞

The symbology of the triad, whether labeled triple, trine, trinity, triune or triangle, is inherent within the initiatory process and in the direct transmission of light.

Overshadowing

When three adults, facing each other, hold their toddlers upright in an attempt to introduce their child to the other children and begin to teach social skills, perhaps even grasping and extending their child's arm, and animating them in other puppet-like ways - well, this is a simplified illustration of *overshadowing*.

Overshadowing is not possession by a demon or a discarnate, astral entity. It is a method whereby a being of higher consciousness, be it an ascended *Mahatma* or simply the *Atmic* body of a man's own being, hovers over and interpenetrates the three-fold personality of an initiate (his or her physical-emotional-mental complex).

When this takes place, other initiates are able to perceive and actually see the overshadowing process, especially if their senses have been enhanced with a liberating medicine.

"The guidance to which the adherents of many esoteric schools so often respond is not that of the Hierarchy but that of the astral reflection of the Hierarchy; they respond therefore to an illusory, distorted, man-made presentation of a great spiritual fact. They could, if they so chose, respond to the reality."

- Alice Bailey ^{xii}

It must be understood that there are *groups* of entities working on the (illusory) astral plane and that they are held together and made potent by specific, enduring thought-forms that are found on the (illusory) lower mental plane.

A popular example is to be found in merry olde *Camelot*. King Arthur, Guinevere, Lancelot, Merlin and the rest of the *Excalibur* crew routinely make an appearance within many modern metaphysical circles.

People begin to identify with Sir Gawain and Sir Galahad, and soon they are explaining how they are an "incarnation" of their hero, having been that very person in a previous lifetime.

Although the group's "alter egos" are based on historical or legendary characters, and although these characters are undoubtedly an expression of some ancient archetypal symbol, the whole process is no more than a metaphysical game filled with glamour, illusion and mistaken identities.

If these matters were indeed played out as a game, as they should be, they would be harmless enough; but when they are assumed to be the truth, then trouble may ensue.

At a deeper level of the collective psyche, also referred to as "higher consciousness," we find the ancient archetypes themselves. Whether they are actual, autonomous forces or merely an expression of one's inherent genetic coding, they *appear* to be independent beings and processes.

The closer we come to these archetypes, the less we see the appearance of flashy symbols, flamboyant emblems and known associations.

It should also be noted that at the deepest level, or the "highest" place of mystical union (such as that state called *samadhi*), all of these beings and symbols simply disappear.

In terms of the archetype of initiation, the three "officers" are overshadowed by a triad of beings from another dimension who have "stepped in" to assist in the transmission of light to a candidate. It's as simple as that.

In the early stages of development, these forces will produce glamorous scenarios and they will unfailingly act to promote ego-inflation.

In the middle stages, that is, when the participants have gained a certain amount of control over their imagination, and when they have undergone the required measure of ego-reduction, the archetypal forces will affect a less illusionary reaction. They will be simpler and less emblazoned with specific emblems.

For most westerners, the visual inclination will be towards echoes of ancient Egypt, perhaps even Sumeria, for that is where the archetypal *Mysteries* of our present western civilization were styled and polished.

In the later stages, those called "enlightenment" or "illumination," a participant will have made their own, internal connection with the "primary clear light."

When this connection is operating, there will be no hallucinations, scenarios or emblems.

The only "overshadowing" will be an incredible radiance emanating from the enlightened person.



Dear to the heart of our tale, a word should be mentioned in connection with the *Knights Templar*. Borne aloft in the romantic style of King Arthur, yet enhanced with the mysteries of their supposed enemies, the *Hashisheen* (who got their name through their use of visionary drugs), the Templar emblems are firmly stamped upon a group image that endures upon the mental and astral planes.

This dynamic thoughtform stands guard to even deeper

mysteries that are often revealed to the westerner with Egyptian overtones.

The Book of the Law presents a wonderful introduction to the primal triad that moves behind the scenes and motivates all the rest of the cosmology of *Khem* - as well as the internal world of the individual initiate.

It is interesting that these deities can be found, perhaps slightly modified in their names and attributes, in Oriental cosmology as well.

I might note that, in any vision or inner experience, I have never seen the letters O.T.O., A.:A., G.D., R.C., S.S., *et cetera*, nor any name like *Templar* or *Thelema* or *Theosophy*. I must therefore conclude that these are the markings of men, painted upon the electromagnetic surface of some living archetype.

However, I once beheld a vision of a huge ornate "A," one that was awe-inspiring, but it held absolutely no information. And on another occasion I was led into a teaching where a cursive "j" held the center stage, and this time it was full of meaning.

On the other hand, many of the *symbols* and *emblems* used by esoteric societies in their ceremonies, within their lamens, and on their letterheads, are routinely encountered in the inner world - often after passing through a tunnel or a veil or some other form of darkness that serves to shroud the symbol from casual encounters.

Once a sacred symbol becomes popularly known, a likeness of that archetype will soon see heavy use in the marketplace, usually for monetary gain or recognition.

In any case, the living Templar legacy stands in its sanctuaries on the astral plane. Those who successfully align their efforts with this archetype-based, warrior-monk legacy may find a couple of inherent problems:

First, there is a tendency to come into conflict with the external Establishment.

Grady McMurtry once asked Robert Anton Wilson:

"For years I've been asking Phyllis [Seckler] and everybody else I know: *Why does the gnosis always get busted?* Every single time the energy is raised and large-scale group illuminations are occurring, the local branch of the Inquisition kills it dead. Why, why, why?"^{xiii}

Second, there can be a false sense of power.

Anyone who has, for example, some secret Templar-style initiation documents (preferably any *three* people), especially when allied with some sort of a magickal, talismanic link to this tradition, and even more especially when combined with a psychedelic potion - well, that's the basis of many *True Tales of Initiation and High Adventure*, because it leads to *synchronicity*.

Synchronization

Apart from metaphysics, the Egyptian Tarot is the best map for those who voyage between the Three Kingdoms. The Master Therion sure knows his Universal Synchromesh.

- *The Cosmic Cube: II.8* ^{xiv}

The term *synchronicity* was coined by Carl Jung to express a concept dealing with an *acausal* connection between two or more psycho-physical phenomena. "Acausal" implies that no direct, rational cause is apparent to linear thinking.

The phrase, *meaningful coincidence* has been used in an attempt to explain Jung's term. Emphasis should, of course, be placed on the word "meaningful." Some people simply call it "universal synchromesh." All of the terms include the prefix-root combination, *syn-chro*, which is "same time."

For our purposes, I will be using the term *synchro-* in its various forms to describe a *fusion* or an *overlay*, perhaps best described as an "interpenetration" of two different realms of existence, including various *Sephira* (spheres) or planes of consciousness, or the merging of a person or a symbol into another symbol or an event.

In order to preserve our sanity, one of these levels of consciousness will (usually but not always) be the dense physical plane of *Malkuth* (Earth). The overshadowing realm or symbol may come from anywhere, but obviously from "somewhere else."

The synchronization principle lies at the very core of the "secrets" of initiation. It is the ability to see into, and operate within, other dimensions.

It is the skill required to pass from one level of consciousness to another, and it is the capacity to transform light between the realms.

This sounds so theoretically inspirational, but perhaps it is not so practical in the real world. Unless one has a magickal potion that will unlock the doors of perception; then it begins to alter reality.



In terms of socio-political recognition, you are undoubtedly aware that there are quite a few Orders, organizations, teachers and *gurus* available throughout the world.

Each of them seems to make some esoteric claim, or to announce their inherited lineage, or they proclaim some truth or law. Frankly, the name, the letters, the lines and the message might well be considered secondary to the real test: How much Light do they radiate?

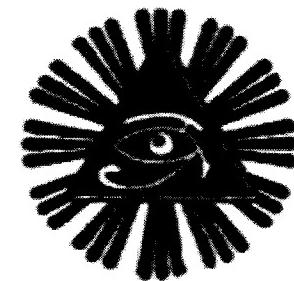
The Light is an archetypal symbol unto itself. Ultimately, it is the source of all the other archetypes. It comes and goes in individual people and in groups according to its own cyclic timetable.

ENDNOTES

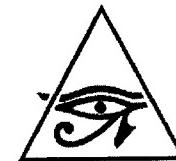
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Book I



Inside The Order



Chapter 1

Approaching the Temple

The Trinity Test

The initiation of the *Atomic Age* on the dense physical plane took place on July 16, 1945 at 5:29:45 AM (Mountain War Time) at Trinity Site Zero, Alamogordo Test Range, *Jornada del Muerto* [Journey of Death] desert, New Mexico

HEN I GREW UP in the 1940's and 50's, everything was wood, glass and steel. Except for brittle Bakelite, there was no plastic and there were no lasers. A bottled soda, a candy bar and a phone call from a public booth cost five cents each.

A first-class, U.S. Mail letter could be sent for three cents, with a "penny post card" costing exactly that amount. Air Mail cost a little bit more. *Special Delivery* was the only express service.

Radio was the form of mass communication. There was no television and concepts of something like the internet were relegated to the future worlds of our heroes, Commander Cody, Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon.

When you went to the movies, first they ran the Newsreel films, then came the cartoon, followed by not one, but *two*, full-length feature films - this was the so-called "double feature" with an intermission in-between them.

That great manifestation of The Black Lodge, the triune Axis of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo, had been pounded down and finished off with a one-two punch of atomic bombs. Every kid knew that.

But now it had become the Russians who were the problem, because they also had atomic bombs. Thus we had to constantly practice "drop drills" in school. When the teacher suddenly yelled, "Drop!" everybody dropped beneath their desk in a protective fetal position - waiting for the intense flash of light that would blast through the windows.

Dwight D. Eisenhower, the eternal warrior-king, had served as the Supreme Commander of the *Allied* Forces ("The Lords of Light") in Europe, and he was the first Supreme Commander of NATO. Then he became President of The United States, ruling over the Eisenhower-era of my golden youth.

Time stood still, for a while anyway, as I consciously began to explore the nature of the world around me. Eventually that stable, cold-war era ended as Eisenhower left the field of action, sounding a dire warning to everybody, everywhere ...

"Eisenhower was concerned that many industries had become dependent on the armed services as a purchaser for their products, and that they would lobby for unnecessary defense expenditures that profited them. In a farewell speech on January 17, 1961, he warned that undue influence by such corporations threatened the economic and political system of the country." - *Answers.com*ⁱⁱ

These industries, of course, were essentially the same industries that stirred-up and financially-backed both the *Axis* and the *Allies* in both World Wars. This is what he actually said:

"In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist. We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic processes. We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together."

- *Dwight D. Eisenhower, January 17, 1961*

From the viewpoint of the worldly magician, the imminent resurrection of The Black Lodge ("The Lords of Darkness") had just been announced.



I was raised in this post-war, atomic new-age, American environment within an intact, upper middle class, Lutheran family. I went to Sunday School and learned about Jesus.

After that, as a family, we attended church services every Sunday, more or less. There was never any preaching or mentioning of Jesus in the house. There was never, ever, on any occasion, an utterance of a religious or sexual-toilet swear word.

This matter of religion seemed to hold such great importance that I thought, *perhaps I should become a minister*. In 1952, I inquired of our pastor as to the requirements of the ministerial path and learned that one went to college and actually earned an academic degree. *How strange*, I thought.

While I had his attention, I asked the good pastor about a certain biblical matter. Within the church, the word was going around that the world was created by God in 4,000 BC. When I wanted some documentation, he told me that I would get it. After our meeting, he apparently sat down with his Bible and a typewriter. A week later I received a typed, chronological history of the world. Sure enough, it said the world was created in only six days in 4004 BC.

I then compared that historical gem with *radiocarbon dating*, a scientific procedure only recently developed in 1949. With some archaeological samples demonstrating ages of 30,000 years, I dismissed the biblical accounting as being mere fiction and gave up my aspirations to become a servant of the Lutheran Lord.

My father, an engineer, was employed by one of those corporations that was part of the military industrial complex and he had a "top secret" security clearance. He was the supervisor in charge of a supersonic engine test facility and he was often called in when, in the middle of the night, things blew up. They blew up a lot. There was never any description or mention of rockets or jets or their test facilities in the house, except that "another one blew up".

Our household was alcohol-free. Prohibition was in effect, and

not because of any religious bent. No beer, no wine, and the soft drink of choice was Bireley's® non-carbonated orange, because carbonation was somehow evil and it was frowned upon.

One day, my father directly confronted me saying, "If you ever hear about any kids using that marijuana, you let me know." I didn't know anything about any marijuana and neither did any kid that I knew. All that came much later.



As a college student, my curriculum included the completion of two of the most advanced courses on the campus: *Physiological Psychology* and *Organic Chemistry*.

I don't remember when I first heard about it, but I elected to "kill two birds with a single stone." That is, I submitted a final paper on *The Psychological Effects of Mescaline* to my psychology professor, and I attempted a *Synthesis of Mescaline* as my formal working project in the organic chemistry laboratory.

As part of my research, I drove to the botanical gardens at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA), where they had a fine specimen of *lophophora williamsii*, a peyote cactus. It was rooted in a small pot and I took photographs of it for my written report. I went back to visit with it on several occasions and sometimes I brought a companion along.

All of this was perfectly legal and my mentor, a veteran of *The Manhattan Project* that built the atomic bomb, saw that I had all the necessary equipment and chemicals, some of which had to be specially ordered.

I asked, "What will we do with it after it is made?"

He replied, "Destroy it. What else?"

I foolishly pressed on, "So we can't take any?"

The master firmly stated, "Absolutely not!"

I then conspired with myself as to how I might separate a suitable amount of the precious substance so that it might be spared from destruction. You see, I wanted to see the *visions*; the colored lights and the streaming delights.

And here we have my original conscious motivation toward the psychedelic path that jumps across the spiral rings of evolution: I wanted to see the lights!

All of this rapidly became theoretical, simply because the reaction did not work. I attempted the synthesis of mescaline three times, calling in the best brains in the chemistry department to study the formula and the method. But each time, the final product was not mescaline, neither by molecular weight nor by melting point. I received a grade of "B" in the course for a valiant attempt.



As the golden Eisenhower-era came to an end, I went away to another college: The School of Dentistry. Our curriculum included physiology, biochemistry, pharmacology and a constant, clinical administration of the most potent pharmaceuticals available to man.

One day in 1963, as we were standing in the grand entrance hall of The School of Dentistry, Frater Shem asked me, "Have you heard about this new drug LSD?"

"No, what about it?" I asked back.

"It makes you schizophrenic," was his answer.

Well isn't that just dandy, I thought, putting the matter completely out of my mind.



One Tuesday morning, our class was sitting in the lecture hall waiting for the biochemistry lesson to begin. A guest lecturer from the university's biology department was introduced and he proceeded to explain the origins of life.

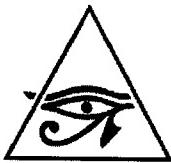
What he presented was not in any textbooks ... yet.

He was leading us through subatomic realms and gaseous clouds that received the very first spark of life.

When he was finished, we all had a pretty good idea of how we came to be, but I don't think anybody could explain it to anyone else in their own words.

I had no idea who our guest lecturer was, but Frater Shem had heard about him.

"They say he got his information from LSD experiments," he commented.



Chapter 2

Lost and Found in Mexico

"Tijuana is a city on the Pacific Coast. It is the largest city in the Mexican state of Baja California. Tijuana's crime problems are often due to drug trafficking rings which smuggle drugs into California."

IN 1964, FRATER SHEM decided to drive down to Tijuana to get some *marijuana* and he invited me to come along. We contacted Frater Kuat in San Diego because, being experienced in these matters, he had agreed to go with us to meet the right people.

But when we got into town and called, he was busy entertaining at one of his never-ending parties. He said, "I can't come with you. Just go to *Revolución* (the main street) and ask for either of the taxi drivers *Pancho* or *El Baron*.

So we drove into Mexico and started asking around.

Nobody knew where *Pancho* was, but they said *El Baron* could be found at *Revolución* and *Third Street*. So we walked from the mid-town tourist zone at eighth street up to third street. Upon our arrival there, we were told that *El Baron* had "gone to the race track."

So we walked back to eighth street and simply asked an unknown taxi driver for some grass. He said, "Wait here!"

We waited for an hour. Just as we were talking about leaving, Tijuana Taxi #54, operated by yet another unknown driver, pulled up. He said, "Get in!"

We entered and sat in the back. He said, "You guys want some grass?" We said, "Yeah!"

"Okay!" he said, starting up his taxi and rumbling off down the street. He then took out a *huge* joint (almost one-half inch thick, but the length of a normal cigarette), lit it up, and passed it back to us over the seat.

He then extracted a second joint (a *really* skinny one), lit it up, and kept it for himself. He then broke out into a merry song as we cruised around the side streets of Tijuana.

Shem somehow felt that we had found our man and he asked, "Are you *El Baron*?"

The driver turned back to face us (while still driving down the street) and with a great flashing of teeth, and with a grand flourish of his right arm, and in long, drawn-out, melodramatic syllables proclaimed, "*I am-a El Barrroooonnn!*"

Pretty soon we were headed west toward the Ocean and the streets of Tijuana were falling behind. We were negotiating a bumpy, winding, dark road, moving ever deeper into the blackest night we had ever seen.

Shem asked, "Where are we going?"

El Baron replied, "To the Bull Ring!"

About this time, the driver's thin joint was completely burned out, but our fat joint was still slowly burning and I noticed that we were not just "high," but that we were starting to move into anesthesia - perhaps unconsciousness.

I looked at Shem, and he looked at me, and we both understood that something was really wrong. I gestured toward the window and he nodded.

I threw the half-burned joint out the window and we continued the trip to the Bull Ring on the beach, while we both held on to the very edges of consciousness.

Actually, we were not going to the Bull Ring itself, because it was closed at night! Instead we were headed to a café that was situated *next to the Bull Ring*.

We entered the café where only one other patron was in attendance. *El Baron* ordered coffee and sat at the bar talking amicably to this single patron and the waiter.

We sat in a corner booth, desperately attempting to maintain some semblance of consciousness.

We were not "grass-stoned," although that might have been a *small* part of it; but obviously, there had been some other

ingredient in the giant *El Baron* joint and we only remained semi-aware because we were alert enough to throw half of it away.

In the future, a thick joint would always be referenced among us as an *El Baron*.

Finally, *El Baron* went to the pay phone and made a call. Then we all got into Taxi #54 and headed back to the paved boulevards of Tijuana.

As we were driving north along the street just west of *Avenida Revolución*, another taxi raced up and erratically pulled along side of us; the driver glared at *El Baron* with a look normally seen only in insane asylums.

El Baron said, "Oh, oh!"

Shem asked, "Trouble?"

The Baron replied, "Yes!"

Our taxi made a fast, hard right turn with squealing tires and the insane taxi-driver sailed off into the night.

A second right turn onto *Revolución* led our taxi to a fast halt in front of a gaudy girly-bar where *El Baron* said, "Get out! Wait here!"

He zoomed away and we stood there on the sidewalk next to a grossly overweight police officer who was armed with a tiny 22-caliber pistol for another hour while we slowly came out of a numb fog and returned to full, "normal" awareness. Then we decided to leave.

The next day, when Kuat was told on the phone what happened, he said, "Yeah! They did that to me once and I woke up on the beach minus my watch and wallet!"

And so our efforts at becoming drug smugglers evaporated in failure along with curses upon the head of Kuat the perverted.



"Cannabis, one of the most widely used psychoactive drugs in the world, produces effects similar to low doses of classic psychedelics, though at higher doses or in susceptible individuals it can be quite psychedelic, depending on the strain."

If, at first, you don't succeed ...

The following week was devoted to mechanical efforts. We decided to return to Tijuana, but this time with a revised plan. Frater Shem and Frater Vulcan, both engineers, built this amazing metal box: It fit exactly inside the empty push-rod "valley" under the intake manifold of Shem's new Lincoln convertible. It had seams that were soldered tight and it sported a screw-on cap. It was coated inside with fiberglass resin that was cured in the kitchen oven. The box was installed, the engine re-assembled, and the whole family took off for Mexico on Saturday afternoon in two cars.

What family? Well, it was Frater Shem, myself, Frater Philo, Soror Nephthys, her two kids (the destined-to-become-infamous Saul and Tama), and Frater Vulcan. Of course, all of this took place long before any of these people came to assume magickal names.

The family stayed in the big Lincoln while Shem and I took the other car down to *Avenida Revolución*. We got out and Shem started asking around for *El Baron*. One guy told us, "Wait here!" and he disappeared.

After an hour, we gave up and were walking away, when I said, "To heck with this! Let's be more direct!" I walked up to the first taxi-driver we encountered and asked, "Where can we get some grass?" He said, "Wait here!" and disappeared.

So we stood at the corner of *Sixth Street* and *Revolución* for forty-five minutes, and then the taxi-man actually returned. He said, "See that guy across the street? Follow him but don't get too close!" Shem asked, "How much?" The driver said, "Fifty dollars for a kilo!"

So we followed our "guide" east for one block and then north along *Avenida Ocampo* for several blocks. It got darker and less populated. Here we were, heading off into unknown and potentially dangerous territory again. But this time a couple of things were different.

Shem said that when he noticed that our "guide" appeared to be very nervous, he figured we would be okay and he relaxed. I failed to see why that nervousness should be reassuring, but it was good that Shem was at ease.

For my part, I was already comfortable due to the presence of a 6-shot *Saturday Night Special* in my pocket. Yeah, yeah! I know! Guns are illegal in Mexico, but that didn't stop me, because after all, it was *Saturday Night!*

Our journey veered off into an even darker side street and then led up into the absolutely darkest alley on the planet. Our guide whistled once and a lady at a second-story window lowered a kilo to him on a rope.

Shem asked, "How much?" The man said, "Fifty-five dollars!" There was a brief discussion of the price differential, and it became obvious that he wanted just a little bit more for his efforts.

We tore a small opening in the wrapping, took out a pinch of grass, smelled it, determined that it was not common weeds or lawn clippings, and then Shem asked, "Can we have two kilos?" The lady lowered a second kilo, Shem forked over one hundred and ten dollars, and we walked away with the stuff in a paper shopping bag.

We returned to the car, drove around to make sure there was no tail, passed by the Lincoln and gave a signal. Then both cars proceeded 65 miles south to the *Quintas Papagayo* resort on the beach at Ensenada.

We had a large suite reserved with three bedrooms and plenty of space for everyone who had no room to sleep on multiple couches in the main room. There was also a car-port where one could work on one's engine in the shade.

The next day, the engine was taken apart and the mysterious can removed from inside. Somehow, exactly two kilos of contraband just barely packed itself (with a little help) into the can, which was re-installed in the engine, and we headed back home.

Shem and Nephthys were in the Lincoln - just your average nice American couple returning from a day's shopping trip in Tijuana.

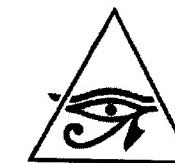


Another day in 1965, Frater Shem told me that he had acquired a few doses of LSD. Nobody that he knew had any experience with this potentially dangerous substance except Carol, the lady from whom he had received it. She simply said, "Just take it - it's wild!"

So, of course, he was properly frightened and in his caution he wondered if I would like to try it out first.

Do you remember that old television commercial about the new breakfast cereal that the kids are wary of? "Let Mikey try it!" they exclaimed.

I was Mikey ...



Chapter 3 Primal Plunge

The Acid Test

"A single dose of LSD may be between 100 and 500 micrograms - an amount roughly equal to one-tenth the mass of a grain of sand. Threshold effects can be felt with as little as 25 micrograms."

WHEN I WAS MIKEY, it was a full dose. Five-hundred micrograms of legal, pharmaceutical-grade Sandoz acid.

A while after I took it, I had an interesting insight dealing with the fact that the entire universe is composed entirely of thoughts, followed by a few hours of being tossed internally from pillar to post and back again.

Throughout all this, I only had two visions:

The first was that of an Eye under a throw rug on the floor that peered out at me. It blinked.

The second vision didn't take place until I gave up the struggle four hours after first beginning.

I closed my eyes and relaxed.

I saw some colored lights slowly spinning in a spiral pattern way off in the distance, and I knew this to be the galactic center.

As I fell in toward the center of this spiral, I must have fallen asleep ... or something like that. But at least I finally got to see those colored lights.¹

¹ This experience, plus many others described in the text, are documented in audio-visual format at: <http://www.youtube.com/user/phincton444>.

When I awoke (only a minute or so later I was told), all the symptoms of intoxication had instantly and completely disappeared.

Thorazine® is the Antidote

When I was Mikey, in that first experiment, we were uncertain as to what would happen, so there was a syringe and a vial of Thorazine handy.

At one point I was so distressed that I said to Frater Shem, "Where's the Thorazine? This has got to stop."

Shem looked blankly at me and made no move at all. We were standing face to face, and as I stared into his face, he turned into the Devil.

Frater Shem had two small bumps high on his forehead. We all used to laugh about the fact that if you looked at these bumps (in an altered state), they would grow into horns and he would become the Devil.

It was later discovered that if you looked at *anyone's* face (including your own in a mirror), various unpleasant features of one kind or another would appear - and it would become so monstrous that it turned scary and you would be forced to look away.

But, if one simply shifted their gaze to the area *around* the head (the so-called "halo" area), then the person (or one's own reflection in the mirror) would lighten up and the image would take on "angelic" aspects.

In any case, Frater Shem really was the Devil. He spent a lifetime doing devilish things.

You think I'm kidding, don't you?

You think I'm exaggerating?

Well, check out the photo, taken in 1948, on the next page.

Well, I wasn't afraid of the Devil, and when he refused to do anything but stare at me, I reached out with my left hand and grabbed his shirt while cocking my right fist back to deliver a punch to his devilish face.

We remained in that position for a moment - he with his soft eyes staring at me in benediction (or neutrality, whatever). Then I released the grip on his shirt and pushed him away with my palm, saying, "Oh, forget it!"

There were never any thoughts or discussions about using Thorazine again ... ever.

I also said, "I'll never take that stuff again!"

Anyway, that little trip is what kicked me in the rear and got me going on the "Magickal Path."



Frater Shem is seen on the left; his wife on the right. He was 18 years old at the time. His son sent me this photo, noting that, "Yes - my father *was* the devil - Ha, ha!" ⁱⁱⁱ



Chapter 4 The Advent of Solar Lodge

The first chartered local O.T.O. body in North America was Agape Lodge #1 in Vancouver, Canada; the second was Agape Lodge #2 in Los Angeles (later Pasadena), California.

- *thelemapedia.org*

THE STORY OF SOLAR LODGE unfolds during those days that I have come to regard as the *Ending of the Age of Aquarius*.



RAY BURLINGAME (Frater Aquarius) was a IX° initiate of the *Ordo Templi Orientis* (O.T.O.) and he was recognized by others as being one of the few initiates who *really* understood the secrets and workings of that grade. He was also a member of the A.:A.: (*Astrum Argenteum*).

The O.T.O. had effectively ceased active operations in the United States in 1953 when its one functioning group, *Agape Lodge*, in Pasadena, California, was closed, supposedly "for ten years," by the Grand Master, Karl Germer (Frater Saturnus). The A.:A.:, being an Order of the Inner Planes, did not undergo a similar lapse in continuity.

As an enthusiastic aspirant, Frater Aquarius had received instructions directly by mail from Aleister Crowley, as well as from his mentors at *Agape Lodge*.

After the closing of *Agape Lodge*, Aquarius and his wife (who was a member of the first degree) anticipated the completion of the ten-year period, waiting and watching along with all the other,

now-isolated, members of the Order. They had become fragments of magickal eminence, strewn about in the world of men.

Most of the members, including Saturnus and Aquarius, were now becoming rather elderly. Aquarius and his wife lived in Long Beach, California. There were other members scattered about, mainly in California and Arizona. Many of them stayed in touch with each other, writing letters and visiting in person upon occasion. Flung far and wide, they continued to wait and watch and hope. Yet, it appeared as if the Order had closed its gates forever.



GEORGINA "JEAN" BRAYTON (Soror Capricornus) was born in England in 1921. She had been a nurse during the Battle of Britain and after the war she married an American soldier and came home with him to Texas. The marriage went bad due to her husband's alcoholism. She divorced him and moved on to California where she met Richard Brayton (Frater Sol). Sol, a high-school teacher by profession, was ten years senior to Capricornus. The couple settled down together in a small apartment in Los Angeles.

In the early 60's, Capricornus met Mildred Burlingame (let's call her "Soror Venus"), and the two became friends. One day, Venus invited Capricornus to visit her home in Long Beach, California and Capricornus met Venus' husband, Ray (Frater Aquarius).

A certain magnetism brought her back to visit with him time and time again, and she listened with great interest as Aquarius told her of his relationship with Aleister Crowley, his initiation into Crowley's occult fraternity, the *Ordo Templi Orientis*, and his subsequent esoteric adventures. Capricornus was fascinated by the subject of initiation and finally asked Aquarius to initiate her into the Order, but he refused. He explained that the Order had been closed by its current chief, Karl Germer (Frater Saturnus) and even though many members wanted to recommence activities, Saturnus had made it clear that he was not interested in taking on any new students.

Then, on the evening of Thursday, October 25, 1962, Aquarius said to Capricornus, "It's time for you to be initiated! Come here next Tuesday at eight in the evening!"

Milton S. Basham and his wife, who had also been members of

Agape Lodge in Pasadena, and who had moved to Prescott, Arizona, came to Long Beach for the ceremony.

Capricornus appeared at the appointed time and Aquarius assumed the role of Saladin, the Initiating Officer, assisted by Soror Venus and Milton Basham.

That evening, Capricornus received the o° [Minerval] and the I° initiations.

Afterward, Aquarius conferred the II° upon Basham and his wife, and everyone went home.²

What makes this tale particularly interesting is that on that very Thursday when Aquarius finally relented and agreed to perform the initiation, and quite unknown to him and all the others involved, Frater Saturnus "took his Seat in the East" (that is, he had died, in Order parlance).

The link had been passed to Aquarius in the spirit, so to speak, yet this was without confirmation in the material world. That is, there was no Charter, or any written authorization, or tangible permission. *Frater Aquarius definitely did not have a note from his parents.*

Of course, we all know that the Order was essentially "dead in the water," and that there was no longer anyone available to sign their name to such written permission.

The *rationale* for the activities of Aquarius was, and still is, endlessly debated under various lights.

However, the *effect* of his actions would result in the formation of "Solar Lodge," an expansive, secret, initiatory Order that was first quietly kindled and then blazed brighter and brighter over a period of just ten years.

Solar Lodge's initial impulse occurred when Frater Aquarius administered Capricornus' first initiatory rite.

The actual title, *Solar Lodge*, was coined by myself and adopted in 1965 when Capricornus began initiating candidates, and its activities were essentially terminated in 1972 when it stopped admitting candidates for initiation.

² This is the way events transpired according to Capricornus. Mildred Burlingame later suggested that it was she, and not Ray (Frater Aquarius) who had given Capricornus her Minerval initiation. It is probable that Mildred administered the rite under Aquarius' supervision.

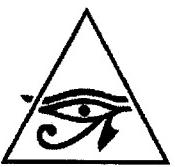


A few months after the 1962 initiation ceremony, Aquarius conferred the V° upon Capricornus. Even as the I° marks the entrance into the Outer Order, so the V° marks the entrance into the Inner Order.

For as it is written in *The Book of the Law*, "Who calls us Thelemites will do no wrong, if he look but close into the word. For there are therein Three Grades, the Hermit, and the Lover, and the man of Earth. Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law."

Aquarius was moving Capricornus rapidly through the major stages of initiation in an attempt to transfer *all* of the information before time ran out.

In fact, time was running out faster than any of us could have realized.



Chapter 5

The Attractive Principle

"Solar Lodge, though, remains a subject of great interest to those of us that have studied the influence of Crowley through the decades that followed his death."

- webmaster - *lashtal.com*^{iv}

IN MAY OF 1963, I was a student in the School of Dentistry at the University of Southern California. At the metaphysically-significant age of twenty-three, I was living in a small, dark, rented room near the dental school. I determined that I should improve my situation and set forth to find a larger and brighter place to live.

I wandered around the neighborhood for hours looking for an apartment to rent but without any luck. Eventually, I found myself standing in front of an old, two-story mansion on 30th Street that displayed an "Apartment for Rent" sign.

But, viewing it from the outside, I was not that impressed and I simply walked away and went instead to the U.S.C. rental referral office and copied a list of several apartments for rent from the University's listings.

After looking at all but the last apartment on the list and discovering that each one was a dump, I made my way to the address of the final listing - only to find myself standing in front of that very same two-story building that I had seen on my first trip around the neighborhood.

While standing there for the second time, Richard Brayton suddenly appeared and introduced himself as the landlord in his

friendly, extroverted manner. Thus the man who would later be known as Frater Sol invited me inside and took me on a tour of his house.

"Dick," as he was commonly called, was of medium height with a slender, wiry frame. He had an aquiline nose and almost always bore a radiant smile for everyone he met. He also tended to speak as if he were slightly drunk, but this was not the case.

Dick explained that he and his wife, Jean, lived in a small house only two doors away, and that she had recently purchased this larger house for rental-income purposes. He neglected to mention that she had recently bought this house without his knowledge, but that he now thought it was really a wonderful idea.

There was only one apartment available - the very first one that they had renovated. I liked the inside of the rooms that were available and immediately rented a small, one bedroom apartment with a kitchen for forty-five dollars a month.

A few days later, I met Jean Brayton while she was working on one of the empty apartments. A friendship soon developed, and over the next several months we spent many hours in pleasant but earnest discussion.

I was a student of the Oriental martial arts and she was a student of metaphysics. We constantly compared these two fields of endeavor, especially in terms of the expansion of consciousness. At the end of each discussion she would invariably say, "It's all a matter of Initiation - Until you've been initiated, you really don't know what it's all about."

I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about.

I had also taken up the practice of self-hypnosis as a method for attaining sleep during times of heavy pressure at the dental school. One evening, while performing the simple, self-induced trance that usually brought forth intermingling violet and chartreuse clouds to my vision prior to slipping into sleep, something unusual happened.

I was unexpectedly and consciously not in my bed, nor in my room, nor in my body. Instead, I was traveling at a great speed through black, empty space surrounded by nothingness and stars.

Suddenly, I was jolted back into my body with my heart pounding and my body bathed in sweat. It was a fascinating and shocking experience.

When I described what had happened to Capricornus the following day she said, "That was not self-hypnosis. That was astral projection." With that, she handed me a copy of Oliver Fox's well-known study and instruction on the subject.

So I read about astral projection and I decided that it certainly went far beyond anything described in the philosophy of the martial arts. I therefore added experiments in astral projection to my regular practices.



In the Summer of 1963, Aquarius passed the final "secrets" to Capricornus. One day, he invited her to come into a private room. He asked for her response to a certain gesture and she responded automatically with the sign of the IX°.

"That's good enough for me," he said, "you're getting the ninth degree." And he promptly handed over some papers and a couple books.

Soon thereafter, Capricornus took me to meet Aquarius. After that, regular meetings followed and the three of us would spend many hours discussing metaphysics and initiation. We were sometimes joined by Aquarius' wife, but usually she was away at work. Like Capricornus, she was employed as a waitress.

Between the time of Capricornus' first initiation in October 1962 and July 1965, Aquarius initiated Capricornus into the higher degrees, supplying her with (carbon-copy-style) duplicates of all the papers and initiation rites pertaining to all the grades, until the stack of papers was nine layers deep.

The final document, *Emblems and Mode of Use*, was copied by Capricornus with pen and paper from a hand-written document that Aquarius had set before her after her brief ceremony. In case anyone wonders ... there was no sexual activity involved. Then he stood over her and watched as she hand-copied this "codex" into her own possession.

When she had transcribed the final signature he said, "Now there is one more *Baphomet*."

I was present during many of the meetings described in this time period. I was never present at an actual "initiation," but I did stand solitary guard in the outer temple as the higher grades were being transmitted in another room. The radiating energy (that

which "leaked through the veil" so to speak) had a peculiarly subjective "radioactive" quality.

No drugs were used in these rites and teachings - Frater Aquarius warned of their dangers and was firmly set against marijuana. He never mentioned psychedelics in any form, possibly because he simply didn't really know anything about them. As a matter of fact, neither Capricornus nor myself knew anything about them as well.

In this treatise, I have repeated, or will repeat, what she described to me about certain activities that took place behind that "veil," and these are the same ways and means that she used when she transmitted all or part of this information to me, and to others. In case anyone is still wondering ... there was never sexual activity involved.



The net effect of these conferences was that we got exceedingly high on the energies invoked by our discussions. Capricornus and I would drive home late at night to Los Angeles from Long Beach, ecstatic and enthused.

Aquarius really didn't say or do anything special. He simply sat in his chair, endlessly smoking cigarettes and discoursing on the spiritual path. Other favorite topics of his included the dangers of Enochian Magick ("Be careful - It really works!"), the evils of marijuana ("It can throw you into hallucinations right now!"), and the advisability of staying away from former members of Agape Lodge!

He also constantly reminded us that it would be *very* expensive to equip and furnish a proper Temple. "At least ten or twelve thousand dollars!"

Agape Lodge, as such, was rarely mentioned. He did speak a bit about Jack Parsons and his bizarre, untimely death. He also said, "A lot of people die as the result of an initiation."

Frater Aquarius would sometimes mention the G.:B.:G.: in his conversations. It was soon followed by reference to the *Choronzon Club*, and always accompanied by a slight smile and a little chuckle, as though he were enjoying some private joke.

These organizations were founded by *Frater Genesthai*, C.F. Russell, a former student of Aleister Crowley who had left

Crowley's tutorship and opened his own Order. Although Aquarius was, at one time, somehow knowledgeable of, or a member of, these groups, nothing further was ever said about their nature or their operations.

Yet, despite the often mundane, and sometimes simply eccentric, nature of his conversations, there was an emanation radiating from him that was both relaxing and energizing. It was apparent that this old man was something special; he lived on a wavelength that was different from normal humanity. He was what we might call a "Master."

Aquarius said more than once: "There are only three things that I believe in: *The Book of the Law*, the Seven Secret Chiefs, and the Attractive Principle."

The Book of the Law was, of course, Crowley's *Liber AL vel Legis*, a work that he reputedly received from a paradoxical entity named Aiwass while on his honeymoon in Cairo in 1904. This book lies at the very heart of his doctrine of *Thelema*, and declares him to be the Prophet of the new Aeon whose birth it announces.

The "Seven Secret Chiefs" of whom he spoke constitute the members of the archetypal council that governs the spiritual hierarchy of our planet. They are considered, all at one time, to be universal principles, discarnate entities, historical prophets, and human beings who are presently incarnated and overshadowed by the essence of these ruling potentates. In Thelemic terms, they are the *Masters of the Temple* and the *Magi* of the A.:A.: In other traditions, they are called the *Mahatmas*, the seven *Ray Lords* or the seven *Chohans*. They are said to oversee and govern the ongoing, evolutionary advancement of mankind.

The "Attractive Principle" is that universal, all-encompassing, law of nature that causes people, objects and events to be synchronized according to "destiny." We see this principle commonly expressed in the saying; "Birds of a feather flock together."

Aquarius had a large collection of Crowley books. He said, "People come around here all the time, quoting ideas and showing me lines in their books of philosophy. They say they're interested in the Great Work, but I know that all they're after is my books!"

One book at a time, we were allowed to borrow, read, and sometimes copy, Frater Aquarius' library.



I soon undertook an expansion of my magickal practices. Since it was clear that the Order (the O.T.O.) was closed, I set out to seek initiation directly from the A.:A.:

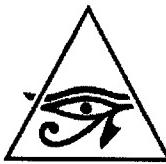
One afternoon in August of 1964, I set up a complete ritual with a magickal circle, an altar, a censer with incense, a magickal record, a dagger for banishing, a magickal wand, a robe and a crown.

After banishing the circle and invoking Thoth, the ancient Egyptian deity of Wisdom, I appealed to the Secret Chiefs and asked for Initiation.

A few months thereafter, I underwent a major experience as the result of being the first person within my circle of acquaintances to "test out" the properties of LSD-25, the psychedelic libation that was perfectly legal and easily available.

The result of this experiment was that I perceived a vast inadequacy in my approach to life. This experience brought me into contact with my subconscious mind (at least some part of it) and I became aware that my conscious life was not well integrated with my unconscious prompting. I also became aware that my control over my life (physical as well as emotional and mental) was very poor.

As a result of this psychologically devastating experience, I approached Capricornus and told her that I was now prepared to pursue the study of Magick on a serious basis, mainly in order to obtain greater control over my life and my aspiration toward spiritual enlightenment.



Chapter 6 One Star in Sight

LSD emits flashes of white light when shaken in the dark. It is fluorescent and glows blue-white under UV light.

WHEN I SPOKE to Soror Capricornus about LSD, she was interested in trying it. Even though I had foresworn ever taking it again, I apparently changed my mind. We were joined by the hefty Frater Ganesha, and so there were three of us who set out together.

It was a quiet weekend evening. We were sitting in the large living room that was destined to become the first temple of Solar Lodge.

We did a Banishing Ritual and the Invocation of Thoth. Then we sat back and waited. Capricornus and Ganesha soon seemed to effortlessly slide into some plane of consciousness that they were quietly discussing in some code that I could not understand. Probably because I was struggling with something; the struggle was never precisely defined. I had no specific physical, emotional or mental problems, yet I was under some kind of intense pressure.

In an attempt to find some meaning, I opened Leary's manual, *The Psychedelic Experience*. I read the first lines of the instruction to a dying man . . .

"The time has come to seek new levels of reality.
Your ego and the (name) game are about to cease.
You are about to be face to face with the Clear Light
You are about to experience it in its reality."

- *The Psychedelic Experience* ^

Then the written lines on the paper started to scroll up the page, much like the credits on the screen at the end of a movie. The words became fuzzy and held no further meaning, so I set the book aside.

Even though I had experienced out-of-the-body flight, I was yet unable to leave at will. Capricornus noted my difficulty and told me to lie down on the couch.

She took my hand, saying, "Physical contact is necessary if I'm to help you. Now, just relax." So I relaxed, yet with my eyes open. Soon, I found myself feeling lighter and lighter, and the color and the vibration of the room dramatically changed. I perceived a generalized, rosy glow and clouds were floating around me. I felt as though angels would appear at any time. This shift in consciousness was pleasant and "heavenly." I uttered a short exclamation, "Wow!"

"Wow, shit!" exclaimed Capricornus. "Close your eyes and relax!" She realized that I was aware on two levels, but had not yet left my body.

I closed my eyes and then a pull on my body began. At the same time, my body began to tremble and shake violently, especially in the pelvic area. "I am trying to relax," I said, "but what is all this shaking?"

"That is your physical body putting up resistance," she replied.

Then, with my eyes closed and my body in spasms, I heard a voice within my head. It was my own voice, yet I did not consciously formulate the words. The voice said, "To hell with this body!" and I was instantly moving up and away from the earth at a tremendous speed.

The planet was a vast, blue ocean, fleeced with white clouds, disappearing rapidly beneath me. Turning my gaze toward the direction in which I was proceeding (straight up), I beheld a brilliant, white star that loomed ever greater and greater until it assumed the proportions of a white sun. And the voice within me said, "I am going home!" I was filled with a sense of awe and reverence, and in this state I penetrated the white sun and was overwhelmed with ecstasy - and unconsciousness.

This state rapidly gave way to the sensation of being back in my body again. This concept of "going home" is recurrent within the metaphysical teachings, yet it was the first time I had

encountered it. I was therefore in a position, many years later, to vouch for the "going home" principle when I heard it expressed by other teachers.

"Do you think you can do it by yourself now?" asked Capricornus.

"I think so," I replied. And I attempted to repeat the experience - with no success. Thereupon, Capricornus pulled me out again and the same thing (with the star) happened. On my third attempt, I was able to get out by myself and I then repeated the cycle over and over.

Eventually the cycle changed. After penetrating the white sun, instead of lapsing into unconsciousness, I would find myself exploring various aspects of the astral plane and the Akashik Records.

My written account of those experiences states -

"There I was, leaving my body over and over in vertical ascent. Skrying to the limits of this newly gained art, my attempts were aided by rings of Goliaths who would reach down (all six of them), grab me while I was in motion, and throw me ever higher and faster to the next ring of Giants who would repeat the maneuver. All of this was certainly assisting me to develop projection power, but no stable visions had yet appeared before my inner sight.

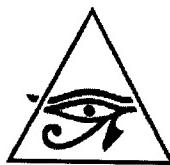
"Then, the time came when I became stationary at a great height. In the vast, black nothingness before me, a light appeared at a great distance and it was rushing toward me at considerable speed. As it grew closer, it resolved itself into a brilliant, whitish-golden triangle that glowed with an inner radiance, and within the triangle was an unblinking eye. This mobile symbol hit me right in the center of my forehead causing intensely bright light to break out inside my physical head. When the brilliance subsided, I was looking at a vast valley that contained a city that was filled with pyramids and palm trees.

"So it was that I came to ancient Egypt and thereafter the mysteries of the past were available to my normal, everyday, inquiring consciousness."

Like the book said, I had experienced "The Primary Clear Light."

Only an "enlightened" being can remain in that state, so I soon got around to interacting with the "Secondary Clear Light," just as it is depicted in *The Psychedelic Experience*.

I never again had any struggle or trouble when exiting my physical body.



Chapter 7 New Students

Some notable individuals have commented publicly on their experiences with LSD. Some of these comments date from the era when it was legally available in the US and Europe for non-medical uses ... obtained for philosophic or spiritual purposes.

OTHER INDIVIDUALS began to be attracted by the magickal current. Informal meetings were held every Friday evening and a round of metaphysical discussion and simple group practices was established.

Notable among the newcomers were:

FRATER SHEM - a dental student who sat next to me in our assigned seats at U.S.C. Shem stood about 5'10", was slender and always appeared to be older than his actual age. He was in his middle thirties, required eyeglasses to correct his poor vision, and had received a set of complete dentures to replace his "bad teeth" when he was nineteen years old.

Shem's girlfriend - **SOROR NEPHTHYS** was 5'4", quite cute with a pug nose and a shapely figure. She was the wife of the man who later would be called Frater Philo. They had two small children, Saul and Tama. She had previously separated from her husband and paired up with Frater Shem.

THE ARCHER - was a female, occupational therapy student at U.S.C. This Sagittarian lesbian stood tall at 5'10", displayed a rough, bony

frame and was often mistaken for a man. It was perhaps no coincidence that her father had always wanted a son and raised her to be a "cowboy" on his New Mexico cattle ranch.

DIANA RENATA was a blonde-headed woman of medium height who gave the appearance of just having stepped out of *Playboy* magazine. She was originally a patient of mine at the dental school.

FRATER GANESHA - was an obese, business management student who weighed in at 275 pounds (when dieting), Ganesha was tall, wide, and possessed a somewhat friendly, but very sarcastic, personality. He was an obsessive fan of *The Beatles*.

SOROR ASI was Capricornus' cousin. Asi had recently come from England to live with Capricornus. At nineteen years of age, she manifested a powerful, magnetic personality, and she always seemed to be laughing and delighted with life.

Even the reluctant **FRATER SOL** (Dick Brayton) was drawn into the meetings from time to time. In addition, there was a handful of other individuals who came around for a short period of time, but who never persisted to a serious, operative level.



Some of our meetings were quite dramatic, especially when they were enhanced with LSD. Magickal ceremonies were performed and the currents were sufficiently powerful to draw negative forces to the outer edge of the magickal circle.

Street hoodlums would stop their cars right in front of the house (*never* in front of other houses), where they would gather noisily to drink, hold car races, and loudly fight with one another. To us, this was an indication that a magickal current was indeed being raised, for had we not been told that negative elements are invariably attracted to the edge of the circle and that they are to be ignored?

Yes, that was what we had been told - and here they were, and we simply ignored them. The ceremonies would proceed inside the house with little or no attention being paid to the noise and commotion raging outside.

One such ceremony was particularly noteworthy. It took place on a rainy, Saturday afternoon. After the initial banishing and

invocation, we sat quietly and directed our consciousness inward. Soon we were all rushing into a collective, group consciousness that blended our individualities into a dazzling, integrated fusion of colored lights. This vision was later accurately described by a lady from a completely different lineage as "a ball of yarn," wherein each individual was an iridescent thread who was being wound into a ball of light that overcame any tendency toward separate existence.

At the point where it seemed that each individual would forever cease to exist and merge into the central focus, a loud sound ripped the air, breaking everyone's concentration.

We looked about and beheld the west wall of the Temple. It had opened up along the junction where it met the ceiling and water was pouring in and streaking the walls like a waterfall. A few hours later, after the rain had stopped, we made an attempt to locate and patch the leak. However, no leak was ever found and the wall never again gave in to similar problems.

The forced inward journey often produces such strains on the external environment and similar, bizarre occurrences became commonplace in the months and years that followed.



In those days, many kinds of drugs were available *everywhere*. Dexedrine® was routinely used by about 60% of the entire U.S.C. dental school student body - some say I am wrong, "because it was at least 85%."

LSD and similar substances were absolutely legal to sell, buy, possess and consume. Pharmaceutical-grade LSD-25 was available from Sandoz® Laboratories and it was the primary psychedelic substance that was available.

In an environment like this, all other drug settings pale in comparison.

Interestingly, we had no problems with any members in relation to alcohol or cocaine, both of which were extremely popular in the outer world.

Nobody was "making" any drugs at any point in our whole adventure - with one exception: Frater Yama decided to extract the LSD molecules out of *Morning Glory* seeds, a perfectly legal ritual.

He borrowed my vacuum pump to get the goop separated from the solvent (ether).

The whole Lodge smelled badly for a few hours and the resulting libation was the poorest quality medicine I have ever encountered - nausea mixed with lethargy and virtually no transcendental powers.

There was only the slightest hint of any visions. This was only done once! Nobody in their right mind would partake of his mixture a second time.

Marijuana, although illegal, was available *everywhere*. It was similar to the alcohol *prohibition* in the United States from 1920 to 1933, when liquor was banned but the populace drank on in speakeasies everywhere.

Solar Lodge did not furnish, sell or provide drugs of *any kind* to any person, except in the course of its use as a libation in formal magickal ceremonies.

The members brought their own marijuana.

Everybody, everywhere, within this circle and amongst their worldly friends had their own marijuana.

Members formally passed a marijuana cigarette around instead of a bottle. Again, this was during formal ceremonies. Sometimes the meetings were somewhat informal, but there was always a ceremony of some kind.

Individual members undoubtedly indulged in their own personal smoking habits, but I never saw evidence of what is termed "chronic use."

Marijuana was not casually used in the house, for work parties, or for purely social purposes (the so-called "recreational" use).



Before there was a Solar Lodge, there was a small group of people who practiced *Raja Yoga* and Ceremonial Magick.

This all took place right in the middle of the 1960's. Legal LSD-25 was flooding the market, *The Age of Aquarius* was just beginning, and flying saucers were being seen and photographed everywhere in the world.

I always examined the newspaper in the afternoon of the day following any all-night ceremony, and the paper would often (very often) have reports of UFO formations somewhere in the world.

1966 was the beginning of the Mother of All UFO

Waves, which lasted throughout 1966 and 1967.^{vi}

Correlation Note - A massive first wave of legal LSD-25 entered the bodies and minds of an entire generation of humanity - at the same time that a massive wave of radar-visible UFO sightings was being played out in the world's skies.

"We are the UFOs," Capricornus would say, and the newspaper's flying saucer synchronicity with our ceremonies became so common that it was practically ignored, except to say, "Look! UFOs in the news again!"

And then we would chuckle, shrug and get on with the next task.



Although the ceremonies were always conducted within a magickal circle, our inner consciousness remained passively receptive to the endless drama that was being played out.

This was the Bardo of Hallucinations.

On one occasion, Soror Asi was down on the carpeted floor on her hands and knees.

"I'm a pig!" she exclaimed. She then began to snort and root around like a pig.

Frater Medicus walked over to Asi, bending down to gently take her hand. Gracefully arising together, their hands reached up toward some unseen apex, and with all the trappings of British gallantry, Asi curtsied and then she assumed a magnificent regal pose.

Attendant upon taking this royal posture, her energy field lit up into full radiance. I was able to see the individual *nadis* (the lines of force), the seven concentric spheres of light, the colors and the inner light source that was projecting this manifestation.

There would never again be any questions in my mind as I read various authors' descriptions of the auric field. It became easy to see who was writing (or speaking) from experience and who was simply being theoretical.

But this experience was not some "magick wand" that instantly opened my third eye for use in everyday worldly consciousness. The vision of Asi's aura faded away to be replaced by my relentless pursuit of any and all methods of obtaining auric vision on

demand.

I obtained sporadic results from time to time, wonderful visions that came and passed, yet it was not until thirteen years had passed that I was finally able to synchronize my physical eyesight with my etheric vision and the expansive subtle energy field - at will.

In the thirty years that passed after that, I taught the science and the art of the human aura for use in medical diagnosis and treatment to many licensed physicians in Board-approved courses. This fact has little to do with our story, but I mention it so that it can be seen that our visions and "hallucinations" are not without merit in the practical world.



After the hallucinations had receded, we passed into the Bardo of Reentry. This is where one is supposed to adjust their thinking and their energies in order to influence "better" conditions in the world to which they are returning.

One time somebody mentioned the escalating war in Vietnam and I became troubled. My attention was drawn inward, and then it was expanded outward to encompass the concept of the war. I saw that the war was directly engendered by a conflicting duality within myself.

I thereupon and without hesitation assumed personal responsibility for the Vietnam war. I was given to understand that as I resolved the conflict within myself, the boisterous activities in the outer world would settle down. After that, I had no further concerns for any competitions that were being waged in Asia.

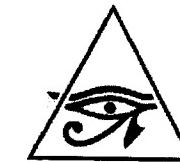
I turned to Capricornus in order to tell her about my war experience. She was sitting directly in front of me, within my full field of vision. As I was about to speak, she simply *disappeared*. The couch upon which she had been sitting, as well as the furniture and walls that had been obscured by her body, were completely visible.

I ran what might be called a quick "reality check," deciding that my eyesight was just fine and Capricornus was indeed gone.

But this disappearance was just a stage-magic trick compared to my inner reaction. I had "seen the light," but I still relied on Capricornus for being the manifestor of that light. Suddenly I was

on my own. Just as I had assumed responsibility for the war only moments before, now I had to assume responsibility for myself.

As soon as I did that, Capricornus was back on the couch and I never did speak to her about the war.



Chapter 8 The Antechamber

"Now give careful thought from this day on, and consider how things were before one stone was laid on another in the temple."
- Haggai 2:15

WE WENT OUT to many remote areas to perform our ceremonies. The desert has always been, for me and for those whom I have known, the supreme setting for a psychedelic ceremonial.

When the dynamic archetypal forces come into play, and they *will*, they enact with the external environment. This is why one's "perception of reality" is said to change.

In the big city, or even in a suburban setting, there are external events taking place that get enmeshed in the magick - usually even when a banishing has been performed.

In the wilderness of the desert, the external events are simpler. They can be counted on three fingers:

First there is the brilliant canopy of stars.

Second is the burning censer, or more commonly, the campfire.

Third is the direct interplay with the magick - without all those "other things" getting caught up in the drama.

The magick is conditioned by the particular ceremonies that are performed. In the mystical experience, one turns inward toward the light.

In the magickal experience, we call forth forces that are deemed to be external - gods and angels and spirits galore; if a liberating medicine is involved, *they will come*.



The Stone House

One day, along the way, we paused and considered the possibility of forming an Order.

If you were to drive north out of Los Angeles to Soledad Canyon and then take some dirt side roads, you might happen to come upon a quaint, two-story Stone House, carefully built in the middle of nowhere right next to a very unusual outcropping of rocks.

That's exactly what we did in 1964.

In the Chinese *Feng Shui* terminology, this type of rock formation is a fine example of the head of an *Earth Dragon*.

The house had been previously abandoned, but it was still a fairytale-like fortress in the wilderness.

Built entirely from smooth, cemented, round and oblong stones, it sported a steep slanted roof composed of flat, concrete tiles. A spring-fed fresh water supply bubbled up into a cistern behind the house.

We somehow discovered the owner and went to visit him. His father-in-law, who was now deceased, had built the house. He offered to sell it to us for \$32,000, but for that price we were able to buy three-story, income-producing mansions in the heart of Los Angeles. The Stone House was one of the few properties that were offered for sale that we did not buy. We simply used it.

From time to time, we would stop by and camp out for a few hours or perhaps overnight. It was during one of these all-day, all-night outings that our Order, later to be called Solar Lodge, was first conceived.

This particular excursion took place in the Spring of 1965. Capricornus, Diana Renata, and I were visiting The Stone House. Early in the afternoon we drank our libation and then performed the Banishing Ritual and the Invocation of Thoth. Then we sat back in silent meditation for a while.

Capricornus soon called me over to her and said, "I think I'll just lay down for a bit. If anything happens, I don't want to be disturbed - Just deal with it yourself, okay?"

This was a somewhat unusual scenario, later to be identified with a synchronistic, initiatory "set-up" that was designed to show

me some of my **weaknesses** and strengths.

I answered, "Sure. Don't worry. I'll take care of everything."

Famous last words!

Diana Renata simply went upstairs and stretched out on top of her sleeping bag.

So there I was, sitting quietly by myself in the silent wilderness. In order to be engaged in something productive, I decided to perform a bit of astral projection.

I sat down in asana, detached from my body easily enough, and then I realized that my body was sinking and that the world around my body was opening up as if a big hole was being dug around me and my body was going down like a descending elevator with me seated upon the floor of this expanding pit.

So I re-engaged my consciousness with my physical vehicle in an attempt to raise it back up. That maneuver didn't work at all.

I had become pretty proficient at rising on the planes, but this was something new. I was rather concerned because it was generally understood among us that one never projected *downward*, as this only led to base motives and negative subterranean entities.

My concern grew even greater when my re-integrated consciousness realized that I was sitting in the bottom of a dark pit that was filled with serpents, scorpions, centipedes and a host of other unwholesome creatures. I recognized this as a real-life version of "The Pit called Because," mentioned in *The Book of the Law*.

The only thing that saved me was a rapid, forceful shift in my inner orientation wherein I essentially said, "Okay, who's first?" I had suddenly become the meanest Beast in the Pit called Because, and this merging with my innermost and most primal animal nature froze these oncoming denizens in their places.

As I sat in quiet appreciation of the ferocity that had been internally unleashed, I heard a high-pitched whining sound. It started like the buzz of a mosquito, but soon became louder and louder, until it was more like the screaming whir of a chainsaw running at full speed.

Then the sound abruptly stopped completely - and it appeared to have done so right out in the front yard of The Stone House.

I walked out to the front porch to see what might be

happening. The underground adventure in the Pit called Because had altogether ceased.

There, up on the ridge about a hundred yards away to the south, sat the outlines of three Harley-Davidson motorcycles. And on top of these bikes sat three terrifying and dangerous-looking bikers. They were just sitting there, quietly surveying The Stone House. I immediately went over to Capricornus, touched her shoulder, and said, "We've got company!"

She looked at me with total disgust and disbelief in her eyes, and replied, "I told you not to disturb me. Go handle it yourself." And she rolled over and went back to sleep or to some other-world consciousness.

Then, of course, the motorcycles started up again. As they approached the house I realized that the terrifying experience in the Pit called Because only a few minutes before was simply a prelude to this imminent confrontation.

I was also keenly aware that the Pit episode was enacted primarily in another realm, deep in my subconscious mind, but that these three oncoming, tough guys were on the hard physical plane.

This was one of those really interesting synchronization issues. My companions were both unable or unwilling to move, but I was able to stand and move about. It was my turn on the testing block. On the physical plane I was about to confront three warriors with a well-known reputation for aggressive dominance and violent brutality.

On the astral plane I was confronting three reptilian entities. Of the various animals, I would say they resembled members of the crocodile family.

Of course, the physical and the astral planes had come to be synchronized and there was only one magickal drama being performed. It was about who was going to control the doorway - the entrance to the temple.

As they wheeled their bikes around the back of the Stone House, I faced up to my fears and stepped outside. The only external protection I had was semi-magickal, and it was the Lamen on my shirt. It read "California Karate Assn" around the sun and moon logo of the *Japan Karate Association*.



On the mental plane I tuned into the *Karate* dictum, *A Mind like Water - A Mind like the Moon*, and it worked.

Sure, I was a trained martial artist, but at that time I had not yet received my black belt. I was just at that brown belt stage where I was possibly more dangerous to myself than to an external aggressor. Heaven knows what I could, or could not, do with *three* aggressors.

The only internal protection I had was that I knew that I was the meanest Beast in the Pit called Because, for I had, of necessity, reached inward again and assumed the role of the dominant animal. My fear had completely disappeared.

They dismounted from their machines and headed for the back door, which I was blocking. I verbally greeted them and we exchanged a few suspicious pleasantries about the house and its unusual location. There was no mistake here, these were dangerous people. Their Lamens ("colors") read "Hells Angels."

I stood firm and they actually backed down. They just suddenly appeared to lose aggressive interest, climbed back onto their motorcycles, and drove away.

In a show of *machismo*, they circled the house a few times, revving their engines and kicking up clouds of dust, and then they rode off into the wilderness from whence they had appeared.

When I turned around, both Capricornus and Diana Renata were standing there and they had been watching my whole performance.

Well, that was fun. There's nothing like being forced to face one's weaknesses and fears.

Not another word was said about this episode.

Soon everyone was feeling fine and we relaxed and had something to eat.

Later, as twilight came upon us, we three stood out on the rampart in front of The Stone House.

Our discussion eventually turned to group functions, and although nothing had been said about starting anything, that telepathic image was subtly flickering between Capricornus and myself.

Diana Renata picked up on this and her jaw dropped open as she looked at both of us and said, "Oh No! You're not thinking what I think you're thinking? You guys are crazy. You can't do it!"

It was never made clear just why she had this reaction, nor did she ever again say anything on the matter.

I finally said, "Why don't we get a group going? We could revive The Golden Dawn." The Golden Dawn rituals were available to us as they had been published by Crowley in *The Equinox*.

In fact there were several offshoots of The Golden Dawn active at this time, but we knew nothing about that.

Capricornus had already been subjected to the O.T.O. initiation rites under Frater Aquarius, but she had no initiatory ritual documents.

Thus, that organization was not part of my consideration.

There was no decision or agreement reached that evening. It was just a discussion of ideas.

But this was when the concept was first raised - the one suggested that we should establish a Magickal Order.

It would only be a couple more months until this concept took a big step forward into reality.



By the way, since that day, I have never been incapacitated so much by a libation that I have not been able to stand and freely move about. I believe that such was always the case, for I can remember no instances of paralysis, but on that day I consciously knew it and thereafter I could (and would) easily move anywhere in the physical world while under psychedelic influence.

As far as being vulnerable, especially in the wilderness, all of my subsequent desert adventures have been accompanied by a .32-20 or a .357 magnum revolver.

Like a Tibetan *lama* blowing his long horn to drive away the evil spirits, I would take up the practice of firing a shot in each of the four directions, even as the camp was being set up and before the banishing was performed.

Then the pistol would be quietly set aside in an accessible place and there were never, ever, any *Hells Angels* or alligators who came knocking again.

Of course, there are other types of wrathful deities, and their agents were patiently waiting for us somewhere on the trail, far ahead.

Anyway, on that day, we *thought* we would be in line to open a

Lodge for group participation, and it was verbally expressed, but that thoughtform was without any details.

A particular star was blazing brightly in the evening sky and an internal star was blazing within two of us, but the third member of our triad, Diana Renata, was firmly set against any such creative activity. She was shrouded in darkness that evening and she showed no signs of light.



Chapter 9 The Transmission

The transmission of certain teachings only occurs directly from teacher to student during an initiation or empowerment and cannot be simply learned from a book. Many techniques are also commonly said to be secret.

ONE JULY EVENING in 1965, Capricornus and I were visiting Aquarius at his home in Long Beach. The usual metaphysical conversations were in progress, but then came a prolonged period of silence.

Aquarius was puffing away on his ever-present cigarette. He then spoke quietly as if no one were present. "There are two systems," he said. "There is the A.:A.: and there is the O.T.O." He then looked at both of us, saying, "And it's time you got to work!" He gestured to Capricornus and said, "If you will come with me..."

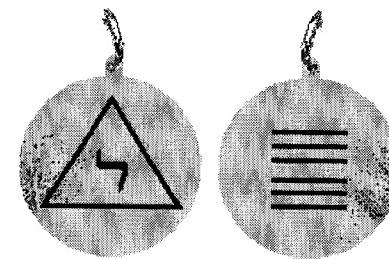
They went into the back room of the apartment and when they returned Capricornus and I left.

On the way home, driving in her old Volkswagen Beetle on the Long Beach freeway, she said, "Damn it! Now I have to initiate you! I'll have to clear out all the vibrations from the living room..."

Aquarius had instructed her to proceed with my initiation, even over her protests to the effect that she "could not possibly do such a thing." He delivered the remaining sets of initiation papers that filled in any gaps in *all* the degrees and gave her a certain magickal talisman.

This was a sterling silver disc, a little over one-inch in

diameter. I've heard that a picture is worth a thousand words, so please see this reproduction that was also shown earlier in the INTRODUCTION ...



This was not an OTO emblem. It was what we might call a "Thelemic Emblem" or an "Archetypal Emblem," and it metaphorically rested on top of a stack of papers that was nine grades high.



Preparations for the ceremony did not immediately take place, for only a few days later we heard from Soror Venus that Aquarius had been hospitalized.

We both visited him in the hospital twice, and on a third occasion I drove down and visited him for the last time by myself.

"In the final hours of his life, Aquarius reported to his wife that his Holy Guardian Angel had appeared. When he asked for "release," the Angel said, "No, the time is not yet right." On July 25, 1965, six hours after the Angel first appeared, he was gone.

There was a wake held for him a week later. At the Long Beach apartment, notables like Israel Regardie and Louis T. Culling mingled with other friends of Frater Aquarius and his family in a heartfelt tribute to the Master whose ashes lay in an urn before them.

Culling took the stage and quoted appropriately from *The Book of the Law*. He announced in an eloquent magickal intonation, "They that see thee shall fear thou art fallen..." and the "fallen" word rolled off his tongue like thunder, and it echoed away into the darkness.

I was impressed; he had "the voice."

After his recitation, everyone present concurred when Mildred Burlingame added the name of "Frater Aquarius" to the list of the

Saints in the Gnostic Mass.

However, I don't think anyone will find it so listed today in any contemporary publication of the Mass.

It is more likely that his name, among some groups, has been engraved on a secret *blacklist* of traitors.

After the formalities, Culling, Regardie and I were speaking as we sat over in a corner in a triangular formation. Culling, in a low voice, as if he were providing confidential information, explained to us that, "We once initiated a dog!"

He went on to say, "We had this stick [a *stick*, also known as a *reefer*, came later to be known as a *joint*] and we smoked it and gave the dog some of the smoke. Then he went through the ritual. Yeah, he walked around in the circles and everything. Ha, ha, ha!"

Regardie replied, "Ha, ha, ha!"

At that meeting, an older lady, who was an O.T.O. member from Barstow, and who was accompanied by a young man, asked Regardie if he wanted to lead the way, to re-open Thelema (a recognized dead thing) to the world.³

This was not a private question, but it was asked aloud in open conversation amongst twelve people. He said, "I'll wait for someone else to start. Then, maybe ..." and his voice trailed off into the implication that he would possibly "come later," after someone else had formally stuck their neck out.



For a couple of weeks after Aquarius' wake, not much happened within our small group of aspirants, but then, in August of 1965, came the fateful desert trip that would change things around ... forever.

³ Note: Regardie was an A.: A.: Probationer. He rose no further than that. He was never an O.T.O. member. His primary esoteric lineage was from the *Stella Matutina* (Morning Star), one of the non-Thelemic, splintered offshoots of the original Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn that once saw Crowley as a member - who was also its "destroyer" as well, if we are to believe Crowley.



Chapter 10 Last Chance Canyon

"Located in the El Paso Mountains, Last Chance Canyon extends from Black Mountain on the north to the town of Saltdale at the south. The area is significant because of the large number and diversity of archaeological sites. These sites include villages, temporary camps, rock art sites, lithic scatters, milling stations, quarries, cremations, and rock shelters."

- Bureau of Land Management ^{vii}

SOMEWHERE NEAR THE MIDPOINT of August, exactly one year after I had taken the Oath of a Probationer and ceremonially requested initiation from the Secret Chiefs, Capricornus, Sol, Soror Asi, Diana Renata, myself, and two others who had not progressed to the point of having magickal names, left the city for an overnight journey that would take us deep into the wilderness.

Our destination was the Aries Vortex, a Power Center hidden in the heart of the Mojave desert.

The Legend of the Aries Vortex

In 1960, a friend of mine named Jerry DeLuzon had taken me on an adventure into the center of the desert. We drove north from the town of Mojave in his low-slung Austin-Healy sports car and turned onto a dirt road that led us through a rugged cleft carved into the *El Paso* Mountains. After driving on this path for two and a half miles we were forced to park the car because it didn't have

enough ground clearance to keep going.

We loaded up our camping gear and walked for another two miles before arriving at our goal, *The Cudahy Camp site*. Then we walked back to the car to bring in a second load consisting of several gallon-size water jugs.

The Cudahy Camp consisted of a main house, six smaller cabins, a large garage with a workshop, and a schoolhouse. The dates on some papers that we found in the schoolhouse showed that children had last studied there in 1944. This site had been home to the crew that worked the Cudahy "Old Dutch Cleanser" borax mine that was located two miles farther up the canyon.

Since this was a rare, well-preserved, ghost town, Jerry swore me to secrecy regarding its location. "You can bring anyone here you like," he said, "but never just tell someone where it is." I agreed, and over the years the initiates of Solar Lodge, The Lighted Way, and Star System have all used its amazing energies as a mystical and magickal retreat. It is located in a place appropriately called *Last Chance Canyon*.

The secrecy doesn't really matter any more. Each time I returned to the camp, desert hoodlums had burned down another building. Some of them were still standing in 1965, but by 1973 they were all gone. Of course the foundations and much cement work still remains today.

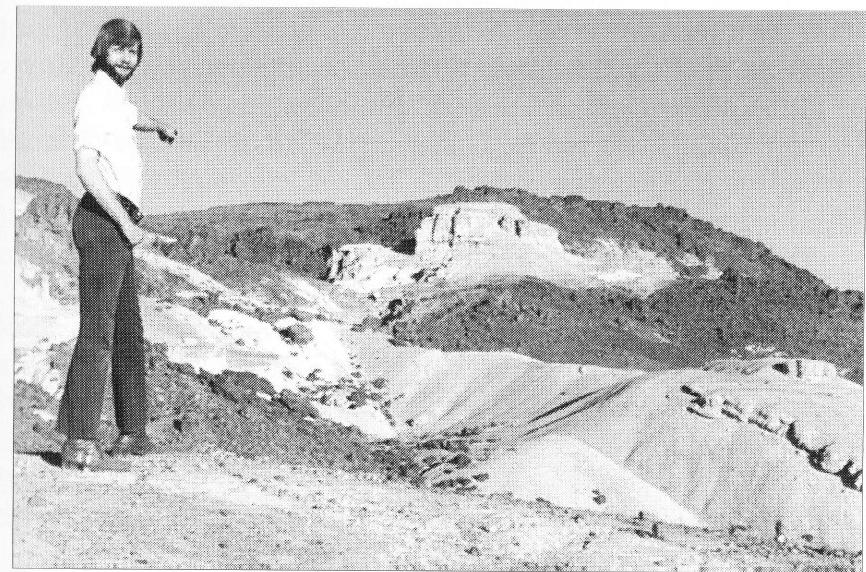
Right over the hill from the campsite, there is an inverted pyramid depression in the earth where four different varieties of rock come together from four directions. It is really quite spectacular and is obviously a natural phenomenon.

My various guests and I had always noticed this amazing geology that dramatically stood out within a zone of unusual rock formations. Although we were acutely aware that there was some transcendental energy radiating throughout the area, it took the intuitive insight of the Aries-born Soror Rena to link the two together.

"The energy is coming from there!" she said in 1973 as she pointed into the depression. Of course it was true and after that we always called it *The Aries Vortex*.

In 1976, a small group of us from *The Lighted Way* telepathically probed its energies and discovered that it was an ancient vortex, similar to an acupuncture point in the Earth's

etheric energy web. Although it was fully active in Atlantean times, it had lost most of its energy when the Atlan power grid blew up. It was now essentially discharged, yet still retained great residual power and was presided over by a gigantic, *devic* force field.



Shiva points at the Aries Vortex in 1973 © 2007 by Frater Shiva

This was part of the path that I took in 1965 during my wild excursion into the desert night away from our campsite. My path led right through the middle of the vortex, and then up and beyond to what I would later come to think of as The Mount of Initiation.



In August of 1965, it was 9:00 PM when we finally set up the camp, took a potent libation, performed the Banishing Ritual, and then sat back to enjoy the solitude. After a while, it seemed to be the appropriate time, so I took it upon myself to perform the Invocation of Thoth (the ancient Egyptian God of Wisdom, whose original name was Tahuti).

I stepped up to the rock altar, faced East, performed the opening knocks with the magickal dagger, and intoned the beginning words, "Procul, O Procul este profani. Bahlasti! Ompehda!"

(And a meteor fell from the sky directly in front of me.

Coincidence? Perhaps.

I continued, "In the name of the Mighty and Terrible One, Ra the magnificent, I proclaim that I have banished the Shells unto their habitations."

And a second meteor lit up the sky.

I continued, "I invoke Tahuti, the Lord of Wisdom and of Utterance, the God who cometh forth from the Veil."

And the sky dropped five or six additional meteors.

"Oh Thou! Majesty of Godhead! Wisdom-crowned Tahuti! Lord of the Gates of the Universe! Thee, Thee, I invoke!" And the sky rained multi-colored lights.

Years later, I discovered that my performance of the invocation had synchronized with the annual *Perseus* meteor shower.

I completed the invocation, perhaps a bit weak-kneed, perhaps a bit shaken. Then we all laid back in our sleeping bags to watch a truly magnificent meteor show. For the next hour there were at least twenty meteors in the sky at any given moment and, at the peak of the fiery display, at least a hundred simultaneous, blazing lights delighted our vision. Finally, it came to a close and we each became silent as we entered our own little realms.

However, our two unnamed companions had other ideas. Instead of seeking the meditative Silence, they choose to amuse each other with cute, comedic whisperings, creating great hilarity between them. Their constant, continual, cackling laughter was in no way compatible with meditative efforts and I became irritated.

I stood up and walked off a bit toward the north, seeking a place on the hill where I could find Silence in silence.

The next day Capricornus said that Diana Renata attempted to follow me but she had gently restrained her, explaining, "Let him go. He needs to be alone. He has something to work out."

Diana's memory of the occasion was markedly different. She recalled that she tried to arise from her sleeping bag, with the intention of following me, only to find herself pinioned by a man who displayed the appearance and dress of an ancient Egyptian warrior. This fellow prevented her from moving by placing his arm rigidly across her chest. He firmly stated: "Let him go. He is not for you!"

Oblivious to what was happening back at the campsite, I had walked up a path indirectly leading to the top of a small hill. As I

proceeded along this clearly marked path I noticed a bright light glimmering in the sky off to my right. I stopped and looked up at a blazing star and I instantly knew that I could no longer follow this well-worn path upon which I was now standing.

Rather, it was clear that I must climb the hill directly and travel toward this dominant light in the sky. When I took my first step off the path, and immediately starting slipping backwards one step for every two taken forward, I knew that I had formally entered the Initiatory Path.

I eventually climbed to the top of the hill and sat down to survey my surroundings.

There were three things apparent:

(1) I knew that I must leave my companions and follow the direction of the star.

(2) A great (physical) abyss now stretched before me, lying directly between myself and the direction of the star.

(3) I was surrounded by seven silent shapes that appeared as if they were human pyramids (they were sitting in a cross-legged, yoga-like position, thus their pyramidal shapes).

From the folds in their black robes, indirect white light glimmered out. They gave me silent encouragement to continue. It was given to me to understand that these were, in fact, the Secret Chiefs.

It was my intention to continue moving in the direction of the star, but I also knew, like the journey described in Dante's *Inferno*, that I could not reach the light until I had walked the secret path that led through Hell.

At this point I was totally aware of my physical surroundings. But the imagery of the spiritual path, as portrayed on the astral level, was superimposed upon the material world. For me, there was no difference between these two planes.

Finally, I said, "Okay, here we go," and continued my journey. I descended into the dark abyss as I pursued my pilgrimage towards the star.

During the first part of this climb up the Mountain of Initiation, I had to negotiate the "circles of hell," which were actually "chambers" that were conveniently situated along the path. In each chamber there was some particular horror or dangerous threat. After neutralizing (within myself) any antagonism, I would

follow the path into the next chamber.

But these chambers weren't always laid out upon a single path like the compartments of the Egyptian *Tuat*, where the gates and the chambers are all lined up in a single row. Instead, there were often forks in the path and the whole affair was actually a labyrinth! One could easily wander around in here for a very long time.

I kept to the "straight path," even if it did wind around a lot, by following the branches that led toward the single blazing star that had first appeared. Interestingly, it did not rise and it did not set, nor did it appear to move at all from its position in the east.

This guiding light of the star finally led me out of the labyrinth and *then* it began to rise. It was joined by two other rising stars and, as this triad stabilized in the sky, a subtle light illuminated the environment and I found myself standing in a vast natural amphitheater.

Turning backward and overlooking the maze of chambers and pits from which I had just emerged, I preached a sermon unto the inhabitants of hell.

Actually, I performed the Invocation of Thoth (again) on the physical and the astral planes, summed up in the words:

Come Thou forth, I say, come Thou forth!
And make all Spirits subject unto Me ...
so that every Spell and Scourge of God the Vast One,
may be obedient unto Me! ^{viii}

••

Facing back toward the east, I saw that the three stars had become three men, but they were gigantic, like Titans, and there were no identifiable features or emblems.

The central, primary star-man became more prominent and the other two stood back in silent support. His appearance came clearer and I could see that he was of Egyptian design, but only in the simplest way. He wore a plain nemyss and was clad in nothing more than a short white linen skirt.

He firmly instructed me in my insignificance and then he lashed me with a whip behind my right hip ...

"Use the Scourge on the buttocks ..."

- *Liber Pyramidos* ^{ix}

... then the three officers of the rite withdrew, the stars began to move again, and a faint glow began to creeping into the eastern horizon. I still had a long way to go.

As the false dawn started radiating at the edge of the night sky, my journey gradually became easier - and with it came insight. I was no longer following a blind path through hellish canyons filled with vipers and demons, but instead I was ascending along a familiar path that I knew had been traversed by countless adepts before me.

As I continued, I became one with the hearts and minds of these ancient ancestors.

Finally I approached the peak of the mountain. I felt as if I had been climbing for all eternity, but it actually took only about eight hours. By now the star had faded and was replaced by the imminent dawn. Yet, at a certain point near the peak, close upon the sunrise, I stopped.

The voice was very clear: "Take off the shoes from your feet for you are entering holy ground!" Upon removing my shoes, the commands continued: my socks, shirt, pants, and wallet all joined the growing pile upon the ground.

The hardest part was removing a solid gold pentagram that hung from a golden chain about my neck, for it had a great, magickal significance.

But I relented and dropped the golden talisman on top of the pile of clothing, and moved on toward the peak, dressed exactly as I had been at the moment of my birth.

I reached the top of The Mountain of Initiation only seconds before the Sun rose. I stood and watched the first ray of light break across a perfectly clear desert sky.

And in that instant, the culmination of the line of adepts with whom I had identified while climbing the mountain crystallized in that ray of sunlight that was also, unmistakably, the consciousness of Frater Aquarius.

And then, having become one with him, I became the ground upon which I stood. Then I became a nearby rock, then a nearby plant. As I blended with each of these things, what was left of my

mind said, "It is Aquarius, it is the ground, it is the rock, it is the plant, it is the air ..." As I merged with the gentle morning breeze, I realized that "it" was *everything* and I lost consciousness.

While this was taking place my eyes continued to be locked on the rising Sun. This sort of introduction to the "Golden Dawn" has been known to damage retinal tissue in those so foolish as to stare into the Sun. Yet my eyesight was unaffected even though the timespan must have been twenty minutes or maybe a little more.

At some point a cloud materialized in the perfectly clear sky above the risen orb of gold. The Sun continued its journey, but became obscured as it passed behind the small cloud. It was as though a veil had been simultaneously drawn over the Sun and the state of *Samadhi*, and I became aware of myself again.

Myself? I had no idea who I was or where I was. I remembered having a body at one time in the past and I examined my present vehicle to see if a certain scar was present. It was! *Aha!* So I was who I thought I was, but if you asked me my name, I could not have answered.

Like a slightly revised legend of Adam, the first man, I was thrust from cosmic consciousness into a naked body in the middle of a vast wilderness.

My brain cells somehow held the memory of the *Yi King* and I desperately needed a sign, an omen. But I had no coins to throw into a pattern, nor a book of interpretation. So (I reasoned) I would use sticks and interpret the pattern the best that I could.

Upon picking up the first stick I noticed a buzzing electrical feeling in it and realized that I had just rediscovered the Magick Wand! I also found that, by pointing it in various directions, it would give a varying electrical charge. Where it felt strongest would be the direction that I would follow. I had also reinvented the divining rod!

The *Yi King* experiment was then dismissed. By now my memory was returning. I still had no thoughts about my companions whom I had left some nine earth hours before, but I did remember a certain pile of clothing I had left a short way down the mountain. This memory was awakened primarily because the electrical vibration of the wand was at its strongest when it pointed directly out over an exceedingly steep cliff.

Not wishing to descend this seemingly impossible precipice

with nothing to protect my already ragged feet, I backtracked to find my shoes and clothing. As you may have already guessed, the clothing was nowhere to be found.

There was simply a steep descent ahead of me, guided from the heights by means of a worn, electrical stick.

By the time I reached the level ground half an hour later, I had remembered our campsite and even knew its general direction - in the opposite direction from the sunrise, right?

I also remembered things about Earth, like horseless carriages, and thought, "What will people think if they are riding along in their jeep and they come across a naked lunatic brandishing an eight-inch, electrical stick?"

Realizing that there was absolutely nothing that I could do about it, I resolved to simply smile and continue upon my way back to camp. I chose then to enjoy the beauty of the walk and thus came into the realm of the Tarot *Atu* that is numbered "Zero": *The Fool*.

And so, as the Fool I walked, and no carriages, horseless or otherwise, came my way. As I continued, I became aware of a longing for that (non)consciousness that I had recently left behind on the mountain top.

That longing transformed itself into a longing for completeness that could only be fulfilled - the word is really *substituted* - by a woman. Notice how the mystical union with the universe so easily becomes altered into sex drive!

Not knowing that a certain "Egyptian warrior" had already destroyed my previous relationship, I looked forward to reunion with Diana Renata, who was, after all, supposed to be my girlfriend.



I encountered her just outside the camp, where she was sitting on a rock. As I approached she blushed vividly at my nakedness. This was strange indeed. I wondered why this usually uninhibited woman had suddenly become so bashful?

I simply bade her "Good morning!" and marched barefoot back into camp without any real sign of damage from the sharp rocks that I had walked upon.

There was only one stigma apparent: A deep slash in my right buttock was bleeding - just a little bit.

Capricornus took one look at me as I made my way into the camp and knew from my hyper-energized state that she must now proceed with my initiation ceremony as originally ordered by Aquarius.

Soon, I was dressed in some spare clothing and I sat down to rest.

I am pleased to report that, some six months later, the Sheriff's Department in Ontario, California, which was a long, long way from Last Chance Canyon, notified me that my wallet had been found.

There was no clothing, no shoes, and no gold talisman. But twenty-eight dollars was still in the wallet along with all my documents.

An initiation fee is *always* required or somehow extracted - in this case, it was a gold talisman.



Within a few weeks, I received the O° and the I° in a single evening.

Strange thoughts came to trouble me when I retired to bed the evening after my initiation. I had been reading about initiation ceremonies and their effects, and I was disturbed that the traditional thunder and lightning had not manifested as one would expect in the case of a great event in the metaphysical world. My ego thus properly put in its place, I drifted off into sleep.

At 2:15 AM, the thunder awoke me. I walked out to the front yard to view the thunderstorm and watched as lightning struck again and again several miles to the south, incidentally blowing up several huge gasoline storage tanks at the oil refinery in Long Beach.

Soror Asi's initiation also had its peculiarities. She had asked for initiation, but when the time finally came (and she was under the influence of LSD), she put up such a fuss that she had to be dragged, fighting and screaming, into the camp of Saladin. After the ceremony, during which she was a model, humble candidate, Soror Asi was perfectly normal and became an asset to future activities (at least for a while).

With the addition of Soror Asi to the I°, our group now had three full initiates (the O° being a probationary degree), thus permitting the quality of any future ceremonies to be truer to their

original style and design.

Not long after that, the O° (only) was conferred upon Frater Sol, Frater Shem, Diana Renata, and Soror Nephthys. The Archer was the last of the original group of eight members to undergo the initiatory process.

The ceremonies that followed Soror Asi's had more elegance and they displayed more "ceremonial correctness," but interestingly, they demonstrated less spectacular side-effects - perhaps no side-effects at all.

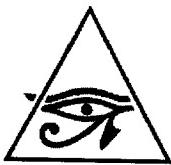
It was also around this time of the first initiations that I conceived and suggested the name "Solar Lodge."

The term "Solar" was selected due to its derivation from the Sun (Sol), around which everything else in our "solar system" revolves. It was intended that there would eventually be additional Lodges that would "revolve" around this central Solar Lodge.

Capricornus liked it and the designation was immediately adopted.

Now, when still a Probationer, Frater Sol had experienced great difficulty settling on a magickal name for himself. Eventually he accepted a name that I designed for him: It was *Rajka*, which Qabalistically speaking is RJKA = 231 = "To rise like the Sun."

After his I° initiation, he was upgraded to Frater "Sol," implying that he had "risen." Solar Lodge was *not* named after Frater Sol, rather the reverse was true, and even then it was not a direct derivation.



Chapter 11 The Outer Court

"Also He conferred upon D.D.S., O.M., and another, the Authority of the Triad, who in turn have delegated it unto others, and they yet again, so that the Body of Initiates may be perfect, even from the Crown unto the Kingdom and beyond."

- *Liber LXI vel Causae* *

OUR SMALL GROUP had developed a certain psychedelic capacity with a definite measure of control. That is, we could drink the last drop in the cup of libation and neither turn into pigs nor get swept away into a sea of brilliant hallucinations. We had gained control, more or less, of the astral plane.

But "we" were still individuals. Although there were interesting interactions between two or more people, there really was, as yet, no *group consciousness* at play.

Capricornus was the undisputed leader and she would always remain so. From her very first ingestion of LSD, she was able to naturally assume a point of self-control and I never saw her struggling with difficulties or intoxication from its effects.

We never experimented with those minuscule half-doses and quarter-doses. Each of us would willfully and merrily drink the full contents of a two-dram vial, after which I would always hold up the empty glass cylinder and say, "See you on the other side!"

But Capricornus, and she alone, soon took up the habit of merely placing the open vial against her tongue and tipping it up and then down again, apparently receiving only a few drops for her effort. This was all she needed.

Solar Lodge was formally initiated on the physical plane when the third of the first-degree initiations took place. Capricornus, who had been initiated by Aquarius, bestowed that same rite upon me and then, together, we initiated Soror Asi.

The triad was now established and thereafter a line of candidates was waiting for admission into the mysteries.

Eventually, Asi was unable to bear the load and Soror Isis stepped in to take her place when she left.

After these early initiations, the *quality* of the psychedelic visions changed, assuming a distinct overshadowing of Egyptian symbolism. For example ...



One afternoon, as I was sitting in the Solar Lodge temple while simultaneously negotiating a dark inner passageway, three people appeared before me. These fellows were dressed in black robes and all three had both of their hands upon a long, wooden, pointed pole, about six feet long and about two inches in diameter. This pole was burning at its sharp tip, as though it had just been pulled out of a roaring fire, and it was aimed right at my abdomen.

Without any hesitation whatsoever, they thrust the pole forward, neatly but painfully piercing right into the *Hara* in my abdomen. For the next two hours all of my other marvelous experiences were haunted by an acute distress that spread out from a raw, gaping, burned hole in my (astral) belly.

Finally a scroll was unfurled in front of me, bearing hieroglyphs and symbols. There was a figure of a kneeling man painted on the papyrus. He wore a basic brown nemyss and a white linen skirt. In his hand he was holding a ceramic apothecary jar upon which were several hieroglyphs. He dipped a curved ceramic spoon into the jar and then, slowly and steadily, he became a full-sized, three-dimensional human being as he turned to me and inserted the spoon gently into my mouth.

The elixir slid down my throat and continued straight to my abdomen. It tasted like honey with some added special essence. All the pain and discomfort that I had been experiencing immediately dissolved.



Later that same afternoon I was simply looking at the temple in general when a great force arose from beneath the floor and rose upward, lifting the entire room into another dimension as winged disks of light streamed up the walls. At its center, each individual disk was a rising phoenix.

This experience went on to open up into a very clear, completely stable vision that was heralded by the one symbol that speaks with its own authority:



The Radiant Eye in the Triangle

This was the symbol that energized Solar Lodge. It was not picked out of a book or copied from the front cover of *The Blue Equinox*. It is the universal archetype that inspired those books, along with countless priests and scribes down through the centuries in a multitude of civilizations.

It had once before come blazing out from the point of a star in the inner nighttime sky, moving like a meteor, and it smacked me in the forehead and stopped right in the middle of my head, generating visions that were vast in their scope and depth.

Other people saw it as well, perhaps in different ways, or at various times, but in some similar manner.

This emblem came to be engraved upon the heavy brass disks, the eleven-inch pantacles that were bestowed upon each of the early candidates who stood for the first initiation.⁴

It also appeared as a large painted sign over the storefront of the three *Eye of Horus* bookstores.

Of course, this is not only *The Eye of Horus* but also *The Eye of Shiva* and the "all-seeing eye" of Masonry, which is also called *The Eye of Providence*. A couple hundred years earlier, some government officials who were troublemakers in their own way similar to ours, set up this emblem and left it for us to wonder about today in the reverse of The Great Seal of The United States,

which is found on the back of our lowest, most common, financial exchange instrument: the one dollar bill.

It also was engraved, as a *yod* within a triangle, on the back of a certain silver talisman.

We certainly didn't have any *exclusive rights of use* to this insignia, but if there was a single symbol or emblem to be found at the heart of Solar Lodge, this was it. It pulsated throughout our efforts on the inner and the outer planes for just about four years. Then that eye came wide open, and nothing can remain in that light.

⁴ see *Frontispiece*



Chapter 12

Magickal Battles

On April 19 1900, the Irish poet William Butler Yeats [accompanied by a pugilist] and the English poet Aleister Crowley [flamboyantly dressed] clashed at the Golden Dawn temple in London. The address was 36 Blythe Road. The clash has since become known in Thelemic legend as "The Battle of Blythe Road."

IN DECEMBER OF 1965, Capricornus announced that she and Sol were leaving on a six-month sabbatical to Europe, Egypt, and most importantly of all: Cefalu, Sicily - the one-time location of Aleister Crowley's *Abbey of Thelema*.

I was given the responsibility of looking after the rental apartments. Down the street, a new house with four, cottage-type apartments in the rear had been added to the properties, making a total of three properties that held sixteen separate living spaces.

The Temple was situated in the large, front, living room of a sixty-year old mansion at 1241 West 30th Street.

A high, white ceiling, rafted with four heavy beams, loomed over walls of *palomino beige* set into wood columns and the room was draped at the windows and doors with heavy, maroon, velvet curtains.

In the east a fireplace and mantle looked out upon a richly carpeted floor. Various couches and stuffed chairs were placed around the magickal circle that was a green carpet, nine feet in diameter.

In the center of the circle stood a wooden altar - three feet high and two feet square. Directly above the altar hung the magickal lamp.

After the Braytons departed for Europe, weekly meetings continued to take place in the Temple, but outside the effects were detrimental.

Tenants in the rental apartments were rapidly moving out. Even the membership began to decline in attendance.

Soror Asi moved off to Merced with Frater Ganesh, her vampire boyfriend, and they got married. Diana Renata simply stopped coming around. Frater Shem and Soror Nephthys stayed nearby, voiced support, and even supplied some cash, but they never did come by to visit.

So, for a while, only The Archer and I remained active.

However, while Capricornus and Sol were off on their journey, I introduced two new probationers: Frater Taurus and Soror Isis.

Frater Taurus had known me for several years and he came to be interested in my endeavors out of friendship and a sense of adventure. Taurus was 5'7" with a thick neck and wide shoulders that tapered down to a narrow, tiny waist. He had a fine, thin bone structure that sported massive, bulging, hard muscles. An avid, long-time practitioner of the science of weightlifting, he was the strongest and most powerful man that I had ever encountered.

Soror Isis worked with Frater Taurus at the U.S. Postal Service and she was attracted to the ancient Egyptian pantheon and the magickal ceremonies. At 5'3", she had a rather plain face with a Roman nose and possessed a muscular, shapely figure, brownish blonde hair and blue eyes. Although she was very intelligent and a competent astrologer, she was also quite introverted and she possessed virtually no social skills.

Isis' father was a writer for a very popular television series, one you have undoubtedly seen many times.

There was also another potential member ...



Stuart at the Crossroads

A fellow named Stuart found out about A.:A.: He was obviously looking for somewhere to play

One day Stuart announced that he had come to a crossroads in his life. He would be choosing one of three paths:

- (1) The A.:A.: or
- (2) The Junior Chamber of Commerce, or
- (3) Raising Chinchillas for pets and profit.

Have you ever heard of such an amazing array of choices? I remain amused to this very day.

Stuart had just started "sitting" (that is, performing meditation exercises) for awhile, when he asked me for a "reefer" to aid in his task (nobody called it that anymore - it was a "joint" in our language). He never had one before, so he asked how it was used. I told him and he went home, ready to conquer the stars. Astral projection or an hour's asana, maybe a banishing - I advised him to do all three.

But, for some cosmically-comically-inclined reason, he decided to test this stuff in a different way. He and his wife had company, a dinner for four. Just before sitting down to begin eating, Stuart stepped out onto his balcony and inhaled the incense from his "reefer." Then he went in and sat down to dinner but turned into some sort of obnoxious, maniacal idiot.

I never did get a clear picture of what he said or did, but it was so close to raving insanity that ...

His guests excused themselves, running away home; no dinner was eaten, but his wife got on the phone ... to me. She described his symptoms and told me to hurry, so I drove on over.

An hour later, I walked in his door; the wife pointing her finger at me. "I blame *YOU* for all this!" she screeched.

"Of course," I responded. Stuart was sitting on the floor, his face filled with shame.

And that is the end of the story. Did he chose Chinchillas or the Chamber? It certainly wasn't A.:A:... I don't think his wife would allow him to play.



Then one evening the real fun began. During a Friday evening ceremonial when The Archer and I were the only members present, the magickal attacks began.

The Banishing Ritual and the Invocation of Thoth had been performed and the usual, street commotion was in full, exuberant action - yelling and screaming and burning rubber, just the normal commotion associated with LSD.

But then we both heard footsteps on the porch just outside the front door of the Temple. This part was not "normal." These were followed shortly thereafter by a noise at the back door.

Now, since the back door could be unlocked by reaching up through a swinging dog-door, and since the potential intruder was probably part of the rowdy, street gang, and since we both felt the atmosphere grow dim with impending doom, I moved to the far side of the circle and sat with an old British Lee Enfield .303 rifle cradled in my arms. From that vantage point, I could easily see the inside doorway that led to the rear of the house.

While sitting in that position I suddenly felt the rifle in my hands become light and electrified. This was certainly a novel feeling, but the novelty wore off quickly with a surge of adrenaline as I felt the rifle *move* in my hands. Looking sideways I saw a full-sized outline of a human figure, without features, but delineated clearly by a yellowish-green aura that radiated out about four inches.

This figure was materialized enough to be *pulling* the rifle toward itself and out of my hands. Realizing that the tip of the rifle barrel had been hanging over the edge of the circle, I jumped up and yanked the rifle toward myself.

Sometimes it's easy to simply regard the magickal circle as a quaint symbol; this time we had a taste of the very real, protective power it can confer.

The figure withdrew into the dining room just beyond the Temple, and thus outside of the circle, for the two rooms opened into each other through wide, double doors. What lurked in that room radiated *darkness*, and that darkness was engulfing the entire Temple. This is the stuff from which horror movies are made.

Laying down the rifle I took up the magickal dagger and traced a flaming pentagram in the air, over and over again, and after each tracing I would project the fiery banishing forces from the dagger through the pentagram into the center of the darkness, while crying out, "Bahlasti! Ompehda!"

The Archer stood silently behind me, the entire affair being beyond her comprehension. It was beyond my comprehension as well, but since I felt that I was fighting for our lives, I persevered. After approximately twenty tracings and projections of the pentagram the force left the house.

The psychic trauma of the event led us to prepare to abandonment. We decided that, within thirty days, the magickal papers and instruments would be removed to The Archer's parent's home in Las Cruces, New Mexico. This was not necessarily a sound decision but was seemingly unavoidable under the circumstances. You see, the circumstances were really bad!

Several fires had broken out in the neighborhood, the closest one totally consuming the garage next door. At the time, these were assumed to be the consequence of "leakage," the random, external phenomena which often accompany the performance of magickal ritual.

It was only much later that we learned that they were actually the consequence of a deliberate attack that had been initiated by Soror Venus, who was not only a relatively competent magician, but also, it transpired, a very angry one. She was deeply affronted that Capricornus, and not she, had received the Order's documents and the sacred talisman. She apparently felt that this material, and the accompanying energy, were her due.

At one point Soror Venus had displayed distress when Capricornus showed her the talisman that Aquarius had given to her. Capricornus noticed this and actually offered to give it to Venus who held up her hands in refusal and replied, "Oh no! I don't want it if he gave it to you."

At the same time that this attack hit the Temple, Capricornus and Sol also felt the effects in England. Sol took the brunt of the attack and almost smothered in his sleep. Immediately thereafter, Capricornus was confronted in the dream state by Soror Venus who conjured up a vision of Aquarius and instructed him to "Tell her to deliver the papers and talisman to me!" She also said, directly to Capricornus, that, "It is All Over!" Of course the conjured Aquarius did not comply with her wishes and all the incident accomplished was to expose the identity of the culprit.

But The Archer and I had no knowledge of this matter.
I called one "last" desert meeting. Everyone came out to Last

Chance Canyon. Frater Shem arrived in a car that had its front bumper ripped off on the way in.

The tent of Saladin was erected in a small arroyo near the Old Dutch Cleanser mine and the small membership and their associates stood guard in an outer camp while I initiated Frater Taurus and Soror Isis into the I^o of the Order.

Two interesting things happened at this time. The first involved a kerosene lantern, the type with a glass chimney, which was used to illuminate the tent of Saladin. At one point in the ceremony the wind (it was really howling that night) blew the lamp over. I instinctively grasped for it, taking hold of the hot chimney. The two other people who were present heard my skin sizzle from the intense heat and saw smoke rising from my fingers. I replaced the lamp and felt no pain. Afterward, those who witnessed this searing spectacle were amazed that my hand showed no burn marks or even minor inflammation.

The second event involved the new password. Although the words of the grades never changed, the password of the Order was changed every six months. Each of the three first-degree members who were now present chose a letter at random. The letters came out S-A-N: SAN! This new word was then projected (vibrated while projecting with the magickal wand) out across the desert, and as it went it created a ripple effect to our vision as though an earthquake was being generated - or so it appeared to those of us who were there. Subjective Magick?

The next day the newspapers reported a magnitude 3.5 earthquake from the night before - centered in the deep Mojave Desert!

After this "last" desert expedition, a rapidly unfolding series of events brought everything to a head. The Archer left for New Mexico, taking many of the magickal instruments. I was planning to follow but it was uncertain when this would take place.

In the meantime Frater Taurus, Soror Isis, and I went to visit The Stone House in Soledad Canyon, Soror Isis set her purse down and forgot all about it. After thirty minutes into our return trip had elapsed, she suddenly remembered and we returned in order to retrieve it. But within the space of an hour's time it had completely disappeared.

So someone had obviously picked up her purse. Alongside the

usual clutter, the purse also gave home to a .32-20 pistol and two capsules of (supposedly) mescaline.

Now, pistol-toting in remote areas is common and not illegal, nor was mescaline possession illegal (at that time). She had purchased this substance from someone at work (Oh No! Not at the U.S. Postal Service?), but neither Frater Taurus nor I were inclined to take it and it had simply remained unused in her purse.



Chapter 13 Solo

"The Ordeals at present are carried out unknown to the Candidate by the secret Magick Power of The Beast. Those who are accepted by Him for initiation testify that these Ordeals are frequently independent of His conscious care. They are not, like the traditional ordeals, formal, or identical for all; the Candidate finds himself in circumstances which afford a real test of conduct, and compel him to discover his own nature, to become aware of himself by bringing his secret motives to the surface."

- Crowley, *The Commentaries of AL*^{xi}

OUR USE OF LSD was always in a small group or a large assembly. There were a few instances of only two people together, and it was common for three or more, but nobody ever seemed to take it all by themselves.

This was, after all, a potentially dangerous potion.

Every now and then, somebody would just flip out, either emotionally or physically or both.

Thank goodness I never came unglued when I was on duty, because I was the local sheriff.

We had several "rules of engagement," the first two being the most important. They were:

- (1) Turn in your car keys before the ceremony.
- (2) Agree that you WILL NOT LEAVE the area (the temple, house, or circle) until four hours had elapsed.

Sometimes I had to "moderate" a breaching of these ground rules. It was almost always the same general scenario - and it only happened a few times: Someone would decide to LEAVE. I always handled it the same way, more or less; here's an example:

One probationer suddenly exclaimed out loud, "I've got to get out of here!" as he stood up and rushed for the front door. I caught him halfway across the room and, using a gentle *Aikido* technique, I had him pinned and immobilized face-down on the carpet in about three seconds. After less than a minute, he became calm, was released and he re-took his seat; the ceremony then proceeded as if nothing had happened.

But in the beginning, there were no rules. In particular, there was not a "car key rule." *Go where thou wilt* was the whole of the Law. This lesson had to be learned the hard way. Here's how it came about ...



Now we don't know whether it was *The Eye of Horus* or *The Universal Joker* who arranged the journey to Europe for Capricornus and Sol, but I'm sure that you can see a great cosmic "set-up" coming into play. Who would normally set up a business, or a family, or an Order, and then immediately rush off for an extended *incommunicado* period of time?

And while they were at it, they left the apartments, the tenants and the Order in young, inexperienced hands, namely those of myself and Soror Asi..

We never received a single phone call. A post card came about once a month from exotic places. But that actually didn't matter, because by the time it arrived, they had already moved on to someplace else, and besides ... I was *really* busy.

I worked the Great Work day and night. I did the *Raja Yoga* and the magickal rites on a daily basis. I built the disk, the sword, the cup, the wand, and hung the lamp from a ceiling beam. I examined the *Liber*s and undertook the required practices as listed in *The Tasks of the Grades*. I wrote out and signed each of the A.:A.: oaths in their proper sequence.

I performed an Invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel, using

The Mass of the Phoenix as the basis for that rite. Everything became embellished with the emblem of *the Phoenix*. As the Phoenix, I evoked the four elemental kings and charged the four primary talismans. It was during this ceremony that the neighbor's garage burst into flames and burned down into ashes.

I organized small group activities, the triad being formed of myself with Frater Taurus and Soror Isis, and a few initiations were performed. All of this was done without LSD, perhaps with only a bit of marijuana being authorized for ceremonial purposes.

I sat down at the typewriter and produced a complete *thesis*, as is required of the free adept, and those who read it actually glowed as they perused its pages.

I had completed and documented all the tasks of the grades from *Neophyte* up to *Adeptus Exemptus*. And it only took me five months to do it.

The Qabalist will immediately recognize that the next step is a big one - out into the abyss.

Frater Aquarius had told us, "When that time comes, you have no choice but to jump."

My own personal tasks had been completed, but our Lodge had apparently come under magickal attack. So one evening I decided to fully investigate our state of affairs.

I established a magickal circle and took a full dose of LSD. This would be my first *solo* voyage. In this manner I took the first step in running toward the edge of the abyss.

I sat down in *asana* in the center of the circle. Just as the magickal effects were beginning to manifest, the telephone rang. The telephone hardly ever rang.

That's another one of the Rules of Engagement: Always unplug (turn off) the phone before you start. If you don't, it *will* ring.

Frater Taurus was calling me with a warning, because whoever found Isis' purse had handed it over to the police, who not surprisingly had a few questions for the owner about its contents.

They came to her (parents') house and in the course of looking around, they found brochures and papers related to the Order. Taurus informed me of the cops' interest and warned me that they might be arriving at any time.

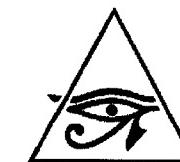
They clearly had the Order's address and were definitely expected to pay a visit.

We agreed that the remaining documents and instruments had to be removed from the 30th Street location. Frater Taurus said he would meet me within an hour in order to pack the stuff up and remove it to a safer location.

Twenty minutes later a stranger came asking in a vague manner about addresses. He indicated both of the Order's houses and asked about their specific addresses, even though the house numbers were plainly visible, and the houses were not even next door to each other! He did not ask about any *other* houses, nor would he say what address he was looking for.

Suspecting that the cops were already probing the location, I ignored my date with Frater Taurus, rapidly gathered up the secret documents, thirty-five dollars worth of coins, my pistol and a jacket, and I headed out immediately for New Mexico in Sol's *Karmann Ghia*.

As the saying goes, it isn't paranoia if they are *really* after you!



Chapter 14 Flight of the Eagle

"Name the place aloud to which you wish to travel and place the symbol upon your head, but take well heed that it does not fall from you, which would be very dangerous."

- Abramelin the Mage

YES, THEY REALLY WERE after the Order and me, but to what extent remained uncertain. After cruising around for a while, mentally examining all the possible places I could land and finding each of them to be unacceptable for one reason or another, I took the final jump and flung the *Ghia* out into the desert on a heading toward the city that The Archer and I had already designated as our safe-house: *Las Cruces*.

I drove east all night. The desire to escape, combined with mild euphoria at having seemingly averted disaster, drove me on toward New Mexico.

Now, whether or not I had actually attained any degrees, a matter to be addressed a bit later, I had in fact built a foundation from which to launch a starship, so to speak, and that ship was carrying me across the void.

I was just driving along when I realized that I really was sailing through a lawless void as another car came on rapidly from behind, pulled up even with the side of the *Ghia* as if it were passing, and just then simply slowed and cruised alongside.

I looked over and saw four, dark, young men who were intently examining me. These fellows were radiating vibrations of the *Komodo dragon* family, with sleepy eyes and pretended disinterest.

Oh well. Fortunately, I had already been through this experience with the *Hells Angels* back at The Stone House, and arising from that event a high-powered revolver rested on the seat next to me.

It was enough that I simply dismissed them and turned my gaze back onto the road ahead of me, for soon the low-slung chariot of these shifty-looking people sped up and drove off at high speed into the distance.

Speaking of chariots, there is the Atu numbered VII in the Tarot; they call it *The Chariot*. Its path crosses the abyss. There are four other cards that also cross the abyss.

Anyone can take a psychedelic libation and, assuming they have the basic skills, they can travel upon any path to arrive at any sphere, and they can experience the wonders of that plane of consciousness.

But there is a difference between doing these things with cosmic rocket fuel in one's brain and doing these things from the solid basis of "normal" consciousness. This first scenario can only be a *preview of coming attractions*, while the second is called an "attainment."

They are both real; it's just that one is temporary and the other is permanent - relatively speaking.

In any case, my "reality" took me consciously along the path of *The Chariot*, and I was accompanied for a while by those cunning craft of the inner planes called UFOs. I don't think these were the kind that can be picked up on radar, but who knows? Right now, I wasn't checking the newspapers.

On the hard physical plane, there was one phenomenon that definitely caught my attention. It finally came to be early morning and I was approximately somewhere near the middle of absolutely nowhere.

About a quarter-mile from the road, one of those little, steep, pointed, volcanic hills about a hundred feet high was poking up from an endless expanse of flat sand.

On a leveled summit at the top of this hill sat a Victorian-era house; it was obviously a newly built replica and it appeared to be in absolutely perfect condition. A winding path wound its way up the hill to the house.

At ground level, the entrance to this path was guarded by pylons and iron gates. A concrete block wall encircled the entire

hill, giving it more the image of a prison enclosure than a protective barrier. A thousand feet away from the hill, a chain-link fence topped with three rows of barbed wire stood at the circular perimeter of this isolated structure in the middle of a sandy desert wilderness.

And here, in the land of eternal heat, where dwellings are normally painted white to reflect the heat, this house was painted totally black.

Whenever I read about "the lonely towers of the black brothers in the abyss," I am reminded of this unforgettable image. In later years, whenever I drove through this area I would always be looking for the house, hoping to be able to take a picture - a pristine photograph of a primary archetype called *isolation*.

But I never found it again, probably due to the fact that I didn't really know where I was, except in the most general sense, and that later the roads had changed!

The roads were being changed even as I continued. I entered a zone where a massive construction project was underway. Any semblance of a main highway gave way to serpentine detours that were attended by flagmen (there were no "flagwomen" in those days) who ensured that no simple traveler would turn off toward the center of activity.

Everything in the area was focused on a massive structure, shaped like the base of a pyramid, that was being built in the distance. Cement trucks, construction trucks and government vehicles formed a beehive of activity, coming and going from that site.

Many years later, in 1978, a retired Air Force officer confirmed to me that this facility, near Yuma, Arizona, was an advanced Particle Beam weapon. This is where, he explained, an atomic bomb is triggered inside a spherical chamber built beneath the surface of the earth, and the resulting explosion is channeled into a narrow, powerful laser beam that can shoot down satellites and spacecraft.

After exiting the congested maze and getting back on the new main highway that would never again run anywhere near this facility, I drove through Phoenix, Arizona. Despite its lofty name, this city was a great disappointment, and I simply continued east toward New Mexico.

After Phoenix, my mind began to break down. That is, I could no longer rely on my rational thinking ability to determine where I was or to decide what direction I should take. So I simply pointed the car to the east and stepped on the gas pedal.

I raced across the Sonoran desert at high speed only to run right into the arms of the law at Globe, Arizona. I was sentenced to five days in the cooler for not having a driver's license. Well, when you're in a hurry you can't always remember everything.

The *Ghia*, my pistol, and the Order's file box with the secret documents and loose change were confiscated, along with a single tablet of Dexedrine®, that I didn't even know was in the car. During this jail time my fingerprints would be examined and my true identity ascertained. It is curious that there were no other charges - neither for speeding nor for possession of a firearm in the car nor for possession of a single stimulant tablet that required a doctor's prescription.

Even if they had suspected that I was under psychedelic influence, it would be of no concern. After all, these liberating substances were perfectly legal.

As my identity was suspect, I was locked in a special cell with an orange lock that was reserved for federal prisoners and dangerous criminals. However, when the *sixth* day arrived I realized that I was being held overtime. I called out, but the guards didn't want to hear about it.

So I conspired by magickal means to get out of this high-security cell through the mental construction of a talisman that was traced in saliva on the concrete floor. It worked. Don't ever let anybody tell you that reality cannot be manipulated while under the influence of LSD, especially if a little magick is involved.

I then walked up to the front desk of the jail and explained to the policeman in charge that I had been sentenced to five days for driving without a driver's license, but this was the sixth day.

The cop asked for my name and went to his files. After searching the files, he said, "I have no record of you even being here! Besides, the judge never sentences anyone to less than *ten* days. You'll have to take it up with the chief when he comes in!" Stranger and stranger, the mind-bending adventure continued.

"Well," I said, "I would like to look in my metal box that was taken from me. Do you have that?" The cop pulled out the Order's

metal filing box from under the counter. "Is this it?" he asked.

"Yes!" I replied, and I opened the box. Inside were all the documents.

As I shuffled through the papers I realized that I was operating in a very, very strange space-time continuum and boldly stated, "I'll just take this over here to find the paper I'm looking for!" The policeman did not object.

I took the box outside. I simply walked out the back door of the Globe, Arizona jail! I then noticed that the seals on the envelopes of *all* the documents had been broken except for the VIII° and the IX°, the two highest documents (containing the central secrets) in the collection.

I then stood next to a trashcan and began to read the II° papers - a grade that I had not yet formally received, and would not until after I had later been granted the IX°.

And as I read, I lit a match to the pages.

The situation that I was in suddenly came clearly into focus. This entire event was simply a real-life manifestation of an initiation ceremony. I got to the part where the initiating officers place their hands on Saladin's shoulders and say, "We swear to guard you in your ways!"

Just then two Hispanic "trustee" prisoners stepped right up to me. One touched me on the shoulder. "Those your papers?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. Then the other man turned to watch for possible intruders and the first one took the matches and helped me to burn the pages after I read them.

Once the papers were completely read and burned, my two "guardians" left and I found myself standing alone in the parking lot. I just picked up the metal box and strolled away.

I walked out of town and encountered two kids who kindly fed me some bread and gave me some water. I then arranged for these children to take the metal box to the post office where they were to send it C.O.D. to Frater Taurus' address that was hastily scratched on top.

Now you probably realize that this is not the proper way to mail a metal box. But I didn't. It ended up that all manner of curious attention was drawn to the box, and the postal authorities and the F.B.I. had a long chat with Frater Taurus who, you will

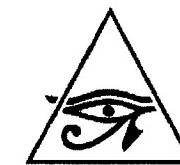
remember, was a Postal Service employee.

Frater Taurus maintained that his friend, Frater Shiva, was in need of professional, psycho-medical attention and the matter stopped there. The box then went on to the F.B.I. for further consideration.

Meanwhile I pushed on eastward through the desert, on foot for one day and one night, carrying a plastic jug of water and Abramelin's book of magickal talismans, the only item that I retained from inside the metal box. I ended up with horribly torn and bleeding feet, and found myself eating a lot of succulent, prickly-pear cactus berries when the water finally ran out.

After receiving a 25-mile ride from an Indian who had me sit in the back of his pickup truck, I rejoined the great interstate highway, and I started hitchhiking. No one stopped for hours! Out of water, and after having not eaten much for two days, I finally rested in a shady culvert under the freeway where I contemplated my imminent death.

But I didn't die. I just rested. And then I revived and consecrated an Abramelin talisman *To Fly like an Eagle*, walked up to the highway, stuck out my thumb, and the very next car stopped and took me all the way to Las Cruces, New Mexico.



Chapter 15 The Crucifixion

"He will imagine himself to be attaining one initiation after another. His Ego will expand unchecked, till he seem to himself to have heaven at his feet."

- *Magick in Theory and Practice* ^{xii}

A PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE will last as long as it takes for the scenario to become completed.

One can tell when it's over because suddenly one becomes aware that one is "normal" again.

My first experiment was suddenly finished after four hours - a relatively normal timespan.

The journey to New Mexico was not over until nine days had passed, and six of those were in jail no less.

Upon arriving in Las Cruces, I was suddenly "normal" and all my magickal energy was spent.

I borrowed a dime from my benefactors and called The Archer who quickly drove over and picked me up in town.

I required several days of physical recuperation and I had no goal or ideas about anything.

We simply took off on a two-week driving vacation into Colorado.

After that, The Archer gave me funds for a ticket and I rode a Greyhound bus back to Los Angeles.

I drove Capricornus' Volkswagen to Frater Taurus' house where I hid out for a few days in a passive state until someone else came along to make some decisions about anything at all.



Sol then returned from Europe. You see, I had earlier mailed a letter to the European travelers describing the ongoing chaos and unsteadiness of the situation. When the letter finally caught up with them, Sol was dispatched to moderate and control the wild affairs. Capricornus would be following him one month later, for she already had plans to visit her relatives in England.

Their journey had previously involved flying to England, then continuing on to Egypt where they visited the Pyramids.

In Pompeii, Sol insisted that they ride up most of the way in a cab and then climb Mount Vesuvius on foot. There is access by road to within 660 feet of the summit, measured vertically, but thereafter access is by foot only.

When they finally got to the top, an exhausted Capricornus saw that there was an aerial tramway that was carrying people up the mountain.

"Look," she said to Sol. "We could have ridden up."

"I know," he replied.

"Well then why did you insist that we walk?"

"Because I'm afraid of those trams," he said.

She indicated that she was "ready to kill him."

After that, they made their way to Cefalu, Sicily, where the *Abbey of Thelema* was still standing - although in poor repair! Today, its condition is reported as being much worse.

While they were visiting the Abbey, they met a man who was just a teenager when Aleister Crowley was in residence. He still had an original edition of one of Crowley's books that the Beast had left behind. He also had a pipe and a magickal ring that had once belonged to Crowley, although with the passage of the years the ring had lost its stone, perhaps magickally or maybe even to a pawnshop.

They brought back photos of the pyramids, the *Abbey*, the man, the book, the pipe and the ring.

After his return to California, Sol went to Globe, Arizona where the police gave him his *Karmann Ghia*, plus my pistol and my coins.

No charges were pending against me, for I had served my allotted five days in jail and they had confirmed that I was not a

wanted criminal. So Sol returned to Los Angeles and informed me that I was completely off the hook.

Also, there were no further rumblings from the Los Angeles police in relation to Soror Isis or the Order in general. I guess they *really* weren't after *me* in the first place.

It was all an universal joke - a manifestation of the cosmic trickster to see how much pressure I could take as I was driven through the underworld of the *Tuat*.



When Capricornus finally arrived home from Europe a month later, I was reduced to insignificance. My self-chosen magickal name of *Phoenix* was immediately replaced by the *guru*-given name, *Shiva*. One would think that it would be a great honor to be named after the destroyer of the universe, but in this case, it was aimed at the destruction of my ego.

The Archer arrived from Las Cruces the day before Capricornus arrived. On her way through Globe, Arizona, she stopped by the police station and was given the Order's metal box with all of the documents inside. The F.B.I. had looked it over and they decided that they really had no use for it at all. The seals on the envelopes containing the VIII° and the IX° were still intact! They missed their chance, didn't they?

Many people who attempt the path in the forced way that I have just described end up prematurely dead or permanently insane. "Many people die as the result of an initiation," Frater Aquarius had said. As the years went by, I saw some of that dying and that insanity myself.

But I didn't die. And I am *apparently* still sane. Instead, I became a free man, unwanted by the law, standing again at the entryway to the Path, reinforced by an experience that was, after all, only a *preview of coming attractions*.

Now I ask you, where else can you find an outrageous adventure like this, consisting of such amazing escapades as flight, arrest, escape, and final grace without penalty?



Chapter 16 The Great Escape

Adolf Hitler gave the order to Ferdinand Porsche to develop a Volkswagen [a "people's car"] that could reach 100 kilometers-per-hour [62.5 mph]. The 1956 engine was capable of producing 25 horsepower.

THERE WAS ONE FURTHER TURN of events that still remained to be played out prior to Capricornus' return and the amazing scenario went like this:

After everything settled down from the Arizona adventure, Sol made a habit of mercilessly and publicly taunting me, again and again, with the same words, "How could *anybody* be so stupid as to go driving without a driver's license? Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!" (Much derisive laughter - represented as the biggest joke of the decade).

The apartments were essentially empty. Sol placed newspaper ads and set about renting them. The first rental went to a young girl, aged 16, and her even younger brother. In addition, there were assorted teenyboppers who were somehow attached to these two siblings. Now Sol, being a womanizer at heart, took a fancy to this young girl. He approached me, asking where he could obtain a marijuana cigarette.

I had none of this substance on hand, and I thought it was a bad idea anyway, so I sought to dissuade Sol from his quest. But the request was repeated, over and over, with implications that I owed him a favor - and that this was the way to repay it. So I made a phone call to Frater Shem (who always had plenty of substances) and then took a short drive, returning with the requested material.

Of course it was obvious that Sol wanted this as an aid to seduction, and when he asked for the seventh time, I gave him the cigarette saying, "Here it is, but I hope you know what you're doing. Remember, she's under age!"

"Yeah! Yeah!" was Sol's reply. He then proceeded to get drunk at a party he arranged in this young girl's apartment. At 2:30 AM, he offered to buy breakfast for her and her brother.

They piled into the Capricornus Volkswagen and set out driving north on Vermont Avenue. They soon spotted a police car going south on the same street. The young girl informed Sol that the headlights were not lit on his automobile and then she said, "They're turning around!"

Sol said, "Don't worry! I'll lose them!" He turned on the lights and stepped on the gas (remember, this was a 1956 Volkswagen, one of the *slowest* cars on the road).

He made a racing right turn into an alley, but immediately the red lights and wailing siren were right behind him. Realizing that the VW didn't have the power required to outrun the cops, he stopped.

The officer asked for his driver's license.

Oh, Oh! *Karma* time!

Having left it at home, he was unable to produce his license. The cop then asked him to step out of the vehicle.

Sol swayed out.

The cop looked under the driver's seat and found a *machete* left over from our desert expeditions.

The officer then proceeded to search Sol himself and fished the marijuana cigarette out of his shirt pocket.

He was arrested for drunk driving, driving without a license, carrying a concealed weapon, and possession of an illegal substance.

From the time of his arrest, and until he was finally locked in a cell, Frater Sol loudly exercised his customary *berserk* demeanor by continuously ranting and raving at the top of his lungs.

The cops kept telling him that it would go much easier if he would be reasonable. But his basic defense mechanism under duress was *always* the berserk and he screamed on.

The girl and her brother were released and she came home to awaken me with the tale.

I called an attorney out of the Yellow Pages and he engaged a bail bondsman.⁵

Sol was out on bail by the afternoon. All charges were later dropped. It merely required a big fee paid to the attorney (\$1250).

It's funny how loudly money can talk - or maybe it isn't. To add insult to injury, the police also confiscated Capricornus' Volkswagen on the grounds that it had been used to "transport illegal substances." Only 50 milligrams of a contraband material in a vehicle was needed to lose it to the Establishment, even if it was inside a shirt pocket.

Then, for a while, everything seemed to settle down in anticipation of Capricornus' return. The day before her arrival, Soror Asi came in from Merced and The Archer arrived from New Mexico, and that evening the usual magickal ceremonies were held.



The next night Capricornus arrived, bearing pleasantries and smiles for everyone - except me. I was quickly and firmly established as the source of all pain and confusion in the Universe. I was repeatedly blasted up one side and down the other, and then I was evicted from the house and banished to live in an old travel trailer in the back yard.

I was really worried! But then, in my usual meditation prior to sleep, a goddess appeared and told me to relax - that everything would come out alright. Being thus comforted, I relaxed and slept.

The next day I told Capricornus about this vision and indicated that I was not interested in being defensive. I said I would go along with whatever program she prescribed. This was sufficient. Although I was now the bottom person on the totem pole, there was no increasing friction. It did, however, take a few months for me to be "reinstated" into a position of trust and responsibility.

Everyone then agreed that all the trouble really stemmed from magickal attacks initiated by Soror Venus. This was the beginning of the *Them versus Us* syndrome.

Capricornus reluctantly confirmed my many initiatory experiences and she recognized and upheld the degrees that I had conferred on others during her absence.

⁵ The nephew of this famous bail-bondsman boxing champion is currently (2012) a student of mine in my martial arts class. It has been said, "It's a small world!"

Progressive group efforts were begun and soon all the apartments were rented again. The reunited group reinforced the magickal circle and the magickal attacks became a thing of the past.

Oh yes! Sol got his due reward.

Even though I had been blamed for everything that had gone wrong, Capricornus eventually laid off me and lit into Sol with a vengeance. She was particularly distressed about the loss of her beloved Volkswagen. Sol tried talking his way out of it, but to no avail. Finally he used his ultimate weapon, the *berserk!* He essentially went screaming, raving insane and then left for a while to pursue his preferred avocation of chasing other women.

Only a few things needed finalizing: There was the matter of the new password. Capricornus proclaimed with finality that L-O-V-E was the new password. This declaration was obviously made just to over-ride my announced password, S-A-N. I ran the two words and their numbers through the Qabalistic numerology routine that permeated the Order's atmosphere:

L = 30; O = 70; V = 6; E = 5; a total of 111.

S = 60; A = 1; N = 50; a total of 111.

Any two words that add up to the same number are Qabalistically considered to be the same force. When I demonstrated this fact to Capricornus, she was not at all impressed, so I simply dropped the subject. But I was secretly amused and delighted.



The Grand Tribunal

Capricornus always yearned to initiate and train Sol into the esoteric mysteries, and harbored the deep desire that he might eventually rise to the position of *Outer Head of the Order* (O.H.O.), the worldwide leader of the Ordo Templi Orientis. Given Sol's personality, it is difficult to imagine a more delusional, irrational, and utterly hopeless aspiration.

Sol was simply not interested. He rarely attended any gatherings, appearing only when Capricornus insisted and told him it was important. Also, he did not read the required books and he did not perform any of the assigned practices.

Not only was he actively disinterested, but Sol also showed no inherent capacity for metaphysical study or occult practice of any kind.

Metaphysical misfit though he was, Sol was not at all beyond using some occult posturing when it seemed that it might help his womanizing. When potential, female candidates were introduced to him for the first time, he would utter his standard line, "Hi girls. I'm the Ipsissimus of this Order. You can call me, *Ippy*. Whenever you're ready, just let me know and we'll get together and I'll teach you some of the practices in Astral Projection." He would then assume a lewd, seductive countenance and wink at them.

Now Sol was a schoolteacher by profession, but in order to earn a few extra dollars, and especially to keep his physical body in shape, he was also a referee for the local high school athletic games. Therefore, from time to time, he would get dressed in his black and white striped shirt, hang his whistle cord around his neck and depart for the evening in order to supervise one ball game or another.

Often, when he was supposed to be refereeing a game, he was actually visiting one of his non-Order girlfriends. But then Capricornus found their names and addresses in his appointment book and one evening, to prove the point, she and I drove over to the residence of his main mistress. Sure enough, there was Sol's car, parked in the driveway of the lady's home rather than in the parking lot of the high school gymnasium.

Also, he was maintaining a separate, secret bank account where he would stash funds to be used for extramarital entertainment. This was discovered simply because the bank statements were mailed to the Brayton residence and Capricornus opened all the mail and paid all the bills.

As if this were not enough, the moment that there were no women in the vicinity, Sol would immediately entertain any nearby male with tales of his many sexual conquests accompanied by lurid descriptions of the attributes of his mistresses.

Somehow he figured this was "guy's only" talk and that no one would ever pass the information along to his wife.

This entire scenario became so frustrating for Capricornus, and embarrassing for the rest of us, that I finally came up with a solution, which I suggested to her. She agreed wholeheartedly with

my proposal and we quietly set to work to make the necessary arrangements.

Early one evening, the primary members assembled in the kitchen with everyone attired in their black robes. Capricornus, Frater Taurus and I retired to the front Temple. Then Frater Taurus went into the kitchen and, in full sight of the others, bound, gagged, and hoodwinked Soror Asi, who was then blindly led into the Temple. *Gagging* was never part of any initiation rite but Sol knew nothing about the minor details.

Once inside the Temple, Soror Asi had her bindings, gag, and hoodwink removed. After a few minutes Frater Taurus returned to the kitchen and secured Diana Renata and The Archer, who were led one at a time into the Temple and similarly released. Then he returned to capture the last candidate, Frater Sol.

Sol was led to a place that was situated immediately in front of the Bar of Justice, behind which Capricornus sat as the chief Lady of retributinal *karma*. Soror Asi and The Archer were seated on each side of her to complete the panel of the Grand Tribunal. I stood off to the side and watched. Frater Taurus then read the charges from a prepared document.

"Our esteemed brother, Frater Sol," he intoned. "You now stand before the Grand Tribunal of our Order, brought here to answer to certain accusations of infidelity and impropriety.

"It is hereby asserted that you have repeatedly and secretly been associating with women outside of our Order with whom you have had sexual relations, and that these said relations were not dedicated unto the goddess Nuit but rather were acts of unbridled lust. [He then recited the date, time, and address of the observed liaison plus the name and telephone number of the lady involved].

"It is hereby further asserted that you have established and continue to maintain a separate and secret bank account that is used for your own personal interests that are not consistent with the goals and ideals of our Order. [He then recited the name of the bank, the account number, and the current balance].

"I will now remove your gag and ask that you respond to each of these charges and explain your justification for such acts."

Frater Taurus then untied the vocal restraint upon Frater Sol, who immediately went into his berserk mode.

"You can't do this to me!" he cried loudly. "I'm not going to say

a god damn thing until you untie me!"

Capricornus gestured to Frater Taurus who thereupon untied him.

Sol then tore the hoodwink from his head and roared, "Who in the hell do you people think you are? You can't do this to me! How dare you bring me in here and confront me with these god damn lies?" *Et cetera.*

Capricornus then switched from the role of the passive, impartial judge and assumed the role of the active prosecutor. She verbally described our surveillance endeavor and waved the bank statement in Sol's face. Sol proceeded to respond in a rage, continued in a belligerent manner, and firmly denied all the accusations.

The Tribunal soon broke down as everyone moved into more informal chairs and Capricornus changed the subject, berating Sol for his association with the underage tenant (who had long since departed) and the subsequent seizure by the police of her beloved Volkswagen.

Then she started weeping and wailing about her lost car. Sol tried to calm her in this matter for a minute or two, but to no avail. So he simply got dressed and stormed out of the house.

Capricornus immediately became normal, said that she really didn't care that much about the confiscated automobile, and turned the conversation to other subjects.

Sol eventually returned, but he never mentioned the subject again, simply pretending that the event never occurred. Ah, witness the mighty power of self-deception.

So the Grand Tribunal ended as nothing more than a Grand Farce. But the membership was relieved that at least the matter had been brought into the open.

It did not, however, appear to affect Sol in the least and he continued to boast to us fellows about his sexual prowess and his conquest of desirable maidens. Amazing, just amazing!



It should probably come as no surprise that some potential members actually became disheartened and left when they discovered that meditation, ceremonies and other disciplines (like hard work) were the main part of our curriculum.

Although the Order professed to teach the secrets of Sexual Magick, the usual accusations of sexual impropriety simply were not applicable. Frater Sol's wandering ways were the singular exception. There were neither orgies nor group sexual ceremonies (and there never was, even at later dates).

Oyez! We knew what it said in *The Book of the Law*:

"Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where and with whom ye will!"

- AL, I-51

But that had been for Crowley and, as we were given to understand, the members of *Agape Lodge*.

But it certainly was never part of the operative philosophy of Solar Lodge. Essentially, we were the *Monogamous Thelemites*, if there could be such a paradoxical designation.

The so-called sexual "secrets" were reserved for the intermediate "Prince of the Royal Secret" grade and the higher VII°, VIII° and IX°, but even these initiation rites did not involve actual sexual congress.

Well, theoretically the VIII° initiation had this element within it, in *Aleister Crowley's imagination*, but certainly not in the actual Solar Lodge curriculum.

I have no idea how other Orders, *gurus* and lineages deal with this subject.

However, initiation into the *Agape Lodge - Solar Lodge IX°* did involve a unique, non-sexual, yet sexually-related, ceremony that to my knowledge has never been put into print by anyone and was never outlined or described in the widely-circulated, informal Crowley letters where he would often freely discuss the details of the final and central secret.

He did write that the ceremony for the VIII°, *Egypt of the Illuminati*, was similar in nature to one that he had openly described in an essay that was published in *The Equinox*.

He also wrote in a private letter that the advancement to VIII°, *Pontiff of the Illuminati*, was marked by the candidate assuming the role of the protagonist in that same ceremony; and that the IX° merely added the element of the "Elixir of Life."

But the actual IX° initiation ceremony, as described by Frater Aquarius to Soror Capricornus, was defined by the following characteristics:

This ceremony was only administered to a male member, it being physically impossible to apply the rite to a female.

The ceremony was always administered by a female unto a male.

A male member of this degree could then initiate a female, either verbally (as in the case of the Aquarius to Capricornus oral transmission) or through actual sexual union accompanied by verbal explanation.

The ceremony involved the bestowing of a silver talisman, similar to the one that Capricornus received from Aquarius, and similar to the one that I (and some of my male and female associates) received from Capricornus.

After the ceremony, the new IX° initiate, male or female, would then write out their own copy (make a hand-written duplicate) of a nine-page document entitled, *IX° Emblems and Mode of Use*, which provided handwritten, unedited, unguarded, practical instruction in the symbology and applications of the red lion, the white eagle, the egg, and the serpent.

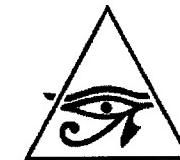
The original document was signed,

Baphomet 

The copy was also signed "Baphomet," and the "insignia" was also copied, and the initiator would end the rite by proclaiming, *Now there is one more Baphomet!*

This document contained most of the elements that can be found in Crowley's *De Arte Magica* but it was certainly not the exact same text. *Emblems* was shorter and much more straightforward. To my knowledge it has never been openly published, and though there are some copies in circulation, they are not easy to find. It comes and goes on the internet.

In this day and age, when all the rites and secrets have been proclaimed and posted in public places, perhaps there is still one, single procedure that truly remains *occult*.



Chapter 17 Tuat

"*Am-Tuat* is an ancient Egyptian cosmological treatise that describes the Tuat, the underworld that the boat of the Sun God, Ra, traverses during the night hours. A hallucinogenic travelogue of the netherworld, this extensively illustrated book depicts hundreds of gods and goddesses that appear nowhere else in the literature."

- sacred-texts.com ^{xiii}

WE WERE TOTALLY BROKE when Capricornus finally found her way back to California. There was not even enough money to buy food.

The new age of false economics had arrived and silver coins were no longer being minted. But many silver coins were still in circulation and I had been gathering them in a large jar. This treasure, about seventy-five dollars worth, became our only source for the required, daily funds that allowed us to keep living. We put the valuable silver coins back into circulation. They didn't last very long, but neither did the financial crisis.

Frater Sol was soon back to teaching. The apartments were all rented. I sought and found gainful employment. From this point on, there were never, ever, to be any financial shortages or crises.

This was also the time when Solar Lodge stabilized and began its unbelievably rapid expansion on the material plane that would last for exactly three years. Weekly ceremonials took place and they were enhanced with LSD about once a month. There was really no regular schedule, but everyone had many opportunities to explore the psychedelic realm.

The Shadow

There is an archetypal image that Jung calls *the shadow*. Metaphysicians have called it *the dweller* or *the dweller on the threshold*. Castañeda referred to it as *the ally*.

It seems that we all have our known self, and that we also have a dark entity following us around. It is said to be the psychological embodiment of all our repressed complexes; it is said to be an invisible malevolent entity. Some religious fanatics might call it *the devil*.

Blavatsky described it as the "discarded astral double of an individual from a previous life that has not fully disintegrated at the time of that individual's rebirth." Due to their affinity, the dweller will be drawn to the new incarnated personality.

Alice Bailey sums it all up rather neatly by describing the *dweller* as the sum total of all the personality characteristics that have remained unconquered and which must be finally overcome before the solar initiation can be taken.

This solar rite is symbolically and historically enacted at *Heliopolis - the City of the Sun*, or as the Qabalists would say, at *Tiphereth*.

These descriptions all seem to be more or less taken from the same page. They describe an entity, an archetypal, personal bogeyman. That shadow can leave the theoretical realm of philosophical portrayals and take form - it can become immediate and real.

A few of us had the opportunity to greet the shadow and, since we all agreed on the basic points, I will tell you how it came to me.

Upon its manifestation, it took the form of a dark figure, as though it were cloaked in a robe that absorbed light. It radiated an aura out at least twenty feet and that energy field was jagged, composed of blackness and various shades of dark gray.

The "natural" reaction is to view this manifestation as a separate entity and others have told me how they engaged it in combat in a test of wills. I first perceived it as *the devil*, the sole source of discord, and I fell into a brief fearful resistance against it.

However, being under the influence of an alchemical potion, some magickal insight showed me that I was looking at myself. As I took full responsibility for this monster and *became* it, there was a

simultaneous fusion of energies in the lower part of my spine.

This is, after all, one of the keys embedded in Crowley's Tarot Atu XIV, called *Art*.

It was also pointed out to me that this *devil* was nothing more than my own ego, my sense of *separate individuality*.

The Tuat

There was a repeating scenario that played itself out, over and over again. It always came in the quiet hours of the night, around four o'clock in the morning.

This was the time when all the outer activities had ceased and each individual participant had withdrawn into themselves, apparently sleeping. But I never knew of anyone who was actually asleep during this phase. Rather, each of us would be examining one facet or another of our inner world.

It was during these times that I would become aware of a light and a goal. The light was the essence of the sun, right here in the middle of our temple. The goal was the horizon.

Having once perceived these widely separated symbols, I could not help but sense the need to move the dim light toward the horizon. Never mind that everyone knows the sun is still shining, somewhere, even at midnight. The reality of this scenario demanded that the light be *towed* out of the darkness to the skyline.

In this particular scene, I was never able to identify with the sun; I was only able to attach myself to it - and pull - for endless hours.

The "pulling" was not accomplished by a tow-rope, but it had the same effect, and the load was heavy and slow-moving. As I pulled, I would become aware of other people who were also dragging the light through the darkness. Often there would be many of us, but sometimes I would be alone.

I was once shown these other people. Every morning, at dawn, wherever that fast-moving line of demarcation might be occurring, hundreds or thousands of folks would consciously or unconsciously greet the rising sun. But there were far fewer who towed it through the blackness so that it might meet the horizon.

I was given to understand that, at any given time, someone was always pulling the sun, somewhere, and if the time should come

that nobody was available, then the sun would cease to exist.

This doesn't make much sense to a an astronomer or to a modern, rational mind, but it's an old saying, an ancient idea, similar to "If a tree falls in the forest and nobody is there to hear it, does it make a sound?"

But that's all philosophy and *Zen*-type reasoning, and when one is actually engaged in towing the light, nothing matters but the pulling.

Everything I have said above was summed up rather neatly by a scribe in the Egyptian New Kingdom of the XVIIIth dynasty:

"In the eighth hour we find the depiction of infinite time depicted as an endless rope spooled out hour by hour, and also as the towrope of the barque, which produces mysteries."

"Let me behold Horus when he is in charge of the rudder of the Boat of Ra, with Thoth and Maat on each side of him. Let me lay hold of the tow-rope of the Barque called Millions of Years. Let Ra grant me a view of the Disk of the Sun, and a sight of the Moon unfailingly each day."

- *The Book of Gates*

Although the darkness seemed eternal, it probably was only an hour or so of earth time, and the load would grow lighter when the first glimmer of the false dawn appeared on the physical horizon. In the ancient *papyri*, this is the time when Kephra comes to assist the towers, pulling on his own tow-rope from above.

When the dawn came, it was almost always glorious. We would greet Ra and know that the sun would last for at least one more day.

The Initiations

In connection with the phenomenon that we call *the Spiritual Path*, it will eventually become apparent to anyone that there are both inner and outer initiations.

An inner initiation is a reorientation of the focal point of the initiate's consciousness, the so-called "assemblage point" of shamanism. This results in the "admission" to a higher, more expansive, level of awareness that is, after all, merely a deeper, pre-existing level of one's own being.

An external initiation is a ceremony or gesture that seeks to duplicate the universal initiation archetype in one or another of its phases. The ritual is often enhanced with emblems and phrases that are peculiar to the religious, spiritual or philosophical views of the initiators who are officiating the ceremony. Some transmissions are direct, being merely one-on-one, *guru-to-chela*.

There are several ways that the inner and the outer initiations can be synchronized:

First, there is the idea that the candidate will step up to an initiator in the external world, that the initiator will transmit some force or information or otherwise "initiate" (start, begin) a process that will result in the unfoldment of the candidate's inner consciousness. This concept is not without some merit. But realistically, it is not a sure-fire method and often is no more than a formal greeting to a new member of the club.

Second, there is the idea that an external initiation rite is only an outward recognition of that which has already been inwardly accomplished. Aleister Crowley specifically cited this definition, and Kenneth Grant seems to have agreed:

"The various Grade Ceremonies through which the Candidate passes constitute in each case, a ritual sealing, or confirmation, of what he has learned up to the stage represented by any particular Ceremony.

"Thus each ceremony depends for its full effect upon the Candidate's personal and interior grasp of the Esoteric Teachings with which he has been entrusted and not upon any inherent initiatory quality in the Ceremony itself. Thus, the Candidate should always bear in mind that he progresses solely by his own personal endeavour and sees in the Symbols of the ceremonial confirmation of his particular stage of progress, that alone which his awakened inner eye can show him.

"Initiation, illumination and Magical Potency are merely confirmed by and in the Rites, and not conferred."

- *The Manifesto of New Isis Lodge*^{xiv}

This is the practical, altruistic format, but who is to accurately determine the level of consciousness of another person? Most

initiatory societies will simply set *tasks* before the candidate: "Do this practice and memorize those scrolls and when you're done, we will test you and if you pass - then you will receive the next degree."

Thus, an external grade often becomes a reflection of *work accomplished* and is not necessarily a true indicator of any given level of consciousness.

Of course, if any individual is able to actually *see* and *properly interpret* all seven levels of the energy field (the aura) of another person, then there will be no doubt when determining an actual "initiatory level." Alas, this ability to accurately *see* is not very common, even among so-called "high-ranking" initiates.

Third, we entertain the idea that the inner awakening and the outer ceremony coincide. The Initiator reaches out with some magickal instrument and touches the candidate upon the crown, and the candidate simultaneously perceives the "primary clear light" as he or she permanently steps up one level on the evolutionary scale.

This would be a perfect synchronization of the inner realm and the outer world. It would also be so rare that we might wonder how many times it has actually occurred in the history of initiation.

However, through the use of alchemical libations, the "reality" of this synchronization can be approached. I specifically say "approached," as in "coming close" or "approximating", and not as in "it works every time" or as in "exactly the same."

Fourth, there is the pure mystic. He or she pursues the inner path, perhaps under the guidance of some *guru*, oblivious to external ceremonies and initiating officers. In such cases, the initiation archetype will seek him or her out and, when the time is right, events in the mystic's life will be re-arranged so that the initiatory crisis can be undertaken as some sort of *crisis event* in the outer world.

This fourth scenario does not really fit in with the tale of Solar Lodge, or any other formal initiatory society, but it is mentioned in recognition of the fact that there *are* other means and ways. But then again, we have already seen in these *Tales* how a *crisis event* can be superimposed over the daily life, even within the structure of a formal secret society.

Fifth, there is the case where nothing happens. The candidate receives no recognition or inspiration. The Initiator transmits no

light. These results are often seen when large numbers of candidates are processed and the rites become repetitive and boring. This scenario is seen throughout the religions and fraternities of the world wherein the archetype of initiation has simply not been actively engaged.

I believe that there were several "initiates" of Solar Lodge who fell into this category. They drifted in, stood for one initiation or another, said "So what?" and drifted away.

But I never saw our rites drop into a boring display.



Solar Lodge utilized potent libations in many of its initiatory rites. This is an old trick borrowed from the adepts of the ancient world where a candidate would be given a potion as part of the ceremony.

I have also attended many of these rituals where a powerful psychedelic was *not* used. But marijuana, the "Holy grass of the Arabs," always seemed to be in attendance.

I remember one great series of initiation ceremonies that was enacted at the "high water mark" of the Lodge's manifestation. This took place in the large temple of the "Grand Lodge" in Los Angeles.

The black robes of the initiating officers had been upgraded to full ancient Egyptian standards. There were several candidates, each of whom would receive their complimentary libation exactly forty-five minutes before they were individually led into the temple. The officers and attending members took their medicine at the same time as the first candidate, and then they worked their way through the candidates and the levels.

When the Minerval initiations were completed, all of the probationary members left the temple and the oasis was opened in the first degree.

The entire series took several hours, but it certainly was not boring. There weren't many people left by the time we got to the third degree ... but there were some.

There were no flip-outs, no terrifying screams, no struggles to escape. Although I did once hear a candidate whisper aloud to herself, "Oh no!"



When it came to a certain part of the II° initiation ceremony, there

was a certain procedure that held the potential for causing endless problems. Saladin said to the candidate ...

Your first act will now be to join in our declaration of *The Rights of Man* [Liber OZ]. This you will sign in triplicate with your full name and address; one copy we retain; the others are to be affixed publicly to edifices symbolizing the civil and religious authority.^{xv}

Well, as a secret society, we simply were *not* going to go around posting the names and addresses of our members in the public marketplace.

Of course, the candidate knew nothing about this protective policy. He or she simply signed the documents and assumed that they were about to be exposed.

We used a pair of magickal scissors to cut off the address and, with most signatures being illegible, left their scribbled name in place. I was the one who then posted the papers. My favorite "edifice" was the nearby Catholic church. In the style of Martin Luther,⁶ the document would either be tacked to the door, or I would enter the empty church and place the paper on the little desk inside the pulpit.



When it came to a certain part of the V^o initiation ceremony, there was another procedure that also held the potential for causing endless problems. The Grand Master said to the candidate ...

Before you are again admitted to any Chapter, you must have caused this mark to be tattooed over your heart, so that the scar which can never be effaced from your body may remind you of those oaths which you have taken to us.^{xvi}

Although tattoos are a common commodity in our contemporary society, nobody that I knew had one in Solar Lodge.

⁶ Martin Luther is commonly thought to have nailed his [heretical] *95 Theses* to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg on All Hallow's Eve in 1517, thus setting *The Protestant Reformation* and *Halloween* in motion. Some historical references indicate that it was not he, but his students, who actually posted the *Theses*, thus setting Martin up for a major, lifelong confrontation, playing trick-or-treat with agents of the Vatican. He was not crucified or burned.

We never got around to formally presenting the Rite of the Pelican and the Eagle, V^o, but in the short version (discussed further on in this treatise) the candidate received a golden insignia that depended from a chain to rest over his or her heart.



You would have to seek out and ask each individual initiate what they experienced during these events, for surely it was somewhat different for each of them. But I can tell you that the atmosphere, the setting, was exquisitely powerful and exact, and I doubt that anyone passed through without a profound reaction.

When focused in this manner, there was no stage of hallucinations. This fact, in itself, is important, for it demonstrates that one can indeed control the effects of the powerful psychedelics.

When I say, "no hallucinations," I mean that the colored light show did not turn on and the sea of never-ending, changing images did not arise. One was not carried off into struggles and bizarre scenarios, because one was too busy orchestrating the various stages of a series of dramatic initiatory rites.



This brings us to one of the principal themes of this entire treatise, so let me give you as precise a picture as possible of what was taking place:

The temple was arranged according to the ceremony about to be enacted. This was "the labor of preparation."

The three officers, dressed in various garments, plus the assembled body of initiates in their black robes, would each take down an alchemical draught of liberating medicine.

After a short while, usually marked by someone saying, "I feel it," and then checking to ensure that everyone "felt it," a banishing ritual was performed and then the temple was ceremonially "opened" by the triad according to the words and the gestures of the specific rite.

As the drug effects increased, there would be an enhancement of the visual senses, so that a great depth and range of color and hue would be seen in everything. The setting having been previously embellished with the emblems of Egypt and the symbols

of high Magick, this is exactly what was opened up on the astral plane.

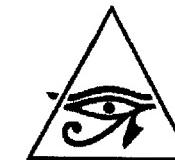
We stood in an Egyptian temple in some timeless dimension. Figures could sometimes be seen overshadowing one or more of the officers, or they might merely be watching from the sidelines.

Regardless of the nature of the dramatic ceremony that was played out, there always came, in every rite, a point where the candidate was found standing directly in front of the primary initiating officer.

There was always that moment of contact between an instrument held in the officer's hand and some vital chakra of the candidate's anatomy. This, of course, was the climactic point of initiation, of transmission. The contact point could be seen to flash forth a spark of light, and the deed was done.

After these ceremonies, people would usually gather in the living room, or sometimes the *guru*'s bedroom. Anyone who wandered off and closed their eyes usually entered the realm of hallucinations and inner visions.

At the end of the evening, everyone eventually came to be alone with themselves as they drifted towards sleep. At that point, I imagine each one of us got their own glimpse of the colored lights.



Chapter 18 The Warlord

A warlord is "A military commander exercising civil power in a region, whether in nominal allegiance to the national government or in defiance of it."

- [thefreedictionary.com](http://www.thefreedictionary.com)

IN REFERENCE TO OVERSHADOWING, it happened all the time. In the course of some ceremony, one person or another would undergo a transformation. This "shape-shifting" would proceed, usually slowly, just like viewing the gradual effects of a "morphed" animated image.

The stature, bearing, size, shape and/or features of the person would transform into someone else, often markedly different from the original.

But people didn't seem to change into a variety of different beings - rather each person would become one uniform image on each separate occasion; I have seen though, how this uniform image could, and would at times, become endowed with the demeanor and visage of an angel or a devil, depending on what that person was thinking and the point of view of the individual who was doing the looking - in this case, myself.

I must admit that I never saw any person turn into an animal or an animal-headed deity. Even if Soror Asi did once *think* that she was a pig, she did not *appear* to be one.

But I swear that some people would take on the semblance of an animal, like a crocodile or a *Komodo* dragon or a coyote. This

"semblance" was, of course, a form of astral overshadowing.

In the case of a "uniform image," what was being seen, of course, is that person's *light body* - their true higher nature, so to speak, yet still colored by the fluctuations of their mind and their emotions.

This light body is already "in place" in the causal aura, a prototype of what the person is destined to be when he or she fully realizes their higher nature. This is not the same as the astral body, which is built up by a person from mental-emotional matter and can take any form whatsoever.

I have seen people come into a temporary inner alignment and the full radiance of their light body manifested so forcefully that I was inclined to hold my breath and to look away from the overpowering brilliance. I have also seen other people gasp and turn away from a similar brilliance that was radiating from myself.

If an uninitiated person were to behold this type of radiation, they would afterward cry out *Christ* or *Angel*, perhaps even *Alien*.

Only thrice did I see this level of manifestation fully expressed in a triad, and two of those times were in the *Wesak Valley*, a wonderful place that we will visit a bit later. The other time was in Last Chance Canyon in 1986 when three of us made *The Sirius Connection*.

This "shining forth of the higher self" should not be confused with the archetypal overshadowing of initiatory officers, for those would come "over" the person and were not a radiance that came from "within" the individual. Besides, the overshadowing figures wore black robes or displayed Egyptian features and they never "shone forth like the sun," except that they *glowed* a little bit.

Anyway, nobody was able to maintain this delicate alignment for very long without the benefit of some pharmaceutical enhancement, but it certainly did awaken us to the world of possibilities.

Now, with these various forms of overshadowing, channeling and self-expression in view, one might ask what was going on with the leader? Which is exactly what I really wanted to describe.

Soror Capricornus, known as Jean Brayton in the world of men and women, displayed a singular, unvarying image when enhanced with psychedelics. I never knew her to be a radiant source of light, nor an Egyptian officer of any kind. Even when overshadowed by

the black-robed archetypes, under that robe the same countenance and vibration was always visible - that of the *warlord*.

Built upon a solid, sturdy frame that was always somewhat bent over in age from a long history of troublesome experiences, her image was always that of a man. His voice was gruff, speaking only in short sentences of commentary or command. This was our *Grand Master Baphomet*.

This was also the being who was able to connect us with our own inner light, yet the light never seemed to come from him. This was the *guru* who could, and eventually did, awaken the sacred kundalini fire in any one of us through a simple act of direct transmission, yet I never saw the triplefold fire or the rainbow bridge in her being or in her aura.

And in her daily life, this was the middle-aged lady who cooked meals, painted apartments, planted herbal gardens in the desert, dug holes, and sewed heavy carpets, all the while acting like a concerned mother.

But when the Order was in council and the temple was opened into the magickal realm, we were in the presence of someone who was a combination of *Merlin the Magician* and *Genghis Khan*.

This force, and it was *a force* to be reckoned with or better yet - simply obeyed, did not draw plans or get involved in details. It simply said, "I want to do this ..." or "I want this done ..."

And those of us in the Inner Court who were there to hear the request would say, "Alright, here's the way we will do it ..."

The first time I saw this presence was very early in the game. Three of us were sitting in a triangular formation; actually I was lying on a couch and the other two were sitting upright across from me.

And then we all were transported into some dark, ancient cave, where a fire was burning.

There was nothing stirring except some basic instincts, for we were cave people, probably at the evolutionary level of the *Lemurians* as defined by Blavatsky.

Capricornus had become covered and hooded with a robe made from some animal skin, and underneath was the visage of the *warlord*, already ancient in this most ancient of settings. At the time, I was reminded of something I had recently read ...

"The interior Order was formed immediately after the first perception of man's wider heritage had dawned upon the first of the adepts ..." - *An Account of A.:A.:^{xvii}*

Even here in the most primitive of settings and consciousness, the triad was already functioning - opening the way to a wider perception of reality.

The *warlord*, who in this case was more like an aged tribal elder, made a simple gesture and certain elements in the cave changed their shape and took on a dazzling appearance.

The purposeful manipulation of form is a powerful tool in the hands of a tribal shaman.

A few years later, it came to be that the *warlord* was seemingly always present. Jean Brayton's physical features slowly drifted toward those of a tough old man, while her personality tended toward that of a cranky old woman.

Lest there be any misconception, and based solely on my own experience and on the first-hand testimony of others close to the matter, it can be safely assumed by anyone that Capricornus simply "wanted" specific books obtained and thereby authorized certain acts of piracy.

In other words, these piracies were not random acts of pilferage produced by individual "loose cannons," but they were initially conceived by a single, central person.

Whether the reader wishes to "safely assume" that the motivating force for these acts, and for the many other acts of dictatorship to come along later, lay in the abstract presence of the *warlord* as described above, is simply a matter of the reader's choice and personal discrimination.

To us, (s)he was the *Grand Master Baphomet*.

Even as this description of the Grand Master was being written, I found it interesting because I had never before paid attention to these unchanging masculine traits. I have known other adepts since then, and of these there were many different kinds, but none came close in depth of time to the ancient warlord.

I therefore found these traits to actually be "unusual." *Perhaps it is only myself who perceives these things*, I thought. So I sent this exact description of the *warlord* to Frater Jon, asking, "Am I seeing true?" He replied:

I think your depiction is accurate. My perception was that her female traits were complete. She was very motherly, which was dramatically influential and important as most of us were not even out of the nest yet as we were college students! She had perfected female wits and wiles to draw in our individual personalities. Plus she had the knack to know how to cajole and win confidence.

On top of that, she was a person of great strength, though not physically, yet she could command obedience without a threat, although sometimes she made them, but the overall affect of her personality was to be fearful if you dare cross her. She created an ambient atmosphere, seemingly open to any discussion. But she was clearly in charge. Those discussions often were cut short if a "different perspective" was not in agreement with hers and pressed too long before submitting to her point of view.

Of course, the clincher was that she was obviously the heir apparent to Crowley and anyone would be foolish to doubt that and turn away to die the terrible death of a Black Brother.

However, nothing could denigrate her power and benevolent purpose, although it was a bit warped simply because she did not recognize her own limitations, and like any person with a vision that is flawed, it will eventually fail - which it did without question.

I learned a great deal under her tutelage, and I do realize that you were the mechanism with the intellectual capacity to translate Crowley into an operational endeavor for her.

- Jon

Ah yes, the terrible fate of the Black Brother. It was scarier than the Devil or the Wizard of Oz. I remember it well. It was some deep genetic archetypal symbol involved in tribal unity and the continuance of life.

Fortunately, I never believed it completely because I followed the fate of some of those who quit very early in the game. It turned out that they were not carried off by banshees or brigands.

Mostly, they simply adjusted to life in the world. Various folks had assorted issues coming under the classification of "deprogramming," but they did not perish and die.

The Mythology of Mind Control

Upon the spiritual quest, it is said that one must learn to control their mind, and that statement is certainly true.

It has also been said that Capricornus bent the membership of Solar Lodge to her will, controlling our minds through the use of psychedelic drugs.

The Establishment once had similar hopes and dreams.⁷

Unfortunately, for the controller, the psychedelics give a participant the ability to *transcend* his or her mind, thus the chance to have it so easily controlled by an outside force is reduced or lost. People will actually encounter the true nature of things with their own insight.

So the government found out it wasn't good for the "control issue," and Capricornus simply didn't lead in that way. Here's one example of her direct teaching technique:

After we had all seen the inner lights a few times, there came a day when Capricornus sat us down under the influence of some magickal brew. "Why are you here?" she asked, pointing at me and looking me straight in the eye.

I looked inside to check my motivation. "To do my duty!" I rapidly replied.

Capricornus waved her hands about in the air, as if whipping a banner or a flag back and forth, and she imitated aloud the sound of a trumpet - all of this being done in a manner to dramatically belittle my statement or to display the selfish glamour of my intent.

But, in this case, the sarcasm struck no chord within me, for I knew I had seen and said what was true. On this particular occasion, I actually regarded her and her theatrical lesson as being a bit daft.

Then she went on to ask the same of everyone there. The ones who got off easy, simply quoted the old phrase, "to serve." This was

⁷ The Edgewood Arsenal designation for mescaline is EA-1306. The Edgewood Arsenal experiments have been said to be related to CIA mind-control programs conducted in Maryland after World War II, *circa* 1949-1974. They did not work out as expected.

always a good answer, for servants were in high demand.

But after it was over, she took me aside and said, "That answer you gave me, it really was pretty good. I only made fun of it to set the others on guard."

"I know," I replied.

I am describing this scene because it deals with motivation and mind-games, and because it was one of the deeper attempts to explore *motivation*. But I cite it only in order to demonstrate how shallow an accusation of *psychedelic mind-control* can be.

It really was more a question of *devotion* overriding mental agitation. Perhaps that's what some people fail to see.

Soror Capricornus, operating the enchantment of the *bhakti-yoga* of her sixth ray of love and devotion, attracted followers to her as surely as Krishna gathered cows.

She reinforced this sense of devotion to a wise and benevolent matriarch by offering three extraordinarily powerful incentives: Food, family, home.

From the very beginning, starting with her first disciple, who was me, she offered food. She would come home from working as a waitress and, after a short rest, she would soon begin to prepare the evening meal, asking me to stay for dinner. Some of those Eastern cults, in the *ashrams* of the benevolent gurus, use this same technique. Free food. It's not that Capricornus was a *Hare Krishna*, but simply that she was naturally predisposed to be that way.

As time went by, each person would come to be paying a minimal monthly amount for their food. But the meals were always home-cooked by Capricornus and her female kitchen helpers, and there never was any "junk food."

The sense of family, of belonging, was very strong. There is talk of a "brotherhood of man." We lived it. Not everyone fit in, mind you, but once it was sensed by those who were attracted, they were soon on board in a full-time devotion to the work, to each other, and to our "mother."

The feeling of *home*, similar to *family* of course, was powerful indeed. But *family* was the people, while *home* was the Order, the place where one slept.



Chapter 19 Special Forces

"Your most powerful weapon is your mind."

- www.goarmy.com/special-forces

The Duel in the Temple

WE HELD A FEW MARTIAL ARTS CLASSES. The basics of *karate* were explained to all of the members, along with some limited practice. But the primary use of these techniques was in the proper application of their principles to the performance of *The Sign of the Enterer* as it was so-often used in our banishing rituals.

At one point I held *Aikido* training sessions every morning at six o'clock; six people came regularly - mostly women. Two were pregnant. Frater Kuat also attended. In his later years he would remark to his friends how, "I actually learned to somersault. Can you imagine that?" He weighed over 300 pounds.

Frater Jon showed more interest in this type of activity than many of the others, and one day we were discussing the proper use of the sword. We decided to go up into the wide and spacious temple with a collection of bamboo swords, oak swords and a couple of live blades, that is, two razor-sharp samurai swords. Then we took some LSD and started to practice.

This went on for quite a while. We worked our way up through bamboo and oak to the live blades, stopping the slices in a full fixed focus about one inch away from each other's neck, wrist and abdomen. This was self-taught instruction in the use of *Ki* (spirit, energy) and in the intricacies of effortlessly manipulating a three-

foot razor blade.

In a little less than three hours, we put about three years of *kendo* (sword) and *iaido* ("quick draw") training under our belts.

Then we went on to *Aikido* practice where each of us, unarmed and bare-handed of course, would repeatedly take the razor sword away from the other.

Yes, we did these terribly dangerous things under the full influence of LSD, illustrating the point that if one can maintain concentration (*dharana*) on a particular subject or rite or procedure, then the hallucinations will not arise.

And if that concentration becomes a dynamic meditation (*dhyana*) wherein the person and the process become one, well, this is what it was all about, right?

A person who can do these things, repeatedly, without getting caught up in the drama or the setting, is known as an "acid-master."

The Investigation of the Church

And it came to pass that we owned and operated *The Eye of Horus*, a bookstore that also carried a wide selection of magickal daggers, incense and homemade candles. Nobody actually *bought* this stuff except members of our own Order.

At least it started out that way. But then one day Capricornus went down to the wholesale jewelry mart and bought a couple bushels of junk adornments along with a rack of greeting cards. To my way of thinking, it was like turning *The Library of Alexandria* into a flea-market. But, to be financially fair, the profits did begin to rise.

One day, a lady bought a ring for a dollar; her jeweler appraised it at one-hundred and fifty. She told us and she told her friends. The word spread on the streets and in the places where senior citizens gathered. Our customer base suddenly rose significantly.

The bookstore began to pay its way with a little bit left over. The citizens of Los Angeles weren't too taken by magickal tomes, but they sure liked that gaudy junk jewelry, along with the possibility of finding a small treasure.

Now it just so happened that there stood, one-half of a block away from our bookstore, the headquarters of a very large *church*.

This church also operated several apartment buildings in the immediate neighborhood. These were places where its members lived.

They even had their own enforcement agency: Pairs and trios of young men, dressed in plain white uniforms with helmets and knee-high black boots, carried chromed *batons* that were three-feet long. They were endlessly seen patrolling the streets and alleyways of the neighborhood.

Being still in incarnation today, let us simply refer to them as the *savants* for lack of a more precise designation, and also to avoid pointing the finger at a living entity.

Every morning at eleven o'clock, but I especially remember Tuesdays and Thursdays being more active, the church doors would open and a series of normally-dressed teams would stream forth into all directions of the compass.

Our establishment usually had a few customers inside throughout the morning and one of the church's recruiting teams, always a pair or a trio, would march right up to any such customer and start a procedure that was essentially invasive, downright demanding, and often argumentative.

The *savants* never spoke to, or acknowledged the presence of, any of us who might have been behind the counter watching these bizarre attempts at "street-level conversion."



Capricornus wanted to do something about the *savants*, but what could be done short of provoking a territorial dispute, especially one in which we were heavily outnumbered?

It has been said that problems can never be solved on their own level; that one must take them "up a level" in order to find a solution. So we notched the game plan up a level by agreeing to the following strategy:

We would assemble all of our available members who had passed the second degree. The first degree Neophytes were considered "too fragile" for such an heroic adventure. This assembly took about two hours.

Then we would all consume the magickal libation, proceeding therefrom to the Banishing and the Invocation, leaving the circle opened and not closed in the magickal way. So we did that.

And then we would proceed even further by taking our magickal circle with us in our automobiles over to the *savants'* "open house" meeting that was scheduled to begin in thirty minutes ... which we did.

As I remember, there were twelve of us, the number of a "special forces" team. We floated in on a buzzing etheric current and sat down, more or less spread out in a circle, on folding chairs in a medium-sized classroom.

We had no agenda. We simply agreed that we would go in as individual seekers and sit away from each other. There was a total of about twenty people in the audience.

A young man dressed in a suit greeted us from the podium. He had the gait and poise sometimes seen in human males who resemble a bantam rooster. He showed us a 16-mm, black & white film about his church and its founder, who, it appeared, was held in esteem equal to that of *The Grand Architect of the Universe*.

The lecturer, our sole visible link with the church, then moved on to a metaphysical discussion of consciousness and obstacles. He took off his coat and loosened his tie as he prepared to move into high gear. He drew words and diagrams on the chalkboard. He painted some thoughtform about pre-existing, unchangeable limitations ... and that's where he opened himself up.

Capricornus merely interrupted him by saying, "That's not so. You can change it!"

Our lecturer came back with, "What do you mean?" and there ensued a back and forth philosophical argument, the likes of which most readers of this book are quite familiar.

The air became charged with electricity and neither side was about to back down. It was *The Grand Master Baphomet* versus *The Neophyte of the Savants*, a determined young man who desperately needed to regain control of his classroom.

I sat quietly in the very center of the back row, consciously holding the energetic perimeter of our circle just within the confines of the room.

Then Frater Luna raised his hand. Our lecturer, anxious to shift out of a dead-locked battle of wits and ideas, immediately recognized the Frater and asked, "Yes?"

Frater Luna then proceeded to explain our lecturer's philosophical point of view back to him, demonstrating a perfect

understanding of everything that had been said.

"Yes," the lecturer said, proudly radiating a smile at the adeptness of his new pupil. "That is what I said."

In a hesitating but distinctly clear voice, Frater Luna said, "But that's all wrong. And I completely agree with what that lady over there has been saying."

Capricornus then jumped in and proceeded to work him over again. A few others of our Lodge would chime in at certain points, and finally the lecturer stood back as understanding finally dawned up him.

He nodded sagely and said, "I think I see now what's going on here," as he casually tossed his piece of chalk up into the air - and missed the catch as it bounced off his hand and clattered to the floor.

In order to demonstrate his calm aloofness, he coolly leaned out with his left arm to lean it upon a nearby desktop in a posture of careless repose ... where his hand slipped from the desk and he almost fell completely to the floor.

Finally looking decidedly harried, he said, "I'll be right back," and he rushed out the door.

He returned a few minutes later with a larger, more competent man - one who would be the equivalent of a sergeant in the Knights Templar or the U.S. Army.

The sergeant immediately took center stage as the lecturer quietly looked on from the side of the room. He inquired as to "What's going on?"

Everyone then explained their side of the story, about five sides in all, and the lecturer was made to appear as an incompetent bungler. The sergeant was unable to sort it all out, but the shamefaced lecturer stood in the corner with his head hanging in bewildered defeat.

This was supposed to be the time when the *pitch* was made, when the attendees would be shown the benefits of membership, when they would be invited to join the *savants*. Well, that didn't happen because the pitch had broken down into some kind of cosmic circus and we were merely whisked off to the sales booths.

There were several such booths, small rooms that resembled the sales offices found in an automobile dealer's emporium. Everyone, either alone or in pairs, went into one of these rooms

where every possible piece of physical and psychological information was extracted in a rather precise and lengthy interview.

I believe we all furnished fabricated data, according to our wit, and each of us said that we would seriously think about joining their church.

After I was interviewed, I thought I would penetrate into their sanctuary. Since all the space was accounted for on the ground floor, I walked up the long curved staircase to the second floor where surely something interesting was waiting to be discovered.

But there was nothing upstairs except some large, nicely furnished offices with typewriters and filing cabinets. What a strange church, to have such a grand reception hall, a classroom, several sales booths, some administrative offices, but no sanctuary, no temple or other place of worship.

Ho hum! I was getting tired, so I sat down in the middle of a large couch in the expansive reception area. Members of our group were talking in pairs and threes, and some were still being interviewed. Other members of the public mixed with the staff of the *savants*.

Then the heavyweights came in. There were three of them and by their energy fields alone, one certainly knew that they had been called and that they had arrived.

The apparent leader, obviously a commander of some sort, had a quick chat with two ladies of the church. One lady pointed at various people as she whispered to him. Then, without any pointing, all their eyes fell on me.

The commander disengaged himself from the ladies and began to move across the entrance hall toward my couch. He was casually dressed in light-colored slacks, loafers and a white polo shirt. As he came forward, a broad smile broke out upon his face as he asked in a gentle voice, "May I help you?" What a nice fellow! His friendly attitude was only marred by the look in his eyes, which was that of cold death.

Here I was, the only person sitting quietly in a church full of chatting people. There was no immediate question of physical confrontation, all of that having been dealt with a long time ago, but I was comforted by knowing that my Japanese teachers had laid some emphasis on defense from a sitting position and I

adjusted my posture slightly to allow for any rapid movements should they be required.

His right knee was particularly vulnerable, yet he was not aware of it because all of his efforts were devoted to sensing and projecting energy from a point behind his eyes that was focused on infinity somewhere just above and way, way behind my head.

I have stated that I never saw anyone *turn into* an animal, but I have also described the *overshadowing* of people by animal-like images. Well, this gentleman took that description to a higher level. He was the first of the serpents.

Since that time, I have only seen this type of influence in four other people: Two of them were attorneys, one was an undercover police officer, and the last was a Sicilian *don* who made a vast fortune in the vegetable market and heaven knows what else; he was my grandfather-in-law.

So here we were face-to-face. We each knew that the other knew that an energetic confrontation was taking place, even if *he* probably wasn't under the influence of a full dose of LSD operating at full-throttle. If this wasn't the embodiment of the daily drama of *Horus versus Set*, then it certainly was a reenactment of *Asar versus Apep*.

I defused the whole scenario by simply saying in a bored and tired voice, "I'm just waiting to go home. My friend is still being interviewed."

He then drifted away to assess other people, but he was not fooled. He knew the whole place was filled with agents from another agency, but he wasn't quite sure who was who.

We purposely stayed on, even with the presence of higher authority in attendance, chatting in small groups until everyone had seen and heard and felt enough. We had not come here in a psychedelic state for any aggressive purpose, but merely to fully investigate the philosophy and the habitat of the *savants*.



There was a noticeable result that arose from our visit. As the weeks and months passed by, we would see the *savant* recruiting teams harassing random pedestrians on the sidewalk in front of our bookstore, but they never again entered *The Eye of Horus*.

Oh, one individual *savant* did actually enter. But he had a

toothache and he had come to see Frater Shem, DDS, whose offices adjoined the bookstore. Shem fixed his tooth and both sides were happy.

A second individual *savant* also entered, but he came straight to the Lodge and played aspirant for a while. He was Frater Meadow, who much later became the (solo) key witness regarding the *Manson-Solar-OTO* myth. "He was sent in as a secret agent," they said.

Well, I guess there *was* a lot of that going around.



Chapter 20 The Inner Court

"The Inner Court is separated from the Outer Court by an oblong courtyard. The Emperor lived and worked in the Inner Court, with the Outer Court used only for ceremonial purposes. At the center of the Inner Court is another set of three halls."

- *the Forbidden City*

ALL MYSTICAL AND MAGICKAL SOCIETIES seem to have an outer order and an inner order.

Actually, we find this structure inherent in all forms of civilization.

Governments, corporations, criminal organizations and families all have their own "inner circles."

In relation to so-called *spiritual* matters, it is my own observation, widely shared among others that I have met, that "there is only one Inner Order."

It is not a membership or a building.

It is a network of consciousness that includes everyone who has passed beyond *Paroketh*, the Veil of Illusion.

However ...

Within Solar Lodge, the members of the "inner order" were defined by the reception of the fifth degree, a private ceremony.

I was never present at even one of these rites, save my own.

But the outward manifestation of a new knight or lady was marked by the appearance around their neck of a gold chain from which depended a small golden ankh.

I knew all about the *ankhs*. I designed and cast them from eighteen-karat gold in my dental laboratory. But I never knew who they might be going to.

There were about twelve people who had one.

Seeing these emblems, some members of the outer order purchased their own, usually larger and gaudier, and pretty soon *ankhs* were seen everywhere.

We put the word out that this was a grade-insignia and that its display should be reserved for those who had received it in their ceremony, and the numbers of *ankhs* dramatically decreased.

You see how rapidly these things become silly and restrictive when you start applying archetypal symbols, with a designated meaning, in the outer world?

These fifth degree initiations marked our departure from the equivalency of the numbered grades of the A.: A.: curriculum and the O.T.O. system.

Throughout the earlier degrees, one undertook the A.:A.: tasks in order to become eligible to take the examination that, if passed, would lead to the reception of the subsequent degree.

But for the fifth initiation, there were no exams or tasks, and the newly-made initiate did not begin preparing for his or her Abramelin operation or some similar formal invocation of their Solar Angel.

And there was no oath that said,

"I resolve to prosecute the Great Work, which is, to attain to the knowledge and conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel."

- *Oath of an Adeptus Minor*

On the other hand, it seemed to me that each of these members carried a certain golden glow in their heart chakra. This could easily be seen when in a psychedelic state, so I would not want you to think that I am merely indulging in wishful thinking.

In my own case, it was not until *after* I had separated from Solar Lodge that I began to prepare for the Solar Angel operation. In other cases, I have heard initiates of the inner court who

described their departure by saying, "And then I saw the light," or "Until I saw the light - the inner light."

So, in terms of consciousness or light, one can see how this fifth degree *could* be equal to the grade of *Adeptus Minor* (without), but then it would remain up to the initiate to pierce that inner veil and establish his or her own *meaningful dialog* with the soul, a process that is facilitated by a Solar Angel.

"It is impossible to lay down precise rules by which a man may attain to the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel; for that is the particular secret of each one of us; a secret not to be told or even divined by any other, whatever his grade."

- *One Star in Sight* xviii

Thus, this *dialog* is represented as being a great mystery, but that's only esoteric language laid over the fact that it is something that is *done*; the initiate has to *do* it, without any help, and the conditions, the set and the setting, which lead to the reality of this *dialog* are not subject to oral or written transmission - except in general terms.

Anyway, one does all this work in order to engage in a *dialog* on the causal plane with one's own higher nature.

First you get to see that light, but the engagement of an actual meaningful discussion takes place behind a veil.

Piercing that inner veil may take a while. It took me two years after I left the *guru's* nest to arrive at that portal.

During our psychedelic adventures in the outer order, everyone got to see the light, probably in many different ways, and we were able to gain admittance to sanctuaries on the astral plane where light was held in trust in the form of burning lamps and radiant globes.

Yet none of this was the inner light of the fifth degree.



Within Solar Lodge, the fifth degree, which is the second grade in the Thelemic *Hermit, Lover, Man-of-Earth* system of three grades,

was administered via a direct transmission from the Grand Master's silver talisman to the *ajna* (brow) center of the candidate.

It was only transmitted by a direct invitation, one that was more like a command, from Capricornus. "Come in here a minute, will you?" *Progress beyond the third degree is by invitation only.*

There was no psychedelic potion used in these "higher transmissions," nor was there an initiation fee or an annual subscription. These were personal recognitions of achievement and they granted no status within the rigid degree structure of Solar Lodge as it manifested in the outer world, for the Lodge was only active, in a mundane sense, to the third degree.

Of these initiates of the "inner court," I presume that each candidate saw the silver talisman, for it was the central focus of their rite, but I do not know who was able to closely examine that relic in a psychedelic state. I know that I was.

When it came time to activate some Abramelin talisman, and it was an important matter, the silver talisman would be brought into contact with the parchment talisman, and then the parchment would be brought into contact with the specific link used in the operation. This was often done in conjunction with a libation, and I was allowed to hold, examine and ceremonially use the silver talisman on several occasions - but never on a person.

As a physical object, it appeared to be a slightly worn silver coin, not shiny and glittering at all, with perhaps even a slight trace of tarnish. Looking closer and using the amazing microscopic-vision properties of a psychedelic libation, one could see a swirling pastel rainbow pattern embedded upon, and just below, the surface; but this was very subtle.

To see it in action with one's (third) eye open was to behold a disk that radiated pure white light. But just as soon as the radiating light left the surface of the talisman, it turned bright luminescent green and then stood forth as an aura of emerald green within a radius of about three inches.

When I placed it against my brow for psychometric purposes, in the presence of the *guru* and with her permission of course, it was not the same as the light transmitted in the fifth initiation.

First I saw a steep pyramid, like the reverse of the Seal on the dollar bill, but it supported no eye and it was not radiant. Rather, it was made of weathered dark brown stones that suggested ancient,

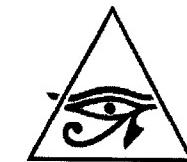
ancient solidness.

Looking even deeper beyond the vision of that edifice, there was an image of a lion, again of ancient design, with a distant implication of one who sat upon "the lion throne." There was also the feeling of Mesopotamia, older even than Egypt in its depths.

"Aiwaz is not as I had supposed a mere formula, like many angelic names, but is the true most ancient name of the God of the Yezidi, and thus returns to the highest Antiquity. Our work is therefore historically authentic, the rediscovery of the Sumerian Tradition."

- Crowley^{xix}

I do not think this talisman was really an ancient coin, but its magickal energy, its "genetic coding," was archaic indeed.



Chapter 21 Rapid Expansion

Expansion means "Growth" or "A period of increased economic or business activity."

Rapid means "Fast - really fast."

AFTER CAPRICORNUS AND SOL returned from Europe in July of 1966, new members were rapidly attracted to the Order, mostly coming from students at U.S.C. The group became infused with a youthful, optimistic energy.

The wild 'sixties were well under way, but the Order went its own way, uninvolved with the general craziness of a society in transition. For one thing, none of our male membership had long hair, nor did any of us (male or female) dress in the flamboyant style of the hippie generation.

Soon there were enough people to justify an organizational move. Frater Shem and Soror Nephthys moved to Manhattan Beach and it was there that Shem began to preside over his regular Thursday evening meetings where the Path and the Order would be described and discussed with potential new members.

Each week there always seemed to be several new people who attended these meetings. Many never came back, but some were interested and wanted to know more.

Those who asked to enter the Lodge were required to read a few, introductory books.

This was the only task of the Student level. After they passed an examination in their reading, they were allowed to request

entrance to the 0° (Minerval) initiation ceremony that was administered at the 30th Street Temple.

The Student-level reading list included:

- (1) *The Book of the Law*,
- (2) *Astral Projection* by Oliver Fox,
- (3) *How to Contact your Inner Teacher*
by Michael X. Barton,
- (4) *The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali*.

From this point on, anyone who was around for more than 30 days soon received the 0° . Anyone who was around for six months after that usually qualified for the I° and its corresponding, permanent membership.

One thing is certain - The Order was *never* a monetary rip-off. The 0° had a five-dollar initiation fee. The I° was ten dollars, the II° and III° were fifteen apiece. In addition, all members paid an average twenty-dollar Annual Subscription fee to keep their membership active. There were no additional fees. All the meetings, ceremonies and expeditions were without any further charges or expected donations.

All financing came from Frater Sol's salary as a high-school teacher, from rental of the apartments, and later, from Frater Shem's donated income as a dentist, which actually was in the form of goods and not cash. The rental amount paid by USC students and resident members alike was very inexpensive. All funds went into the Work as fast as they came in. There was never a problem with money and there was never a shortage of cash. But, at the same time in those early years, there was never a big pile of cash just sitting around.

Although Capricornus was the "Grand Master," the organizational details fell to myself and I arranged it so that some *real work* was required. The Lodge used the O.T.O. ceremonial initiation rites but in order to qualify for a ceremony one had to perform the A.:A.: tasks required for the corresponding degree.

For example: After having taken the A.:A.: *Oath of a Probationer*, the aspirant would then be admitted to the O.T.O. Minerval degree (0°) initiation ceremony.

The aspirant would then commence to complete the tasks of a Probationer in the A.:A.:, and upon completion of those tasks,

they would take the A.:A.: *Oath of a Neophyte* before being admitted to the O.T.O. first-degree (I°) initiation ceremony. After that, the tasks of a Neophyte in the A.:A.: were completed, and so on up through the grades, levels and degrees.

The correlation of the grades, *as we applied them*, is as follows:

A.:A.:	O.T.O.
$0^{\circ}=0^{\circ}$	<i>Probationer</i>
$1^{\circ}=10^{\circ}$	<i>Neophyte</i>
$2^{\circ}=9^{\circ}$	<i>Zelator</i>
$3^{\circ}=8^{\circ}$	<i>Practicus</i>
$4^{\circ}=7^{\circ}$	<i>Philosophus</i>
<i>et cetera</i>	

For us, the designations *Probationer*, 0° , and *Minerval* all had the same meaning.

Now don't get confused, for this is certainly *not* the way the systems were originally designed (that is, to be equal to each other), but nonetheless, it *was* the way *we* did it.

From the perspective of one who has worked extensively with both systems, I must say that the A.:A.: *Tasks of the Grades* are certainly of a greater scope and magnitude than the tasks required for the same numerically-designated levels of the O.T.O.

In fact, the O.T.O. system had no built-in "tasks" whatsoever. Traditionally, one simply found "two worthy persons" (sponsors), paid their fees, received the first three degrees, and then waited to be "invited" into the various levels of the IV° and beyond.

Both systems can be correlated with the Tree of Life, but, if considered separately, they are usually not viewed as being directly equal to each other.

Even though Solar Lodge claimed to be O.T.O. in those days, it was, in operation, a manifestation of the A.:A.:

Each member was assigned a "link," a member of a higher degree who was his or her tutor and guide. Each member read the sacred texts, performed the required meditations and ceremonies, and constructed a disk, sword, cup and wand, at the required grade level. And every member had to pass a strict examination prior to any advancement to the next level.

When referring to these two Orders, Capricornus was always

quick to say, "As far as I'm concerned, there's no difference between them." I, on the other hand, did see a clear distinction, but after I had merged the practices of both into the Solar Lodge curriculum, *for us*, there was no *operative* difference.



In September 1966, Capricornus bestowed the Inner Order Initiation (V°) on myself and Soror Asi. In November, she tested both of us and, as we were able to respond with the proper signs, we separately and individually received the desired, dreaded, final secret of the Order - the IX°.

Soror Asi went insane almost immediately. Torn between the Path and her husband she chose to remain with the Order. However, Capricornus discovered that Soror Asi was writing about things to Frater Ganesha, her barely-initiated and hostile husband who lived three-hundred miles away, that were essentially under obligation of secrecy.

So Capricornus simply evicted Soror Asi, her cousin. I was instructed to drive her to the bus station. Soror Asi was going back to her husband in Merced and was given orders not to return until she was free from this dual loyalty. It never happened.



Meanwhile, the membership, individually and collectively, was looking everywhere for metaphysical books, magickal instruments, Temple furniture and esoteric trappings. Virtually any available Thelemic material was bought up during our periodic trips to the booksellers on Hollywood Boulevard and a tremendously large library was pieced together in a short period of time.

Our own complete set of *The Equinox* came from a \$200 purchase made on Hollywood Boulevard in 1965. All *Equinoxes* (any volume, except for number 10) sold for a flat rate of \$20 per book in those days. *The Equinox*, volume I - number 10, was particularly hard to find and therefore it was sometimes a bit more expensive. That was because Crowley had written things therein about Leadbeater and Krishnamurti that were considered to be naughty, even if they were accompanied by court transcripts. According to Frater Aquarius, members of the Theosophical

Society bought **every** copy they could find and burned them.

In retrospect, it has been said that this material was easily gathered as it was magically linked to the talisman that was held by Capricornus. That single item, the IX° talisman that has been previously described, was said to draw all the other material to it, just like iron is drawn to a magnet.

There was also a certain amount of "looking the other way" when *some* books and magickal items appeared that had obviously been acquired by less-than-honest means.

The morals of this phase could certainly be called "questionable." Yet, no questions were asked and no discussion of sources was openly held.

It was confirmed that Frater Shem and some of his associates were involved in the illegal acquisition of Thelemic papers and texts, including the theft of a substantial amount of material from the widow of Karl Germer (Frater Saturnus) at West Point, California, as well as books that had been purloined from Soror Venus and Israel Regardie.

Most of the members saw some or all of this material, and many could easily guess where it had come from, especially the West Point items, but these matters were simply never frankly discussed.

Of course, I knew precisely where the source was, for most of it ended up in my room as it was the repository for the archives. Around my working and sleeping areas, original Crowley diaries, manuscripts, and typescripts were piled high in neat array.

The higher degree material, *especially* including the famous book of Crowley's Abramelin talismans, was always kept in the closet in Capricornus' bedroom.

I had my own copies of this material, but I had no book of talismans.

I had to content myself with the custodianship of one of the original *Cefalu Diaries*. Imagine that - the original magickal record of 666 as he oversaw his prototype of a living Thelemic community.

It was bound in grayish-blue leather and the heavy unlined pages inside bore the usual hard-to-read Crowley notations inscribed with real writing ink.

I took it down many times, not particularly to see the words, which I cannot recall, but simply to hold the book.

First would come a feeling of Love and contentment; a buoyant joy that would soothe any soul. One can ride this energy like a magick carpet. While riding this current above the clouds, a Star would appear in the darkening sky - and I would sigh an inner cry. The word is *yearning*, perhaps *longing* is better as well. There is only one theme: *Let me go home!*

The Star always blazed up and replied with the *Zen*-word that compliments the first word of the path; in silence the word radiated down and out: *No!* And with the denial came an inner star, behind the brow, and the dark forsaken world began to brighten again.

Then I would put the Book back upon its shelf. It was the most "magickally special" of the original books in my overseen collection. Having recharged my batteries, I would then turn my attention to our own prototype that was being built out in the Sonoran desert.

This book ended up being taken into heaven by a fiery chariot, but I do want you to know that some of these original materials, these *codices*, carry a strong mystical vibration and they could each tell their own magickal tales as well.

Aleister's personal painted-on-wood *Stele of Revealing*, apparently the one he had in his room in his later years as briefly described by Kenneth Grant, was placed in prominence on the superaltar in the highly-appointed temple of Solar Lodge. It had its own story as well. Two inquisitive initiates examined it for hours with alchemical-enhancement, but they really didn't come up with any clear picture after probing its mysteries.



Although we didn't chat at dinner about these matters, there *were* many private conversations; sooner or later, everyone in a closed society gets to know everything about *almost* everything. I heard the confession of the member who pushed the button on the can of pepper spray that was atomized into Sascha Germer's face.

It was only recently that I learned how Sascha's eyesight had probably been severely damaged from this act. This has given me great concern and it has driven me to further research, because it

was our understanding that pepper spray does not cause damage..

Many of us carried cans of pepper spray in those days, the very same as used by the U.S. Postal Service to discourage snarling dogs. This product was supposed to be *irritating*, but it was reputed to cause no damage; that's why we carried them in our pockets. I have seen people hit full-face with this stuff, but they suffered no vision difficulties after an hour.

Personally, I have been caught in the face by the misty *edge* of a stream of atomized pepper. It had a nasty sting and my vision was blurred for about twenty-five minutes.

There were no after-effects.

"Pepper spray is an inflammatory. It causes immediate closing of the eyes, difficulty breathing, runny nose, and coughing. The duration of its effects depends on the strength of the spray but the average full effect lasts around thirty to forty-five minutes, with diminished effects lasting for hours. *The Journal of Investigative Ophthalmology and Visual Science* published a study that concluded that single exposure of the eye ... is harmless, but repeated exposure can result in long-lasting changes in corneal sensitivity. They found no lasting decrease in visual acuity."

- *Online Encyclopedia*

It having been previously determined that Sascha would not allow males in her house, a Soror went in to visit with Mrs. Germer. "He told me not to use the pepper spray," she said, "unless Sascha went berserk. Once I was inside, I turned and lifted the latch on the screen door and the guys came walking in. She started yelling and waving, and I just sprayed her in the face. I didn't even think about it. But I don't think she was totally *berserk* and I probably didn't need to do that."

Today, as a physician, and based upon accounts that I have read, I can only conclude that this "harmless" pepper spray, called "noxious gas" in some sensational accounts, apparently did cause some corneal damage to Sascha's eyes, even though it wasn't supposed to. She was an old lady, already apparently suffering from *dementia*; her corneae could well have been overly sensitive when compared to a younger person like those tested and reported in *The Journal of Investigative Ophthalmology and Visual Science*.

My personal concern lies in the fact that I am a doctor as well as a teaching practitioner of Aikido, and both of these arts have a common motto: *Above all - Do no harm!*

My concern is that of *compassion*, not of personal guilt, so I am not "plagued" by this event; but I am pleased to thank the Secret Chiefs that it was not I who pushed the button.



If we were to be labeled *brigands* and *pirates*, well, that would be downright accurate. There is a little-used term for this procedure. It's called, "Seizing the Lodge." In world politics it's called *Coup d'etat*. If you get away with it, you get to be *King of the Hill*. If it doesn't work, you get executed, or at least people tell bad stories about you. For example ...

"It was on April 17, 1900 that Aleister Crowley briefly captured the Golden Dawn's *Vault of the Adepts* in London wearing full Highland dress, a black mask over his face, a dagger at his side and a gold cross on his breast. He was acting on behalf of MacGregor Mathers. However, the London Adepts called the police and had Crowley removed."

- cornelius93.com **

Most of the appropriated articles were destroyed in the 1969 Solar Ranch firestorm and Frater Shem died in 1986 - but not before he confessed the innermost details of his transgressions, which we will examine later in this tale.



Solar Lodge was a *Secret Society*. So what were the secrets?

Well, there was the basic oath that ran, "I solemnly promise not to reveal the name of any member of this Order or the location of its camps."

But then everyone, everywhere, came to know the names of all the members and the addresses of the mansions and the ranch. They were one day to be boldly printed in the newspaper!

There were also the secret words, grips and signs. These concepts had their roots in a different time and place when the Masons who had originated them lived in genuine fear of

persecution and had to be certain that those presenting themselves as brethren were indeed what they purported to be. To us, these were mere formalities as everyone in Solar lodge knew all of the other members of the group.

Of course there was also the central mechanism of the IX°. Even Crowley himself had said that he kept this secret only because he had taken an obligation of silence in the matter.

He merely took the liberty of mentioning its existence at every possible opportunity.

Aquarius and Capricornus both transferred the information associated with the IX° without *any* obligation of secrecy, and Louis T. Culling eventually spread the word far and wide in print throughout the mundane marketplace.

So none of these secrets were really very important.

But then there were some *real* secrets, the nature of which could *never* be disclosed orally or in writing. These were the true secrets of initiation that were learned by trial-and-error or were received through direct transmission.

For example - How to leave the physical body; how to start and stop thunderstorms; how to know when another person is lying; how to set aside the demands of the personality in order to call forth a divine entity; or how to heal a seriously ill person.



As time went by, there were several more desert expeditions. All of them were productive, magically speaking, but they were hard on the physical bodies of the participants.

The group had therefore been scouting for property where a retreat from the city could be erected and the desert ceremonies could be enjoyed with the nearness of a shower and a bed. But nothing had yet been found that seemed suitable.

Thus it came about that Capricornus said, "The next reasonably priced land offer we get will be accepted."

There's nothing like buying land before you see it!

The next land offer received was for ten-acre parcels of raw desert land near Vidal, California. It was located forty miles north of Blythe and one mile west of the Colorado River. From a plateau above the river one could see Arizona to the east and a mountain range to the west. To the north and to the south there was just

plain, bare desert. These parcels sat one mile to the east of a major highway.

Solitude. Relatively cheap land. Buy!

A single ten-acre parcel was purchased. An old travel trailer (the one to which I previously had been banished) was transported and set on the site. A protective, metal roof was built over the trailer and Solar Lodge had its retreat.

To start things off, Capricornus, Sol, Isis and I went for a thirty-day trial campout in July of 1967.

The heat, of course, was intolerable at close to 120° each afternoon, and it was obvious that we needed to build some sort of structure that would provide relief from the overbearing power of the sun's rays. A timber framework was erected and carpets were stretched over this to provide about 700 square feet of shade directly in front of the trailer.

One specific event was interesting and amusing. It was unusually overcast on a certain day early in the thirty-day ordeal. Libation-enhanced ceremonies were performed and somehow Sol decided to play with the elements.

On this perfectly calm and still day, he verbally called in wind from the east. It immediately blew from the east.

Then he called for the wind to come from the west. It blew harder, from the west. Things in the camp began to blow away.

Capricornus pleaded with Sol to desist but this only increased his fanatical fervor for a wind demonstration. "Let's have it from the north," he yelled, and the north wind blasted the camp.

"Now let's have it from the other side," he roared, and the south wind blew furiously.

Capricornus then ordered Sol to stop, but he replied with, "Now, let it rain!" It rained. Hard!

The camp was utterly demolished.

This impromptu, amusing demonstration was all the more remarkable because it had been delivered by a "token" magician who normally had virtually no involvement with things metaphysical. The sequel was almost as remarkable, for the whole camp was reassembled in astonishing time following an energy transfer of a very different nature, being the intense (if metaphorical) blast that Capricornus unleashed on Sol.



During our construction project, the daily pattern was always the same: Get up early, eat, and then work rapidly until 10:30 AM. Next we would drive down to the Colorado River and sit in it until 4:00 PM. Then water was gathered into barrels and we would go back to work in the late afternoon - and keep working into the evening.

After the overhead shade was erected, a kid's plastic bathing pool was added and the daily trips to the river ceased, except for when we needed more water.

The new routine then became: *Work all Day!* Ten minutes of work was followed by twenty minutes of sitting under the shade while dripping water on our heads and all over our bodies.

Everyone got a golden tan, a healthy constitution, and somewhat accustomed to the heat.



The next ceremonial gathering, held in the third week of this shakedown adventure, brought forth a great concept that dealt with further expansion. One week later, several members came out from Los Angeles and heard the announcement.

It was stated that (according to the rules) anyone reaching the VII° was expected to donate some real property to the Order. It was suggested that each pair of members purchase an adjoining ten-acre parcel and donate it to the greater whole. This was not a way to buy the seventh degree, but merely an "advance" toward that grade. Only a small handful of members actually ever reached the VII°. But sixteen people pitched in to buy land, and they simply kept it in their own names, never having to actually *donate* it.

That same evening I took a break and walked away from the camp for a few minutes. I looked out across the desert to the southeast at the lights from far-away small towns in Arizona. And then I was suddenly engulfed with a certain premonition. Returning to the camp, I announced that, "They are going to come out here and get us, and they are going to crucify us!"

Capricornus replied by sharply asking, "What makes you think *you're* so important?" This reply pulled me up short and stifled the original message, one that she simply didn't want to hear. Later we saw that I was truly being prophetic.

The various pairs of members took well to the land purchase idea. After all, it wasn't very expensive. Eventually eighty acres were used by the Order.

This land was not legally donated, but merely donated in spirit. Each pair paid forty dollars down and forty dollars a month for their ten-acre parcel of land. The total price was \$10,000 per site, or \$1000 per acre.



Several significant developments occurred within a few months of our "trial" retreat.

First, a new member called Frater Apollo wanted to get into business for the Order and with its backing.

He suggested purchasing a franchise to operate an Atlantic Richfield service station (now called ARCO).

Apollo was a highly intelligent man in his middle twenties who was 5'9" tall. With his thick glasses and his thin, gangly gait, he resembled what we, today, would call a "computer geek." But underneath this superficial appearance he displayed a highly-toned, muscular structure.

Capricornus agreed with his service station proposal and the Order put up funds for the franchise. Soon the grand opening came.

All of the women turned out dressed in ancient Egyptian costumes (purchased from the wardrobe of the film, *Cleopatra*) and helium balloons filled the sky over the corner of Flower and Jefferson streets.

The *Apollo Richfield* station provided jobs for a few members plus wholesale gasoline and free repairs for the Order's vehicles.

Capricornus then decided to open a metaphysical bookstore that I would manage. A tiny, freestanding office building was rented right across the street from the U.S.C. dental school on Jefferson Blvd. and, after a paint job and stocking, "The Eye of Horus" took its place as the newest addition amongst the bookstores of Los Angeles.

Of course it carried Crowley's works, and all manner of other metaphysical and spiritual literature.

Magickal daggers, incense, jewels, astrological consultations, lectures and posters added to the fun.

There seems to be some confusion in recent literature as to how many bookstores there were and where they were located. *The Eye of Horus* #1 was at 947 Jefferson Blvd. directly across the street from the U.S.C. School of Dentistry. Then it was moved to *The Eye of Horus* #2 on 8th Street in Los Angeles. Finally it was moved to *The Eye of Horus* #3 in Blythe. All three locations displayed the same *Eye of Horus* sign (the "Eye in the Triangle").



THE EYE OF HORUS in Blythe Composite © 2007 by Frater Shiva



Chapter 22 Magickal Workings

"Magick is the Science and Art of causing Change to occur in conformity with Will."

- *Magick in Theory and Practice* ^{xxi}

EACH SOLAR LODGE INITIATE was expected to learn and practice a wide variety of mystical and magickal exercises.

On the mystical side, there were the basic breathing exercises combined with simple visualizations from *How to Contact your Inner Teacher*, the extensive *asana-pranayama-dharana* regimen of *Raja Yoga* from Crowley's *Book Four*, and the advanced meditation-visualization activities that were laid out in *The Equinox* and reproduced in *Magick in Theory and Practice*.

Everyone started with the exercises from *How to Contact your Inner Teacher* by Michael X. Barton. Barton had originally pseudonymously published this little booklet in 1962 under the name "Michael X." Capricornus, who had actually met the mysterious "Michael X," was impressed with the work and we put it on the reading list. Finding ourselves unable to procure further copies, and unable to contact the author (we looked but he had mysteriously disappeared), we printed our own revised edition, first on a copy machine and then by mimeograph. It was the first "publication" undertaken by the Lodge.

The exercises included seven cycles of side-to-side *pranayama* for seven seconds (per inhalation or exhalation), followed by seven cycles of in-and-out *pranayama* for seven seconds (per inhalation or exhalation), and finally one "Master Breath" that was deeply

inhaled, held until one vibrated, and then rapidly and forcibly expelled while uttering "Ptah!"

This breathing regimen was followed by the visualization of a flame in the heart, a star at the brow, and a blazing diamond at the crown.

On the magickal side, everyone first learned "The Lesser Ritual of the Pentagram," commonly called "The Banishing Ritual." A high level of performance was expected in this rite, with the names harmoniously vibrated and the four-way projections of the pentagram crisp and forceful with no less than *Karate* principles studied and applied.

Then came the memorization of "Liber Israfel," more commonly known as "The Invocation of Thoth." Members would perform this invocation over and over during group ceremonies, all the while being corrected in the tiniest details until they could recite it perfectly. This was then followed by learning to put "heart" into the recitation and, eventually, virtually everyone succeeded. Success was measured by being overshadowed by the deity and the associated radiation of his power.

These two rites, the Banishing Ritual and the Invocation of Thoth, were at the core of the magickal curriculum. It was understood by all that we were not merely banishing negative forces, but we were banishing *everything* in order to create a vacuum into which the invoked force could descend.

Aquarius had said that just to be present when the Invocation of Thoth was performed was to have one's *karma* speeded up. The implication here was a faster cause-and-effect reaction in daily life so that one could learn one's lessons in life more rapidly.

Everyone learned "Liber Resh," the four-times-a-day "Adoration of the Sun," simply called "The Adorations," and these were performed, individually or in group formation, as much as possible on a regular schedule at sunrise, noon, sunset and midnight.

Once an initiate had more-or-less mastered the basic training, as outlined above, they were free to take on the more complex "Liber V vel Reguli," commonly called "The Energies" (a name derived from *The Energies of the Aeon of Horus*.) Less than ten members ever mastered this ritual.

The graduate-level school of Magick encompassed "The Mass

of the Phoenix," and only a few people ever got to this stage. This ceremony involved the making of *The Cakes of Light* (the Thelemic equivalent of the Christian "host"), a rather complex undertaking that was described in detail in *The Book of the Law*.

Throughout all of this extensive training there was very little attention paid to the art of Evocation, that is, the process of calling up an elemental spirit or "demon" into a triangle that is situated outside of the magickal circle. In fact, there was no attention paid to evocation except for the ceremonial charging of the instruments at the Equinoxes and Solstices (which was not really a "full" evocation), the elemental involvement in The Energies, and a single instance of evocation exercised by myself in a group ceremony conducted for the purpose of charging a specific talisman.

When I, in the Sign of the Enterer, extended the wand into the triangle a jolt of electricity ran from the floor up through my right leg and body and out the end of the wand. This "jolt" caused a pain in my right knee that afterward lasted for years - but finally disappeared.

The "Rite of the Equinox," performed at each Equinox and Solstice, also called "The Equilibration of the Elements," was not one of Crowley's "Liber" (books), nor was it found in any other textbook. It was, courtesy of myself, an amalgamated, original, Solar Lodge creation. Basically, it involved five "Officers" - four of whom held an elemental instrument in their left hand. These were the Disk, the Dagger, the Cup, and the Wand. The instruments were extended toward their respective compass direction (but not into formal triangles of evocation) as the four Officers joined right hands high over the altar in the center of the circle. Thus a living, equilibrated, elemental cross was created.

A fifth person, the Officer of the Lamp, then held a burning lamp aloft in his left hand, placed his right hand on top of the union of the four other hands above the altar, and said, "By the power and authority entrusted to me, I summon all beings now incarnate upon this planet to take effective hold of this transcendent force and apply it to the advancement of the welfare of the human race."

The Officer of the Lamp then stepped back and the four elemental Officers each cocked their instrument somewhat behind themselves, thus creating a living *swastika*, and then they all

moved forward in three deosil (clockwise) circumambulations of the circle while their right hands remained in a fixed union at the top of a rotating pyramidal configuration high above the altar.

The energy that was radiated during the rotations was essentially indescribable. One observer attempted to characterize it with the words: "The radiation of energy felt like it was subtly altering the fabric of time and space."

The same "Officers" were represented at the traditional Saturday night ceremonies. As the months passed, the Officers would rotate into, and out of, different assignments.

The Officer of the Disk was responsible for cleaning and arranging the Temple. He or she usually required a few assistants.

The Officer of the Sword saw to the security of the Temple. He or she locked the door and performed the Banishing Ritual and lit the incense.

The Officer of the Cup performed the Invocation of Thoth and he or she lit the magickal lamp at the end of the invocation.

The Officer of the Wand performed The Energies (*Liber V vel Reguli*).

The Officer of the Lamp performed The Mass of The Phoenix.

The central rite of the O.T.O. is "The Gnostic Mass" and that ceremony was performed at Solar Lodge very simply and very sporadically prior to 1970, but in a more elaborate and regular manner during 1970 and after 1972.

All of these practices were consistently repeated. Each individual was expected to perform their own daily compliment of exercises and to write down their practices and their results in their Magickal Record ("The Book"). The preliminary stages of *Raja Yoga* and the basic magickal rites were enacted in group formation virtually every Saturday evening for several years.

Everyone understood that all these practices were done for the development of individual spiritual progress as well as for the growth of group integrity and power. But everyone also knew that these were simply tools, and that one day the time would come for each individual to pick and choose among these many practices, and create his or her own central rite.

The ultimate goal of all their endeavors was to be the Invocation of their own "Holy Guardian Angel," also known in other systems as the "Solar Angel."

This was *supposed* to be the goal of all the discipline and training.

Yet, in the entire history of Solar Lodge, not one member ever went off on a magickal retreat to undertake this advanced operation. The group mentality was so strong that one had to finally just quit and go away, and then if they were still on "The Path," they could get around to talking to their Angel.

Years later, several ex-members continued their practices after leaving the group, but only *one* person was ever known to undertake the full ceremonial invocation of the *Solar Angel*. I was that person.

This single fact alone is enough to cause one to wonder, "So what were these people doing?" Virtually any Crowley book you can name carries the implication that, *I am teaching you this Magick so that you can get your act together and make your own connection with your own spiritual essence*. Perhaps this is a hard concept to grasp.

But simply because there was no outward sign of individual, magickal headway, there *was* spiritual progress. I was present at the true (internal) awakening of several members. This was the so-called Neophyte initiation, the first degree "Birth" experience. Many went on to subdue *Yesod*, and some even "mastered" *Hod*. But only a partial handful made it to *Netzach*, and I know of none who pierced the veil and made it all the way to *Tiphereth* during their tenure in the Order, except perhaps in a psychedelic encounter that opened an ongoing *awareness* of that level of consciousness, but not as a formal "attainment."

From time to time there were also "dramatic" rituals. These were group ceremonials wherein a scenario was enacted in order to influence mass consciousness or to generally speed up the evolutionary process for humanity at large. Solar Lodge sponsored a few of these events, but two in particular stand out as examples of the art.

The first drama was played out for the benefit of a large group of non-initiated, public visitors in 1967 at "A Night on the Nile," the magnificent, metaphysical party held in the newly-restored Grand Solar Lodge on Menlo Avenue.

This extravagant affair had as its primary motive the intention of *serving notice* on meddlesome friends and family members that

had been, overtly or covertly, attempting to dissuade some members away from his or her preferred beliefs and/or associations. we performed a rite that depicted the banishing of Isis (in 2000 BC), the Death and Resurrection of Osiris (who historically became a Christian tyrant), and the Birth and Rise of Horus (the crowned and conquering hero) in a grand portrayal of the progression of the Aeons.

The second, and perhaps the most powerful of the dramatic rituals, was presented (for and by initiates only) at Solar Ranch in May of 1969. It depicted the secret, manipulative actions of international, political leaders for personal, material profit. The drama moved on to unmask these unethical autocrats and ended in the destruction of the monetary system. Both *yuan* and dollars were burned in the all-consuming magickal censer.

Two years later, on August 15, 1971, President Nixon ended the Gold Standard.

After producing several other dramatic rituals, I have noted that there is an observable time lag of about two years from the date of enactment of this type of ceremony until one can read about the results in the daily newspaper.

In 1986, Frater Shem told me in no uncertain terms that he felt our "monetary system" ritual was the *only* reason Solar Lodge had been formed in the first place and that was the reason why it was effectively dispersed a short time after its enactment.

I don't know that I agree with him, but sometimes there are far-reaching and heavy things to consider when contemplating the causes and the effects of real Magick.

Attracting New Members

There was never any effort expended in order to attract new members. There was *never* any public advertising - after all this was a *secret* society. The members were always content to simply go about their business and to let the *Attractive Principle* take care of new members.

When a person was encountered who showed some interest in spiritual development, it was the standard operating procedure to simply hand them a copy of *The Book of the Law* and then to let them ask for more if they were interested.

The Book of the Law was dictated by the entity Aiwass to

Aleister Crowley in Cairo, Egypt on April 8, 9 & 10, 1904. The debate continues to this day about whether Aiwass was a super-human being or just a personified aspect of Aleister's higher nature.

Crowley wrote that "The study of this Book is forbidden. It is wise to destroy this copy after the first reading. Whosoever disregards this does so at his own risk and peril. These are most dire." On the other hand, he also advised people to study the Book and adopt whatever passages they felt were applicable to themselves.

Many passages in the Book are beautiful, mystical prose. Other passages are savage and violent. So any subsequent activity really depended a lot on how any given individual was affected by their first reading.

The only thing we actually used from the G.:B.:G.: was their "shortcut" definition, and we used it right up-front on our introductory pamphlets.

Some people have actually stated that they think the phrase is absurd [or some similar term]. Let's see:

"How long is the short path?" asks Eddie Murphy in
The Golden Child.

The aged Lama replies, "One Lifetime!"

"How long is the long path?" asks Eddie.

The Lama says, "Ten Thousand Lifetimes!"

Do you remember that one?

The long path is comparable to a centripetal spiral that is composed of smaller and smaller rings that eventually come into a point. It takes "Ten Thousand lifetimes" to travel the spiral. The number "10,000" is *Oriental mystical slang* for "everything." Thus "the 10,000 things" imply everything in the world. So you need to experience everything. Have a nice trip and we'll see you again at the next *Pralaya*.

Although the G.:B.:G.: used the term, "Shortcut to Initiation, the correct phrase should be:

Initiation is the Shortcut across
the Spiral Rings of Evolution

Thus, when one undergoes the crisis of an initiation, instead of following the evolutionary spiral around for a full revolution, the initiate takes a "quantum leap" across the gap to the next innermost ring on the spiral.

The trick is to gain balance as quickly as possible as soon as one touches down in a "new reality."

So, in a single lifetime, one can take several leaps and be at home in the galactic center.

The number of jumps will vary with each individual, because it's not how many rings there are that is the important question.

The important question is: *How do I prepare for the next jump?*



There were also a few, one-page, mimeographed flyers that were distributed to people who demonstrated interest.

See the following page for exactly what one of them said.

Note that this flyer was signed (typed) "BAPHOMET X°." As the head of Solar Lodge, and in her assumption as the head of O.T.O., Capricornus had adopted the title of the *Grand Master Baphomet*.

This title was not used very often and only on very rare occasions was it accompanied by an actual signature.



In the later months of 1966, there were quite a few students from U.S.C. who started coming around.

They told their friends about the Lodge and in a short period of time a rather large group joined up.

Thus, by late 1967, *twenty-four* new members, all of whom who were previously acquainted, joined an existing Solar Lodge membership of only six initiates (for two had departed).

On the surface this didn't appear to create any problems, but in retrospect it seems that the introduction into the Order of a band of people, who already shared a mundane familiarity with one another, served to dilute the group consciousness of the whole Lodge.

(Baphomet Lamen Seal)

INTRODUCTION

DO WHAT THOU WILT SHALL BE THE WHOLE OF THE LAW.

THE ESSENTIAL TASK OF EVERY ASPIRANT IS TO ATTAIN TO THE KNOWLEDGE AND CONVERSATION OF HIS HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO LAY DOWN PRECISE RULES BY WHICH A STUDENT MAY ACCOMPLISH THIS TASK; FOR THAT IS THE PARTICULAR SECRET OF EACH ONE OF US.

THE BOOK ENTITLED "THE SACRED MAGIC OF ABRAMELIN THE MAGE" IS ONE MAN'S SYSTEM FOR PERFORMING THIS GREAT WORK AND HAS BEEN USED SUCCESSFULLY BY OTHERS FOR CENTURIES. HOWEVER, THE BOOK DOES CONTAIN WITHIN IT A POTENTIAL CURRENT OF ELEMENTAL FORCES WHICH ARE THEORETICALLY AND PRACTICALLY DANGEROUS TO THE UNINITIATED AND THE MAN OF EARTH.

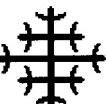
AN INCREASING INQUIRY INTO THE "SACRED MAGICK" BY INITIATES OF THE OUTER ORDER HAS RESULTED IN THIS PUBLICATION:

HOW TO CONTACT YOUR INNER TEACHER

IT IS A SIMPLIFIED VERSION OF THE ABRAMELIN OPERATION, AND IF STUDIED, PRACTICED, AND UNDERSTOOD PROPERLY, IT WILL LEAD TO THE SAME END AS THE MORE COMPLEX METHODS OF ABRAMELIN.

LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL.

BAPHOMET X°



Why Get Involved?

One may wonder what attracted these people in the first place to the sanctum of Solar Lodge. There was, of course, a reference required. That is, someone who was already on the inside had to tell somebody on the outside about the Order and refer them to a meeting. Although this could be a private interview, most candidates simply came to one of the ongoing, weekly meetings.

In late 1966, every Friday evening at 8:00 PM, Soror Capricornus would speak to the assembled membership and their invited guests. What ever else may be said about Capricornus, in these early years she presented a very powerful, magnetic attraction. Like Aquarius before her, she was able to speak simply about life and the spiritual path, and if you were present then your consciousness was (in most cases) strongly affected and you left the encounter feeling high and energized.

Let there be no doubt, Capricornus was a powerful lady. It was said that she looked *exactly* like Madame Blavatsky, which was quite true.

If you were to examine any of the numerous photographs available of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in her early, middle, or late years, you would essentially be looking at a picture of Jean Brayton.

Of medium height and somewhat overweight, but essentially active and strong, Capricornus' eyes were bright blue and endowed with twinkling clarity and depth. Blavatsky has been called "The Lady with the Magic Eyes," and this applied equally well to our Guru.

Capricornus also displayed an unusually accurate psychic ability that allowed her to automatically penetrate the subconscious mind of her listeners, and then to tell them *exactly* what they needed, or wanted, to hear.

Remember that this was the wild 'sixties and the wildness was just getting under way. Young people everywhere were looking to break out of society's crystallized grasp and the interest in anything "spiritual" was exceedingly high. It was usually only a matter of a few days after attending their first meeting that a candidate formally asked for more information.

By 1967 the introductory meetings were switched to Thursday evenings with Frater Shem presiding.

He was a naturally gifted exponent of the benevolent personality and his presentations were always pleasant, profound, and led to the same ends as Capricornus' efforts. The candidates would leave the encounter high and energized. Often, they simply signed the first paper right on the spot.

The first paper was the preliminary oath: "I solemnly and sincerely promise and swear to do all in my power to know and understand the truth for myself." After that, the candidate was given a list of four books to be read, and was considered to be a "Student."

Upon passing an examination in these four books, the candidate signed a request for initiation into the Minerval (probationary) degree, paid a five-dollar fee, and was given a date, a time, and a place to appear for their ceremony of Initiation.

Now the membership had a saying, one of those clichés with which we are all familiar. It was based on the premise of the *Attractive Principle* and it stated, "If you're supposed to be here, wild horses can't drag you away. And if you're *not* supposed to be here, wild horses can't drag you in!"

Sometimes this worked out in a bizarre manner. People who rashly signed up for initiation suddenly found that they simply could not make it to the ceremony.

In one uncanny instance, a young lady was getting prepared prior to leaving for her initiation and she was ironing her clothing. Next to the ironing board was her glass of water. Being thirsty, she picked up and drank from what she thought was that glass, but was in fact another to which she had added some bleach for stain removal purposes. Instead of entering the initiatory camp, she paid a visit to the local emergency room.

Interestingly, people who were thwarted from attendance by unusual circumstances never asked again or attempted it a second time.



For those who did make it to, and through, their initial ceremony, a few would drop out, but most would keep on coming.

They now had a probationary period to traverse and this meant reading a long list of books and performing a multitude of practices.

The probationary book list included Parts One and Two of Crowley's *Book Four*, as well as *Magick in Theory and Practice* and *The Book of the Law* (technically Parts Three and Four of the same work.) Other Crowley books in the list were *Magick without Tears*, *Eight Lectures on Yoga*, and *Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente*: one of that group of "inspired writings" that were referred to by Crowley and his followers as "The Holy Books."

There was also a monograph entitled, *The 28-day Practice to Determine Will*, which was both an exercise for arriving at one's magical motto (name) and a device for deciding what overall direction or action to take in life. This practice, which was derived from unknown and untitled sources, involved writing a list of *everything* one wanted to accomplish or possess. On the second day, items could be added or removed and the list was then rearranged with the idea of placing the *most important* object at the top of the list with all other items under it in descending order. This practice was to be performed daily for twenty-eight days, or one cycle of the moon.

Anyone conducting this practice soon learned that many minor or major items on the list were rapidly accomplished in just a few days, even though the exercise was still under way; these, of course, would then be removed from the list.

The objective of this activity was to discover, on the twenty-eighth day, the *one* thing that was first on the list - the *one* thing that they wanted to accomplish *to the exclusion of everything else!* The list usually stabilized somewhere around day twenty-two, but completion unto the end of the lunar cycle was nonetheless mandated.

If this practice was used to create a magickal motto then that final, first item was converted into a Latin word or phrase, or (more often) into the name of a deity whose attributes corresponded with the newly discovered goal.

If the practice was used to "determine will," then that final, first item became the new goal and the practitioner set out to accomplish it. After it was accomplished, they then turned to the second item on the list. If one finally became confused, then the practice could simply be repeated.

This is an extremely powerful exercise. With its daily repetition, the subconscious mind becomes fully engaged in the task.

Amazing manifestations occur and unusual clarity of purpose emerges. If performed as outlined above, I have *never* seen it fail to produce meaningful results in myself or in any other person.

With over forty years of continual experience in practicing all of the disciplines mentioned above, I have determined that, in times of confusion or despair, the *simplest* practices are the best.

I have recommended in the past, and continue to do so today, the *combined* performance of The Banishing Ritual, the Inner Teacher exercises, and *The 28-day Practice*.



There was also *Liber III vel Jugorum*. This bold exercise required a person to select an action, a word or a thought that they vowed to not do, speak or think. If they violated their vow, then they were expected to slash their forearm with a razor blade.

Pretty stiff stuff, eh?

From time to time, I would see various members with fresh and/or healing razor-cuts on their arms ... and legs.

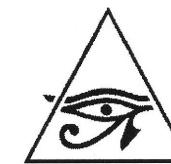
I tried it a couple times and then switched from razor blades to a ball point pen. I would then record the limber of ink marks in my magickal record, wash them off, and start again the next day. This method was actually more effective due to the lessened amount of self-inflicted violence.⁸



If they weren't already tenants, most new members moved right in and established residence in one of the Order's many mansions and rooming houses. With a few exceptions, those who didn't move in tended to drift away. Obviously, the people who stayed were transferring their familial attachments to the Lodge, and surely a psychological need was being fulfilled for many of the members.

It was simply a case of everyone being a brother and a sister, except for the older members like Frater Shem and Capricornus who satisfied the need for a father figure or a mother figure.

⁸ "It [Liber III] is not a practice I would recommend because the long term result is not control of thought and speech but, rather, a lessening of spontaneity and a dread of making mistakes. In other words, a substantial guilt complex is engendered. In any case, why do violence to the body when the fault lies with the mind?" - Kenneth Grant. *Remembering Aleister Crowley*. Skoob Books ©1991

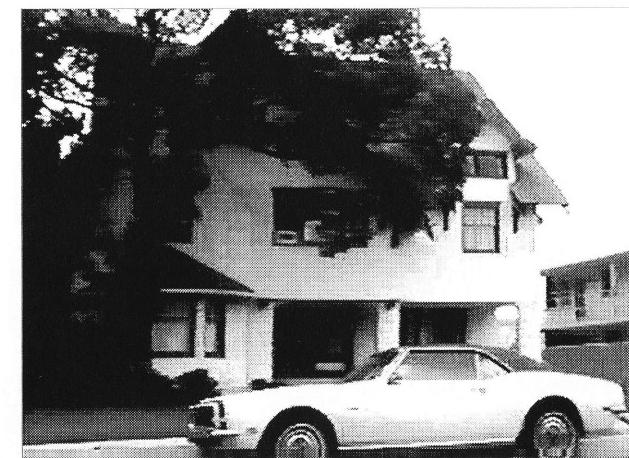


Chapter 23 The Grand Lodge

"The head of a Grand Lodge is called the Grand Master, and the other officers of the Grand Lodge prefix "Grand" to the titles of Lodge officers."

- *Online Encyclopedia*

ONE DAY, in late 1967, news was received that a certain three-story mansion was for sale at 2627 South Menlo Avenue, about two blocks away from the 30th Street headquarters.^{xxii}



Capricornus had her hands full with apartments, a service station and a bookstore, and she simply was not interested.

Sol, however, went to take a look. He liked it. So the entire

membership went over to check it out. Everyone liked it. It was only \$36,000. Buy!

Now this new mansion happened to be inhabited by a group of prostitutes and drug dealers and they were all black - both in their skin color and in their mood. Clearly they were not at all amused by having a bunch of "whitey kids" tell them that they had to move. In fact, most of them showed no intention of budging as much as an inch.

When the day of possession came, a group of seven members went to the house, walked through the unlocked front door, and marched up to the third floor - a vast open area destined to become the new Temple. Walking up the polished wood staircase, we "intruders" were met with glares and mean snarls, but we continued in a detached manner as if no other people were present.

After locking ourselves inside the third floor, I started the Banishing Ritual. During this brief ceremony, arguments, shrieks and cries came drifting up from the downstairs area. Immediately after the ceremony, the house was empty - completely deserted by the previous tenants and nothing was ever heard from them again.

This is an interesting example of applied *Practical Magick*.

The new house was wonderful! It was designated as a I° house - that is, no one was allowed there unless they had taken the I°. Of course, casual, outside visitors who were there for business or socializing never knew about any of this.

The Temple really became a work of art. It was located on the third story of the New Grand Lodge and it was very large.

In this case, the term "Grand Lodge" merely refers to a "big house" and not to the jurisdiction of a wide-sweeping Masonic-type dominion.

Completely finished, the walls and ceiling exposed no bare beams or visible rafters. A kitchen with a dining area and a library room were attached in their own separate, adjacent areas.

Four elemental, dragon statues were mounted on the walls and from their mouths issued flames fed by natural gas. Stained glass windows depicted assorted magickal emblems, including one complex design that displayed the Tree of Life.

Just above the vertical western wall, the sloping roof-ceiling manifested a large mural that was painted by Frater Neb. It depicted several nude people who appeared to be frolicking upon a

beach with a **reptile-like** sea monster observing them from the background, plus a sailing ship coming toward the shore bearing the seven lucky gods of Japan (who are traditionally said to travel together on their treasure boat and dispense happiness to believers). These, of course, were the seven Secret Chiefs.

Frankly, I never understood why this mural was in our Temple or what the symbolism of the monster implied, and it was never explained.

I assumed the scene was probably a reference to the line, "Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us," from *The Book of the Law*.

We often joked about all the figures being slim, wiry and athletic, just like the artist, Frater Neb, whose works always included people who reflected his muscular stature.

All of the magickal furniture and instruments were state-of-the-art. That is, everything was of the highest quality and workmanship.

We had previously taken a trip to Hollywood and purchased the wardrobe used in the 1963 epic movie *Cleopatra*, and the initiatory officers were always decked-out in style.

Frater Shem moved in from Manhattan Beach and took over the 30th Street mansion that was now designated as the o° house. That now became the place where the instruction of new students, as well as the o° ceremonies, took place.



The Solar Lodge Press

In the middle and late 1960's there was a major shortage of Thelemic written material. Aquarius was always quick to say, "There are a lot of people who come around, and they say they're interested in the Great Work, but they're not. They're just after my books!"

But, before he died, Aquarius was always willing to loan any of his books to Capricornus and me. We purchased a copying machine so that we could duplicate and retain this written wisdom. The machine was one of those early models that produced wet copies where the special paper had to be laid out to dry.

Magick in Theory and Practice had been reprinted by Castle

Books, and one could always find a very inexpensive copy of that book at *Publishers Clearing House*. Also, *The Legend of Aleister Crowley* by P. R. Stephensen, and *The Great Beast* by John Symonds were available - and though this last text was accurate, it was not particularly favorable toward Crowley. Let's face it, Symonds wasn't entirely wrong, for although Aleister was obviously a genius, it was apparent that, much of the time, his personality was far from amicable.

Other than that, there were virtually no Thelemic books available except the originals that had been published by Crowley himself. Sometimes these appeared in bookstores and, whenever found, they were immediately purchased by members of Solar Lodge.

For example, one day I came across a copy of *The Equinox, Volume 3, Number 1*, the book commonly known as "The Blue Equinox." After I bought it for twenty dollars, I was told that it had been purchased from Mama Cass. "You know," the bookseller said, "that fat girl from *The Mamas and the Papas*!"

Now it says in *The Book of the Law* that one is not to argue with or convert other people. One is simply supposed to hand them a copy of *The Book of the Law* and then that person is supposed to either freak out and throw it away, or they're supposed to become enchanted and ask for more information. And that's the way it was done at Solar Lodge.

The problem was, there were only two or three copies of this rare book on hand and it was necessary to say to someone, "Here, you might want to read this. But when you're finished, please give it back to me. I know it says to destroy it after the first reading, but it's the only copy I have and I want it back."

So in 1967, I decided to investigate the re-printing of *The Book of the Law*.

I had a friend, who we will call *Mr. Tailor*, with whom I had attended high school. Mr. Tailor had completed his college training and gone on to become a teacher at a junior high school. It just so happened that he conveniently taught the class called *Print Shop*.

After consulting with Mr. Tailor, he agreed to print the book - for free! But (there's always a catch somewhere), his price would be a stack of "dirty pictures" that he expected me to purchase in Tijuana. I agreed, announcing afterward that "one certainly has to

do some weird things while accomplishing the Great Work."

The text of our *Book of the Law* was reproduced directly from a copy of the 1942 Agape Lodge edition of the book. To this we added monotone reproductions in red ink of both sides of "The Stele of Revealing" plus a new page modeled after one in *The Equinox of the Gods*, in which we listed the dates of previous printings of *The Book of the Law* and the major conflicts (wars) that had followed, or were supposed to follow, exactly nine months after each publication.

We decided on a print run of a thousand copies, each of which would be stapled into gold-stamped, red velour covers. But the gold work proved to be very difficult when impressed into the velour, and instead the title and design appeared as if they were merely "blind-stamped" into the covers with any gold traces disappearing in a very short period of time.

Mr. Tailor supervised the production and his students undertook the labors. Everything went just fine for the text, but red fuzz from the velour covers got into everything: The printing presses, the ink, the paper-cutters, and all the cabinets, shelving, and supplies.

It really didn't take very long and soon we had a pile of one thousand copies of *The Book of the Law*. I, and two accomplices, then drove down to Mexico and found a cab driver who took us to a house of ill-repute where

I purchased fifty, low-quality, black and white, "dirty pictures" for twenty-five dollars. Mr. Tailor was delighted.

Printed in each book, underneath the list of earlier publications, were the words:

The Book of the Law

Issued from the Sanctuary of the Gnosis, Los Angeles

May 21, 1967

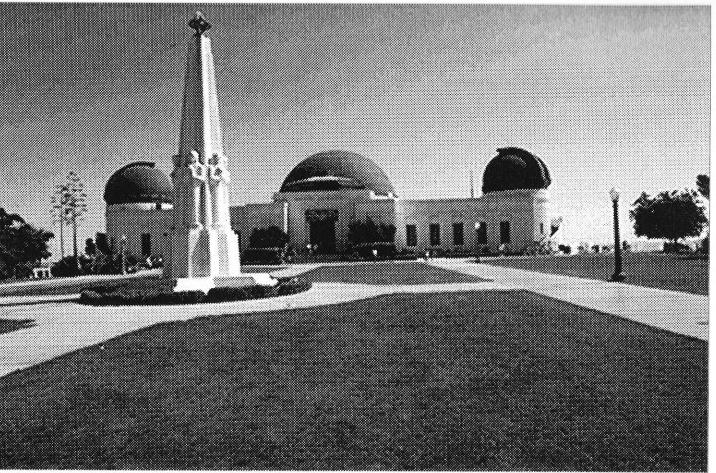
Privately printed by the O.T.O.

Solar Lodge

This Edition Limited to 1000 copies

This is Number _____

And so it came to pass that at on a sunny, Sunday morning at 9:00 AM, on May 21, 1967, a ceremony was held on the front steps of the Griffith Park Observatory and Planetarium.



The Planetarium didn't open until 10:00 AM, so the ceremony was scheduled to begin one hour before that in order to avoid public interaction. But after finding parking spots, and after the usual "labor of preparation," we didn't get underway until 9:15. There were twenty-three members of Solar Lodge present.

A portable Temple was assembled on the front porch, right in front of the Planetarium entrance, including an altar, censer, incense (lots of it), a dagger, a bell and a big pile of the brand-new copies of *The Book of the Law* in their red velour covers.

First came the Banishing Ritual, followed by the Invocation of Thoth and then "The Invocation of Ra-Hoor-Khuit" (from *The Stele of Revealing* as transcribed in *Liber AL*). Finally came the announcement of the issuing of *The Book of the Law*.

While all this was taking place, a really large number of people were gathering out on the sidewalk about five-hundred feet away. They were all waiting for the Planetarium to open but they were also obviously keeping their distance and watching the ceremony, even though they couldn't see any details from that distance.

Then with the final battery [3-5-3] upon the bell, the circle was closed and the crowd immediately surged forward toward the entrance. It was 9:50 AM. We picked up our magickal instruments and started walking toward the oncoming mass of humanity and the parking lot. Each of us had several copies of *The Book of the Law* and as we walked we gave one copy to each person we

encountered. Over 100 copies were distributed that morning.

In the unlikely circumstance that any of those people have kept their copy, they would probably be pleased to find that it would nowadays be worth several hundred dollars or more on the rare book market.⁹

While discussing the subject of *The Book of the Law*, this might be the time to clear up a misconception concerning another *supposed* Solar Lodge printing of that work that crops up from time to time. The edition in question was first published by the *Xeno Press* in 1967 and is a large, thin, yellow paperback with a rather hippyish line drawing of a naked woman kissing a huge snake on the front cover. According to the text on the cover it was "Edited, Compiled and Enlarged by Jerry Kay."

Jerry Kay, who is best known for his role as the Art Director of the film *Easy Rider*, was acquainted with Solar Lodge, but he was *not* one of its initiates and only visited a few times. This superficial association has caused some people to refer to Kay's edition of *The Book of the Law* as "The Solar Lodge Edition," but in fact this is not the case. The book was published under his own auspices and had absolutely nothing to do with Solar Lodge as such.



By 1968, in addition to the three properties on 30th Street in Los Angeles, Solar Lodge had further expanded to two, three-story mansions on Menlo Avenue. That made a total of five houses.

A well-used Multilith 1100 (an offset printing press) was purchased so that we could start printing our own literature as well as reprint a number of rare texts. To start, the press was set up in Frater Jon's bedroom, which was huge, having originally been the formal dining room of the mansion at 2627 South Menlo Avenue.

Of course the press didn't work and Frater Jon spent many hours in cleaning and experimentation. After a few weeks of effort he finally got it running. It was then moved next door (to the basement of 2631 South Menlo Avenue) and supplemented with a reproduction camera, film, a dark room, a plate-maker, a paper-cutter (the big, professional, cranking type), a gold-stamping press, a machine to manufacture rubber stamps and a ton of chemicals,

⁹ I was told in 2008 by Hymenaeus Beta that Ordo Templi Orientis currently holds number 000 of this edition. That was the Solar Lodge Temple copy.

ink, and paper.

Aside from a few pamphlets, the first major publication was the *Yi King* [Cantonese dialect], Crowley's version of the *I Ching* [Mandarin dialect], as absolutely no similar version of this text (manuscript, copy, or book) was to be found anywhere.

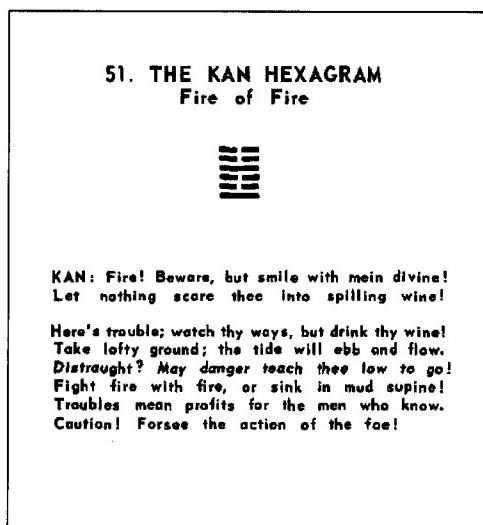
It was said that if one wanted to learn how to type, one could take a dose of LSD, sit down at a typewriter, and a few hours later they would be an accomplished typist.

I set up an old *Varietyper* (a typesetting typewriter) and started to type. I had a lot of trouble with this machine. It was essentially a mechanical word processor with dozens of adjustments and settings. It took about three months to figure out exactly what each modification did and how it affected the final, typed page.

Then, each evening, I would typeset a page. There was *always* an error, some line that would not justify or some words that were improperly spaced.

And then, one night around ten o'clock, I authorized the application of a one-quarter dose of LSD to the problem.

I am unable to supply the technical details, but I can say that I and the machine became intimately acquainted. When dawn came, the entire eighty-page *Yi King* was typeset with a few wiggles, but without any apparent errors.



A copy of a page from Solar Lodge's *Yi King* - Text now copyright © by OTO.

After that, I was able to easily operate the infernal device without errors, so I guess it's true what they said about learning to type with LSD.

Then the typeset pages of the *Yi King* went to the printing room where it was photographed, made into offset plates, printed, cut, sewn, and bound.

It was planned that each book should be "bound according to be wishes of the owner" and many of the initial copies were encased in a soft suede leather cover. Although five hundred copies were printed, only sixty or so were bound and who knows how many have survived? Probably just a handful!

When Capricornus saw the first finished book, she said, "I am as delighted with this as I was ashamed of our first photocopied efforts."

The *Yi King* was advertised in the newspaper for sale in 1968 and 1969 and a few copies were sold face-to-face by Solar Lodge members to interested buyers.

One of these books ended up in South Africa where it was photo-reproduced and marketed as "Including Instructions by the Master Therion." This was simply not true, for the "Instructions," that is, the eight pages at the start of the book on how to use coins or sticks in conjunction with the *Yi King* for divination, were actually written by me. The main body of the text, however, was pure Therion-Crowley.

After that, three other small books were copied from *The Equinox*, printed, and stapled inside blue velour covers with (again, hardly visible) gold stamping. These were *Liber Cordis Cincti Serpente*, *De Lege Libellum*, and *Khabs Am Pekht*. These three books were never sold and only a few (perhaps 20 of each) were bound.



Chapter 24 The Seven Kings

Probationers who are idle or luxurious shall be given a task suitable to their natures. If they refuse from laziness, or if they have more important business, they are fitted for admission to the Mystery of the Seven Holy Kings.

- paraphrased from *Liber XXVIII* ^{xxiii}

WITH A FEW EXCEPTIONS, one of which is cited below, the members of Solar Lodge kept quite to themselves and never sought any contact with previous members of the Thelemic community or with any other contemporary Thelemites or magicians of any kind.

The primary exception was Frater Luna, who took it upon himself to seek out and visit some of the more prominent local occultists.

A young man of short stature and medium build, Frater Luna had been raised in a wealthy Jewish family. He had a strange and quirky character, and seemed incapable of interacting with us in any way other than the "absolutely outrageous." His escapades either kept us laughing due to his bizarre notions, or caused us to curse in reaction to his refractory acts.

But when it came to unexpectedly odd behavior, Frater Luna found himself all but outclassed by his first contact, Israel Regardie.

Luna had secured his audience with Regardie, who worked as a psychotherapist, by making an appointment for a counseling session. However, rather than penetrating the mysteries of Luna's mind, Regardie chose wisely to stick firmly to material matters, and

sagely advised him to invest in *international currency exchanges* in order to make money.

When Frater Luna showed surprise at this advice, Regardie slapped the back of the couch upon which he was sitting (in order to emphasize the solidity of matter) and said, "It's all Nuit, man. It's all Nuit!"

His second visit was actually a series of visits with Louis T. Culling who, with magnanimous openness, freely disclosed all the details of the operation of the IX^o to Frater Luna. About three years later, Culling revealed this same material in his book, *A Manual of Sex Magick*, which was issued by Llewellyn Publications in 1971.

Culling was also in possession of a formal Charter for *The Order of the Paladin* that had originally derived from Diana Vaughan.¹⁰ This Charter had been historically, formally, and sequentially transferred over the years until it came into his name. Culling generously signed it over, transferring the Grand Mastership of *The Order of the Paladin* into Frater Luna's name.

Frater Luna soon appeared at Solar Lodge, grinning like the cat that ate the canary, with his Charter and his new Grand Master status. But he also readily agreed to sign it over to the "O.T.O." upon Capricornus' request.

It should also be noted that Frater Luna was the only Solar Lodge member to ever undergo "Ritual XXVIII - Liber Septem Regum Sanctorum" - *The Ceremony of the Seven Holy Kings*.

In the official A.:A.: Instructions for The Probationer, it is written, "Certain Probationers are admitted after six months or more to Ritual XXVIII." Nothing more was openly disclosed regarding the nature of this ritual. At a quick glance, it appeared as though the bestowing of this rite was a great honor.

However, the ritual document itself essentially declares that it is administered to Probationers who are recalcitrant or otherwise lacking in acceptable progress. It is a formal "last attempt" to encourage an obstinate or lazy candidate to get moving and begin making meaningful headway.

Frater Luna, whose magickal name has been selected here due to its relation to the word *lunatic*, was indeed obstinate and lacking in meaningful progress. After much arguing and child-like

¹⁰ See *Devil-worship in France with Diana Vaughan and The Question of Modern Pall Mallism*, by Arthur Edward Waite. 1896.

behavior, he was instructed to appear before the "Seven Kings."

The Temple was arranged according to the instructions, namely according to the structure of the Tree of Life with seven altars placed in the positions of the seven lower spheres, and with a throne centrally located "above the abyss" to represent *Binah*, the eighth sphere. Behind each altar stood a "King," an initiate who temporarily ruled over that specific sphere or level of consciousness.

The candidate (Frater Luna, in this case) was given a full dose of LSD, and of course the Kings and all the other participants had some as well. Luna was then blindfolded and guided sequentially in turn to each altar, where he was lavishly praised by each King for his wonderful progress.

However, moving along with the candidate and standing sequentially next to each King, there was a shadowy figure attired in a black robe. After each round of praise, the dark figure would be identified along with a warning. "But beware of the black shadow at my side, for he shall ..." - and the negative aspects of that sphere would be expounded as the candidate was warned not to succumb to their temptation.

After appearing before the Seven Kings, and having received the seven warnings, the candidate symbolically approached the Abyss, into which he was then thrown and allowed to contemplate his misery. (In this case, Frater Luna was locked in a closet).

After seven hours, the candidate was removed from the "Abyss" and placed on the symbolic throne of the "Master of the Temple" with the admonition that his future endeavors should reflect pure, determined progress in order that he might eventually attain to this throne in reality.

Frater Luna was delighted that he had been selected to undertake this symbolic journey. After this event his progress and demeanor did in fact improve.



Was Solar Lodge an Heir to the Crowley Legacy?

In the middle and late 'sixties, from the Solar Lodge point of view, there was no other known activity related to Thelema, Aleister Crowley, O.T.O. or A.:A.: As far as we were concerned, Solar Lodge was the singular descendant of the Thelemic legacy.

There was never a question in any Lodge member's mind about this and it was not until the early 'seventies that the possibility of other descendants having a claim even came up. But by then Solar Lodge had already been demolished and partially dispersed.



Everyone in Solar Lodge was Caucasian. As far as I was concerned, this was not because of any deliberate racial bias but merely because nobody of another racial background applied for membership.

Our neighbors were almost exclusively "people of color." We were invited into their homes on numerous occasions where we were offered tea, coffee and cookies while we discussed our ancestries, various economic distresses and assorted neighborhood problems. "It's those kids down at 1201 who are stealing all the bicycles." We looked and discovered a "bicycle chop shop" in their garage and spoke to their parents.

Our Afro-American neighbors visited our homes when they had something to impart.

All things considered, I think our "racial adjustment" was far more harmonious than most societies were at that time - and even as they are today.

I might add that a certain mistrust was present and discussed at all levels. We were cautious of certain young, black men (never women), unknown to us, who were in a group of three or more. They could be easily identified by their dress and their bearing.

We lived on the edge of the racial abyss. These emissaries of the gangs that lurked just out of our range of sight and influence were decidedly dangerous people. The influence of hard drugs was present in their eyes and they were never friendly.

If this caution is "subtle racism," well, I doubt it. It could better be described as *common sense*.

Having said that, it must also be acknowledged that Solar Lodge never actively sought to recruit people of different ethnic backgrounds, and that Frater Aquarius had expressed his own dubious-seeming views on the matter.

In the three years prior to his death he repeatedly warned that the Lodge should "Never initiate a black person or it will be the end

of everything." He never explained the reasons for this apparently racist statement and no-one ever saw fit to question him further about it.

Over the years, even though the Lodge was situated in a neighborhood where over 80% of the residents were Afro-American, we only had one encounter with a spiritually minded, black person. He was a young man who merely dropped by one evening to deliver a personal, prophetic message that was amazingly helpful.^{xxiv} Where he came from, and where he went, nobody knew.

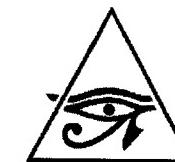
There were no candidates of Asian, East Indian, or Middle Eastern extraction, which now seems rather ironic given that the title O.T.O. or *Ordo Templi Orientis*, translates as the "Order of Oriental Templars."

One initiate, Frater Dys, had a last name that implied Hispanic derivation, and later (after 1970) there was one Hispanic initiate (Frater Nat in Ensenada) whose last name was unmistakably of German origin. Frater Mont, who we will meet later in this tale, was born and raised in Mexico, but he was white with a red tinge and his family roots were in the pre-Russian state of Georgia where the Caucasus Mountains gave rise to the term "Caucasian."

An angel had miraculously appeared in a field to his grandfather and told him that terrible times were coming [they did, and they were called *the Russian occupation*], and that he should take his family and flee. Thus Frater Mont's ancestors sailed for San Francisco and then journeyed south into Mexico right around the turn of the twentieth century.

Despite Aquarius' warning, there really was no effort to actively exclude black people and when finally, in 1969, a young black man applied for initiation, he was admitted to the Minerval degree. He asked, he did the reading, he passed the test, he got admitted. Our operational phrase was "Refuse none."

In less than a month after his initiation, Solar Ranch was engulfed in flames and the beginning of the end arrived. Whether this was merely a coincidence, or whether Aquarius had perhaps foreseen some sort of omen, must remain a moot point.



Chapter 25 Solar Ranch

"In 1967, Solar Lodge began to move its geographical focus from Los Angeles to a remote desert location near Vidal, California. Extensive construction efforts resulted in the establishment of *Solar Ranch*..."

- *Encyclopedia Thelemica*

THE MEMBERSHIP OF SOLAR LODGE was always fairly well divided equally between men and women. Capricornus was the undisputed leader of the organization. She organized all of the other women, who performed various tasks and were supportive of - and subordinate to - her slightest wishes. They did things like cooking, cleaning, making candles, painting, tending animals and planting.

No other woman held a position of power or even had much to say in formulating policies or implementing plans.

Among the men, the only "leaders" were Frater Shem, Frater Apollo and myself. Later, in Mexico, Frater Mont would be added to this short list. And even later than that, Frater Anubis would become the "right hand man."

That is to say, we would volunteer ideas, help to form policy, and actively set projects and concepts into motion.

Frater Sol was amusingly tolerated, but he was generally viewed by the membership as a bumbling idiot. He really wasn't a Thelemic practitioner and he was always off chasing other women, much to Capricornus' indignation – maybe that makes him Thelemic.

However, all the members were *active*, even if subordinate,

and everyone (regardless of gender or age) was treated as an equal in terms of respect, rights, and personal responsibility.



In 1968, Frater Shem manifested one of his many specialties. As a master builder who could put the pyramid architects to shame, he jumped in voluntarily and began to provide the elements for building a first class retreat.

He purchased a heavy-duty ex-telephone company truck complete with winch and crane, two electrical generators, an arc-welder, a new Toyota Land Cruiser, plus an entire assortment of tools and building supplies.

His largest purchase comprised three metal buildings that had to be dismantled and moved by the Order. The first, an office building, took four weeks to take apart and move to Menlo Avenue in rented trucks. The second building, a large Quonset hut, took another four weeks. When the time came to take down the third building, a huge garage, there was only one night left before reaching the eight-week deadline that had been established under the terms of the purchase agreement.

We arrived at the site a little before sunset on a Sunday evening. There were fifteen members on hand, both men and women. We had a rented truck, many smaller vehicles, and our basic tools. But we only had *one night* to take apart and move the building. It had taken four weeks to do the same with each of the previous two buildings.

We looked around and found additional support. The site had been home to a construction company and all *their* tools were still there: A forklift, a pick-up truck, a generator for running our electrically powered wrenches, an oxy-acetylene torch, and virtually anything else we might need.

I won't bother you with the details. Suffice it to say that twelve hours later, at Dawn, there was no building left. All of it was on our trucks. The large, rented truck was classified as a five-ton (load) vehicle and, by law, each axle could not legally carry more weight than 10,000 lbs.

On the way home, Frater Vulcan could not resist taking the obviously overloaded truck through a public scale. The front axle weighed in at 8,000 lbs.; the rear axle was carrying a whopping

16,000 lbs.! The entire load was safely set down in the back yard at Menlo Avenue.



In 1968, the Order's bookstore, *The Eye of Horus*, was moved from the U.S.C. location to a new address on 8th Street. Frater Shem also built, by himself, a complete dental office at this same address. The bookstore was expanded, drew new business, and paid its own way.

All of these activities became part of a new routine. The members would work as dentists, technicians, service station attendants, engineers, mechanics, booksellers, landlords, and teachers - and then came Friday. On every Friday afternoon and early evening, the trucks were loaded and then we all watched *Star Trek* on television.

After viewing the first-run voyages of the starship *Enterprise*, the trucks would begin to roll out. Rental trucks, pickup trucks, a Land Cruiser with a huge, flatbed trailer, and finally a rented Semi that was used to transport two 10,000 gallon gasoline tanks and a D-4 Caterpillar bulldozer.

Week after week the supplies were carted out to the desert plateau and there they were assembled into new buildings. Additional materials were constantly being bought on the new and used market.

The nearby Barris Hardware store went out of business and the Order bought its entire inventory at ten-cents on the dollar. Out in the desert a huge, growing pile of display racks, nuts, bolts, screws, sheet metal, rods and miscellaneous items became known as "the Barris Pile."

Frater Shem put the steel buildings back together with help from selected members. A swimming pool was fashioned out of one of the huge 10,000-gallon gasoline tanks; it was cut into sections, re-welded and coated inside with fiberglass-epoxy paint.

The water table was 110 feet underneath the earth's surface and a well was drilled with much difficulty. One year later a second well came in. Then, there was plenty of water. The first well pumped massive amounts of water for irrigation and storage in a tank via a submersible pump powered by an electrical generator,. The second well had a windmill pump that constantly brought small amounts of water up for domestic use into an elevated water tower tank.



Back in Los Angeles, a somewhat humorous event occurred one night when the membership was holding a routine ceremonial meeting. You can imagine the setting: everyone was dressed in black robes with hoods and wearing ceremonial daggers. During the ceremony a next-door neighbor (at 2631 South Menlo) decided to practice on his drums. He had done this late at night on other occasions, but on this night it was warm and all the windows were open - the irritating noise was impossible to ignore.

So we dispatched an attractive female member over to invite the neighbor to attend our "party." And he came. *Ha!*

He, a young Afro-American man, walked through the Temple and sat down in the library with a room full of black-robed Caucasians. We honkies were exceedingly pleasant. We inquired about his health and lifestyle while avoiding similar questions from him ("Who *are* you people?"). Eventually, after refreshments were served, he was politely reminded about the irritability of noise. He acknowledged that he understood and he seemed to promise to restrain his drum playing late at night.

However he did not stop for long. After a few days had passed he was back to making a racket at midnight and 1:00 AM. How to solve the problem? That next-door mansion was for sale for a mere \$28,000. Buy!



The accumulation of supplies went on day-in and day-out. The Friday night convoys and the weekend construction activities continued week-in and week-out. New members arrived constantly and the yoga, the magickal ceremonies and the initiations never slowed down.

Sometime during this period of building and material gathering, Frater Sol took a few members over to a house that was scheduled to be demolished by the local Urban Renewal Project. They obtained a couple sinks, a few doors and a toilet.

Now there should have been absolutely no problem as the bulldozers were already onsite and ready to smash the entire building the following morning. But, for several years, Sol had been the president of the community's Anti-Urban Renewal League organization.

A neighbor lady blew the whistle on him by notifying the Urban Renewal League and Sol was arrested for stealing two sinks and a toilet! The detective who arrested him was very apologetic as he realized a silly, political action was taking place rather than a genuine criminal prosecution. But that charge hung over Sol's head for a few months.

I finally extricated him from this ridiculous situation by calling the police and stating that I had apprehended the true toilet thieves.

Two members of Solar Lodge, who wished to avoid the draft and a guaranteed trip to Vietnam, agreed to confess to the dastardly deed. It was reasoned (correctly or incorrectly) that a criminal conviction would get them declared unfit for military service.

The cops came to *The Eye of Horus* to speak with me. I gave them the slightly modified story that the real culprits had confessed, that Sol had indeed been there and had actually told them *not* to take the fixtures, but that they took them anyway.

I asked the officers if they would like to speak with the culprits who were, at that very moment, sitting in chairs in the front of the bookstore. The police did *not* wish to speak with them. In fact, they couldn't wait to leave the bookstore.

The charges against Sol were subsequently dropped, thus confirming that the Urban Renewal League was specifically after Sol and that they really didn't care about their toilet.



By this time in 1968, everyone involved was putting all his or her effort into the Order. Nobody had much cash to put in, except for our well-heeled dentist, Frater Shem, who essentially financed the whole project.

A permanent resident member guarded the desert retreat. He assumed the name of Dave Solar and the mailbox on the highway simply said, "Solar."

The desert property was properly known as "Solar Ranch," although what we commonly called the place was "the Kaaba," a term we borrowed from the line in *The Book of the Law* that reads:

"Establish at thy Kaaba a clerk-house..."

Like several other terms in *Liber AL*, the word "Kaaba" is drawn from the Arabic language. In its original context, the *Kaaba* referred to "The Primordial House" or "The Sacred House," a large cubical building located inside the mosque known as *al-Masjid al-Haram* in Mecca, Saudi Arabia. It is the holiest place of Islam. To us, *Kaaba* simply meant "headquarters."



It has been said that we also referred to Solar Ranch as "The Ark," but this was not so. Certainly there was the odd joking reference to it as being *like* "Noah's Ark," because we seemed to be accumulating pairs of every animal in existence, but *I* never heard "The Ark" repeatedly used, even as a nickname.

It has also been suggested that we were building a refuge (or again, an "Ark") against impending world disaster. Now this was to some extent true. We felt that times were going to get bad. In fact, some cities were already being torn apart, what with things like the Watts riots, which we had experienced at first hand, and the growing dissent about US involvement in the Vietnam War.

But this was not an over-riding concern or an obsessive preoccupation. Really we were building more for autonomy, so that we could function successfully outside the Establishment, than for survival from looming cataclysms.

The concept that a widespread disaster was imminent is one that many people, in many different settings, have lived with over the years. Eventually, after leaving Solar Lodge, I was able to finally put it in its correct perspective. It now seems so obvious!

The best analogy is with *surfing*. The surfer catches a wave and rides along at its forefront. Immediately in front of him, an abyss drops off into churning turmoil. But if he's skilled, he simply rides the crest of the wave and the tumble into chaos never occurs. Oh sure, eventually the ride ends when the wave breaks upon the shoreline, but as long as no rocky coastline appears, the wave usually get smaller and just rolls up gently onto a sandy beach.

It's the same with civilization. Chaos is always just ahead, but if humanity rides the crest of the evolutionary wave, the disaster never materializes.

On the other hand, try and tell that to those who have experienced real cataclysm, such as the veterans of World War II,

and the survivors of the cities it destroyed like Coventry, Dresden, Hiroshima, and Nanking. It never hurts to be a Boy Scout and to "Be prepared."



Looking back upon our time in late '68, there was nothing more than orderly growth and an accumulation of materials.

A few members had dropped out during the previous two years. Frater Taurus actually left a few months after Capricornus' arrival back from Europe.

Diana Renata left around the same time to marry an Iranian and move to Iran where women enjoy the same status as cattle.

The Archer had a full-fledged, emotional breakdown at work and reverted to the mentality of a three-year old child. Her parents came from New Mexico to collect her at Menlo Avenue and take her home. Several other people came and left, but mostly without dramatic tales to illustrate their passing.

Other than these few departures, the Order thrived!



In terms of departure, we had a specific magickal procedure. At the I° ceremony, a small lock of hair was clipped from the candidate's head and placed in an envelope that was placed in their file folder.

When an initiate resigned from the Order, a brief ceremony was held in their honor at the regular weekly meeting. Their lock of hair was burned in the magickal censer along with a few words of "excommunication." There were no curses or anything of negative intention said or represented.

One initiate actually asked if he could watch his ceremony of severance, and he was allowed to do just that. After the rite, he was escorted from the Lodge and we never heard from him again.

This procedure was not applied in the case of a Probationer.

In case of noxious departure, wherein the initiate left in a state of anger, usually having created a scene and promising retribution against us, an Abramelin talisman - *To hinder sorcerers from operating* - was left in contact with a small portion of their lock of hair for a few days.

I recently discovered that New Isis Lodge employed a similar procedure:

"In the event of any member being expelled from the Lodge, his or her Magical Name is inscribed upon suitably prepared material and ritually burned in the presence of assembled Brethren of the Sovereign Sanctuary, thus severing forever and completely the expelled individual's magical link with the Lodge and the subtle current which it enshrines.

"The same procedure is adopted with any member who elects to resign his Name from the Lodge Roll who has not progressed as far as the Sovereign Sanctuary, after which all severance from the Lodge and the Order which rules it is spiritually and subtly no longer a possibility."

- Manifesto: New Isis Lodge ^{xxv}



There is one further matter to reveal prior to moving on to the conclusion of this cycle. During the time accounted for above, the Order progressed on (relatively) firm spiritual principles. The money came from honestly-run businesses, not from the monetary bleeding of the membership. The only way to preserve this type of integrity is to maintain the standards of initiation.

Every magickal group you can think of that has varied its standards in order to increase material gain rather than to maintain correctness has gone up (or down) in flames.

Solar Lodge, under the direct authority of Capricornus, and under my administration, maintained strict policies of work to be done (yoga, magick, divination, astral projection, etc.). Magickal records were to be kept, books were assigned to be read and understood, and extensive examinations had to be passed prior to any initiatory advancement. But then ...

One day I was standing at the top of the wide staircase in the Menlo Avenue mansion. I looked down and saw Soror Medusa who was only a member of the probationary degree.

I immediately approached Capricornus in her bedroom and said, "Medusa is downstairs! Who allowed a probationer to even know about this house?"

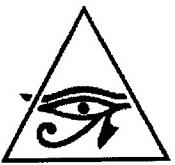
"It's all right," replied Capricornus, "She will be taking the first degree next week."

I said, "No, she won't! She's flunked the first-degree exam twice, and miserably at that. I certainly don't expect her to pass it on her third attempt in the next few days. She's not ready!"

Capricornus assumed her dictator pose and proclaimed, "She is getting the first degree whether she passes the exam or not! And she's getting it because we need her as a worker, and she is willing to work!"

And that, dear reader, is when the internal seed of disorder was sown into the fertile ground of Solar Lodge. The standards had suddenly been altered in order to allow entrance to an unqualified candidate just because she was willing to *work*. Later, others were admitted to grades in a similar manner. I was simply forced to relax the rules and the standards.

Even though this occurred early in 1968, the effects were not to be evident for some time to come.



Chapter 26

Rolling on the River

"Vidal, California is a small unincorporated community located in southeastern California in San Bernardino County on U.S. Route 95, thirty-eight miles north of Blythe, and fifty-five miles south of Needles ... Wyatt Earp spent the last winters of his life in Vidal, working claims of gold and copper he found nearby."

ONE MORNING, after an all-night ceremonial at Solar Ranch, Capricornus proclaimed that she was tired of Los Angeles. She was ready to retire to the desert, even though we were given to understand that to be effective, "one always had to work from the center of a big city."

I went along with this new plan even though I was a bit skeptical. Frater Shem also agreed to it - but only on the condition that Frater Sol was not to be a decisive factor in the move nor a determiner of future events.

It was well known that Sol required comforts and that he had a strong attachment to the city.

So, we three agreed and the plan was soon announced to everyone else. In order to speed things up a bit the Order bought the commercial facilities at the nearby town of Vidal, which at that time was practically a ghost town.

The facilities included a gas station, a cafe, a bar, a dance-floor, a house, a motel, a recently abandoned post office and a small grocery store.

The payments? No money down, no security deposit and \$300 per month. Cheap enough! Buy!

The night of our Grand Opening in Vidal brought in some (real) cowboys, (real) Indians, and a bunch of just-plain-folks from miles around. The Order's four-piece rock band pounded out the wildest melodies of the current age and the beer flowed like water late into the night.

By the way, it was the customers who drank the beer. Among the entire membership of the Lodge, not one person was into alcohol in any form. That's actually pretty unusual. Well, Frater Sol did need a few stiff doses of medicinal whiskey when he had a migraine headache every now and then.

Then the Order rented the old Post Office building in the town of Blythe. This would serve as the new location for *The Eye of Horus* bookstore and that symbol boldly stood forth on the storefront.

I also purchased a 3/4-acre parcel near Prescott, Arizona. Sol had once said, "The greatness of man consists of keeping the end in view just slightly out of sight." When Capricornus referred to the Arizona property, she said, "The greatness of man consists of having one's focus just beyond the end in view."

The Arizona property was called "The Ace in the Hole!" Was someone expecting trouble? No. But the concept was there and later it proved itself.

Then the move out from the city began. Staffing was needed at the Vidal complex, at Solar Ranch and at the bookstore in Blythe. A few members remained in Los Angeles to look after the apartments.

The Braytons were operating at poverty level when they bought their first little house. The amazingly rapid growth into a constant, positive cash flow, with the ability to acquire property really fast, while making it pay for itself, is one of the mysteries that people often cite when referring to Solar Lodge. It has been compared to the crusader-era Templar phenomenon.

They ended up in deep doo-doo too!



This was the time of our maximum expansion on the physical plane. The businesses in L.A. were moved to the desert. Several

members sought, and found, employment in nearby Blythe. Frater Shem moved his dental practice to that same city. Other members retained their jobs in L.A. but visited on the weekends.

A quick inventory would include:

SOLAR LODGE - May, 1969

PEOPLE

Capricornus, X° - Sovereign Grand Master
Shiva, IX° - Grand Secretary General
Shem, VIII° - Master Builder
Anubis, V° - Grand Treasurer General
Sol, V° - Grand Court Jester
Jon, V° - Master Printer
Sekhmet, V° - High Priestess
Vulcan, V° - Motorman & Chief Mechanic
Total Active Membership: 49 Initiates

MATERIAL ASSETS

LOS ANGELES: Five apartment houses:

#1 - The first 30th Street property, a duplex. This was a two-bedroom house with a one-bedroom unit attached. It was now rented out to non-members.

#2 - The original 30th Street two-story mansion with six internal apartments plus a separate apartment building in the back yard.

#3 - The third property on 30th Street. A three-bedroom house with four courtyard rental units in the back yard.

#4 - The first Menlo Avenue mansion. Three stories with seven private rooms, a common area ("living room"), a fully decorated and consecrated Temple on the third floor that was equipped with high quality magickal instruments and attended by a separate kitchen and a library. A four car garage and two more rental units were located in the back yard, and there was a candle factory in the basement.

#5 - The second Menlo Avenue mansion. Three stories with six private rooms, another third story Temple, a rental unit in the rear over a garage and a print shop in the basement.

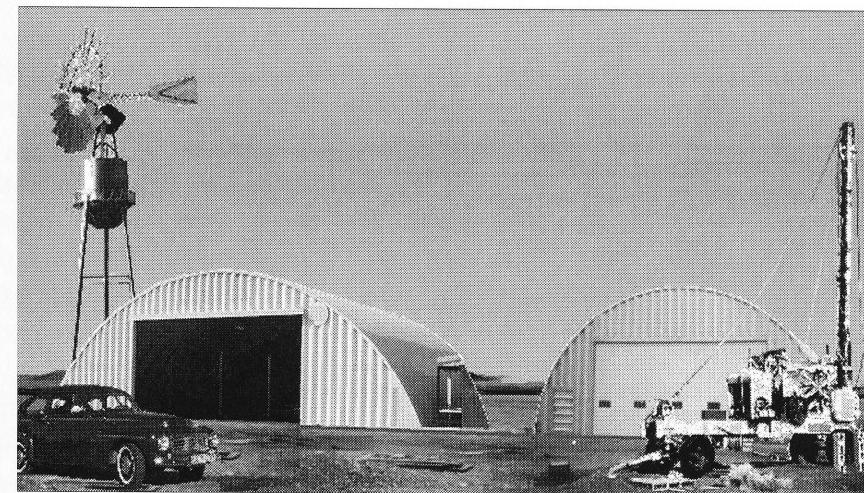
All with nice yards for stockpiling goods and materials.

Altogether, in Los Angeles, a grand total of 34 bedrooms!

BLYTHE: A large bookstore with living quarters in the rear. Over the front windows *The Eye of Horus* (the Eye in the Triangle) looked out upon the city.

SOLAR RANCH: Two huge Quonset huts with a patio joining them together. Two operating wells, three electrical generating plants, a very large supply of gasoline, kerosene, white gas, propane, charcoal, cement, lumber, sheet metal, girders, welders, motors, food, guns, ammunition, secret documents, books, money, medicines, farm vehicles and pens for animals.

Animals? Yes. Chickens, cows, a horse, a burro, pheasants, turkeys, goats, dogs, cats, turtles, etc. Some land was planted in alfalfa. Little gardens of flowers and vegetables were scattered around. And don't forget the swimming pool. Sol checked with a construction company, asking the cost of such a layout. The answer made the place worth about \$250,000 (in 1969).



SOLAR RANCH Composite © 2007 by Frater Shiva

VIDAL: An operating gas station, cafe, motel, bar, house, and (small) grocery store. Day after day the jukebox would ring out with Gary "U.S." Bonds' singing *Rollin' on the River* ("Proud Mary."). So much ringing-out that this song must surely be an ingrained *mantra* deep in the consciousness of any member who worked at the Vidal complex.

And all of it was running smoothly. The few frictions between individuals became a thing of the past and Harmony prevailed.



Now, here are some important things to consider:

In order to progress to the next level (any next level) in the Order, a member was expected to introduce two new members to his or her present grade before receiving that next level. You will be quick to understand that if this human pyramidal structure held true for an O.H.O. (*Outer Head of the Order*) plus all ten degrees, the total membership would be 1024 initiates, not including Probationers and Students.

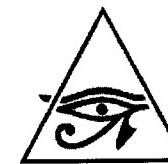
The Constitution of the Order comes into effect when any group consists of "1000 souls," and until that number is reached, the Grand Master is the supreme dictator. By 1969, Solar Lodge, with its forty-nine members (plus several Probationers), was only able to build a solid pyramidal foundation that led up to the III°.

Certain individuals were granted degrees above and beyond this pyramid, thus all the degrees were represented. But in truth, on the hard physical plane, the Order as a *pyramid* was now officially open only at the third degree, and the experiences of that level came to affect the group.

The first degree represents **BIRTH**, hence the wild experiences and fabulous visions of those being "born" into their spiritual identity.

The second degree represents **LIFE**, the unblocked growth of individuals on their Path and the corresponding, rapid growth of the Order and its wealth.

The name of the third degree is **DEATH!**



Chapter 27 Kaaba

The Kaaba [Arabic: "al-Ka'bah;" English: "The Cube"] is a cuboid-shaped building in Mecca, Saudi Arabia, and is the most sacred site in Islam.

SOLAR RANCH was originally created as a place to clean up and rest after all-night psychedelic ceremonies. That's all.

In our earlier experiments we had often found ourselves in the middle of the wilderness in a dirty, dehydrated state, and the morning desert sun was always smiling stronger and stronger upon our skins. Thus we were driven by the desert environment to perform a rapid re-entry into civilization. This is where the conventional term, "harsh reality," can be meaningfully applied.

This matter of going out into nowhere and allowing our consciousness to transcend the norm by visiting other dimensions, perhaps with a little skipping around on the spiral rings of evolution, was always accompanied by a breaking down of each participant's mind into the simplest possible terms: Basic survival on the physical plane in harsh conditions. Man versus the environment.

There is a wonderful lesson about one's self to be learned in such survival experiences. Enhancement with a psychotropic substance only deepens the experience by a factor of about one hundred times in its *meaningfulness*.

People have been known to die in such survival adventures, not because of drug toxicity but from exposure to the elements. It is easy to see why group support might be important.

Psychedelics will temporarily, sometimes *permanently*, change a person's biological physiology and pathology. Many, many times I have seen people, including myself, who were ill when they entered the circle. Yet they left that circle a few hours later in a state of perfect health.

Colds, the flu, chronic hormone imbalances - all were adjusted. The minor plagues, the colds and the flu, usually remained banished, but the chronic complaints would gradually reinstate themselves - unless the individual directly confronted their condition during the Bardo of Re-entry; then, "medical miracles" would sometimes take place.

Regardless of one's medical state, *everyone* would have their systems flushed. Whether we say it is "detoxification" or call it the "purging of *evil chi*," there is a stimulus to generate *huge* amounts of urine, generally released at the end of the experience - an obvious sign that a "flushing" of the system has taken place. The skin releases a peculiar sweat that is, to the olfactory senses, loaded with toxins and foul residue. Everyone smells bad, including one's self, and this is simply accepted as a temporary discomfort. Although this effect can vary, and sometimes it might not be a problem at all, a shower or a bath is always greatly appreciated.

Thank goodness our automobiles always started, for we would suddenly realize that we were in trouble, just around nine-thirty by the clock. We would hastily pack and beat a retreat back to the city as we fine-tuned our reality while passing through the planes in the Bardo of Re-entry.

After we became successful neolithic survivalists, we realized that it was all kind of hard on the physical body, so we just wanted a little shady oasis, with a small pool and a shower.

And that's what we started with: Solar Oasis - A garden of Eden. The addition of metal buildings and the accumulation of animals came later. The buying of townsites and the decision to move altogether out of the city came even later than that.

Throughout the raising of our Solar Ranch, a certain magnetic aura came into being, as might be expected in a place that was constantly banished and also used as a physical plane "stargate" into other dimensions.

By the way, this was not an ongoing drug community. In three years' time, I can only remember about six psychedelic ceremonies.



A Ship of the Inner Planes

My first encounter with a Ship in group consciousness took place in the Sonoran desert. About twenty of us sat quietly in an LSD-enhanced meditation within a large steel building. In utter stillness, a distant, high-pitched whine descended into a lower-pitched rumble, yet it was still *way up* in the spectrum of electronic sound.

As the sound became louder and louder, the steel walls of our building begin to ripple and wave as their form was magnetically bent into the bell shape of the original flying saucer - except this was not a one-man or a two-man ship. And we were inside it. This was a cruiser designed to carry many people, and it was *big!*

Just as we began to lift off, Frater Sol leaped to his feet and cried out loudly in a terrified voice, "*I don't want to die!*" - instantly breaking the vision back into nineteen people sitting, and one standing, inside a cold metal building.

The ship had rapidly ascended straight up like an elevator over our heads, but it also faded out into another dimension as it went.



The Birth of a Master

One evening a ceremony drifted off into a dark state; that is, the building was dark with only a candle or two burning. There was no fire in the gigantic censer, for the weather was mild. Each person was alone and no one was emitting any light, no one was whispering.

It was obvious that each of us was completely abstracted into our inner world, and there encountered a great struggle - with what or who I cannot remember; only that the travail was long, as if a child were being born.

When the ordeal had run its course, we were drawn outside around midnight. The clear, summer sky was alight with psychedelic stars, but that was to be expected.

I pointed off to the south and said, "Look!"

There it was, the dominant Star in the nighttime sky. This was the same star that I had seen and followed up the Mount of Initiation in *Last Chance Canyon*. Now everyone in our group was looking at it face to face.

This was much more than a bright star. It dramatically stood out in a benevolent radiance that coordinated the existence of all the other stars and it bestowed an holistic synchronization, a holiness, upon everything it touched.

This star could not help but bring to mind the legend of the three Zoroastrian Magi, the so-called "wise men," who followed a similar star to some holy birth in Bethlehem.

It also brought up a certain line from *One Star in Sight*:

A star is cast forth in the Heavens to enlighten the Earth, so that he may possess a vehicle wherein he may communicate with mankind.^{xxvi}

Somehow, this whole experience could be summed up in the phrase "The Birth of a Master of the Temple," but it had nothing to do with any one of us, or our *guru*, or anything related to our Order. This was a free-standing exposé of a classical archetype, just as described in various writings and sacred texts, but our only involvement seemed to lie in the birth-struggles that preceded its manifestation.

There was no call to "follow me." The star merely energized everything with a soft bliss.

The "stargate" only stayed open for a little while, and a couple of hours later its brilliance and benediction had faded into a normal, twinkling, nighttime sky.

This event had no particular influence on the affairs of Solar Lodge. No decisions were made and it was not discussed afterward. I know that it happened, because Nephthys and I stood together looking at the star, and we exchanged a few words that indicated a mutual recognition that some sort of cosmic birth had taken place.



Ignition

Our grandest, most dramatic, most powerful ceremony was weeks in the planning. We had determined that many of the world's problems came from private manipulation of public funds.

You might remember earlier where it was briefly said that this ceremony "depicted the secret, manipulative actions of international, political leaders for personal, material profit. The drama moved on to unmask these unethical autocrats and ended in

the destruction of the monetary system. Both *yuan* and dollars were burned in the all-consuming magickal censer."



The Money-burner Ritual

First came the libation, followed by the Banishing, then the Invocation of Thoth.

The remainder of the long ceremony was enacted in several individual scenes. Each participant knew their part, but only for their own scenes, and nobody but I knew the entire scenario and the setting of the final scene, save for the *guru* who had given her approval.

There was no rehearsal.

In the first scene, Frater Apollo and Soror Nephthys were supposed to sit down at a table in order to wheel and deal in international trade and politics. Apollo represented the President of The United States and Nephthys portrayed the President (Chairman) of China.

Apollo approached the bargaining table, hesitated, turned around, rolled his eyes up inside his head and, stiff as a board, fell over backward in complete unconsciousness.

Nobody was concerned; he had a habit of "swooning out" under the influence of liberating medicine; no one else ever had this problem.

Twenty seconds later he revived, bounded to his feet and was ready for work.

So the potentates sat down and bargained, and then they came to an agreement. Vast sums of money were involved and financial documents were signed.

They shook hands on the deal ... and that's when the money was discovered under the table!

In the second scene, our heroes arrived. A triad composed of Frater Shem, Frater Vulcan and Frater Mortis, each occultly dressed in a black robe, stepped in and bound the Presidents.

A proclamation of the monstrous outrage, along with the monetary outage, was announced to the audience, the representatives of the world consciousness at large, so that *everybody* got a chance to see what was going on.

In the third scene, the phony financial documents from the

tabletop and the international currencies found under the table, were burned in the magickal censer.

The fourth and final scene saw the Presidents stripped and chained on an elevated dais - where the world could see them clearly.

Behind them stood a slim pole, the middle pillar of the caduceus and the Tree of Life alike, topped with a three-inch red rubber ball.

The ball was soaked with pure grain alcohol and it was ignited.

In the end, the two Presidents looked just like that chained couple seen in so many versions of the Tarot trump, *The Devil*.

The point of it all, *Hudit*, the burning globe, whose various emblems seem to appear somewhere within all of the assorted archetypal symbols, illuminated the entire temple, casting it in a vibrant orange glow.

The *Devil* card is associated with *Baphomet*. In divination, it represents material enslavement, especially in terms of sexual and monetary desire.

As an archetypal *Atu*, and in its correlation with *The Tasks of the Grades*, it requires control of the procedure called *evocation*.

We had evoked the demon of greed on a global scale through the talismans of common international currency manipulated by male and female representatives of world leaders.

Then *Baphomet* burned the system.

The U.S. gold standard system ended on August 15, 1971, when President Nixon ended trading of gold at the fixed price of \$35/ounce. At that point, links between world currencies and real commodities were severed.

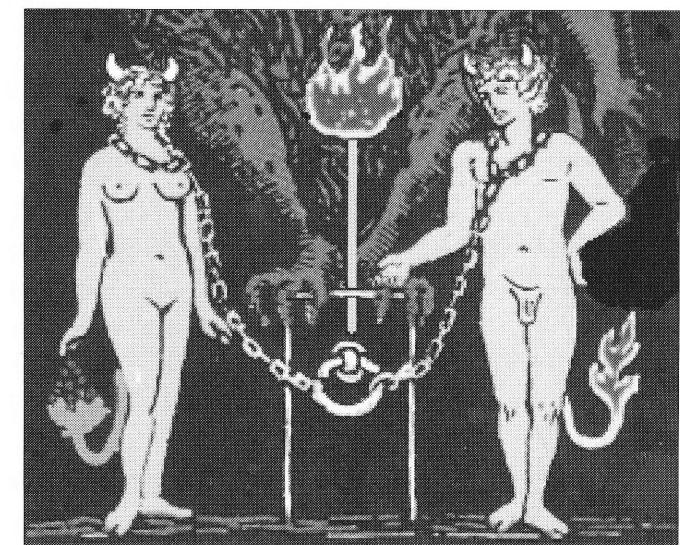
The gold standard has not been used in any major economy since that time. Today, almost every country, including the United States, is on a system of *fiat* money, which the glossary defines as "money that is intrinsically useless."

- Answers.com ^{xxvii}

Did Solar Lodge's Money-burner Ritual destroy the gold standard? I doubt it, because the gold standard had already been breached.

But then there's always that interesting, classical (un-retouched) black and white photograph that was taken in 1972:

In the final scene of The Money-burner Ritual of 1969, Soror Nephthys and Frater Apollo (as Chairman Mao and President Nixon) were stripped and chained, and elevated on a dais where the world could see them clearly. Behind them stood a slim pole, the middle pillar of the Tree of Life, topped with a three-inch rubber ball that was ignited.



Mao meets Nixon in 1972, not long after Nixon had ended the gold standard. Say, what's that reflection in the background that looks like a dancing ball of flame? ^{xxviii}

"By doing certain things certain results will follow; students are most earnestly warned against attributing objective reality or philosophic validity to any of them."

- *Liber O* ^{xxix}

The United States has always avoided hyper-inflation by shifting between a *fiat* and a gold standard over the course of its history.



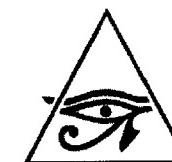
Regardless of what eventually happened in world politics and economics, within a few weeks of this rite Solar Ranch underwent phenomenal spontaneous combustion. Some called it *arson*.

"The occult application of fire to water produces certain serious and devastating results. The astral water, under the action of fire, is "resolved into steam, and the initiate is immersed in the fogs and vapors, the glamours and the mists" thus created. Out of this fog and glamour the initiate must emerge; out of the present fog of human affairs humanity will also emerge eventually. - *Bailey* ^{xxx}

During the brief two months of rebuilding that followed the firestorm, members of the lesser degrees often asked me in an accusing tone, "Why did you burn Hadit?"

These inquiries were common enough that I came to see that someone, probably *The Grand Master Baphomet* herself, had fixed the magickal blame for the fire on the chief magician. I had become *the scapegoat of the devil*.

Oh Well, having already assumed responsibility for the Vietnam war as well as for myself, and even my shadow, what was one more minor burden added to the lot?



Chapter 28 Firestorm

"A firestorm is a conflagration which attains such intensity that it creates and sustains its own wind system ... Radiated heat from the fire can melt asphalt, metal, and glass, and turn street tarmac into flammable hot liquid. The very high temperatures replicate the conditions of a smelting furnace, where anything that might possibly burn does so readily, until the firestorm runs out of fuel."

- Condensed from an Online Encyclopedia

IN MAY OF 1969, Solar Lodge was operating on a grand and efficient scale. The membership was pleased with itself and Harmony was the keyword.

Many people lived at the Ranch and they slept in bunk beds erected in the "Living Room" Quonset hut.

The "Storage" Quonset hut was right next door. There was no formal temple at Solar Ranch.

There were simply two Quonset huts, some out-buildings, and one small travel-trailer. Ceremonies were held in the living room.

A *thoughtform* of a pyramidal temple was certainly in place and basic diagrams and plans had been drawn to that effect. But first, the four cornerstones had to be erected.

The Quonset complex was only the first cornerstone - the other three were assigned to the future.

It was decided that the next step would involve building

private bedrooms for everyone and, as there were a few children involved, it was natural that they should receive the first bedrooms to be built.

The six-year old son of Frater Philo and Soror Nephthys was granted the first room to be completed. However, from his point of view, he was being exiled away from the adults. He must have been severely upset over this matter because he obtained some matches and set fire to his room.

This would not have been a big deal, except for the fact that his room was next to the paint cabinet, which in turn was next to the "Living Room" Quonset hut, which was connected by a screened patio to the "Storage" Quonset hut, and *everything* was covered with flammable roofing paper and tar. That was the route the flames took in a fast flashover firestorm.

A tiny child was snatched from the burning, screened patio with only some scorched soles for the valiant woman who braved the flames to rescue him. The few adults and children present were unable to even begin quenching the fire, so they retreated a safe distance to watch the disaster. When the flames finally reached the gasoline and kerosene barrels everything went up in a loud, blazing, fireball explosion.

In response to a phone call from Vidal, Capricornus, Shem and I arrived about 6 hours after the fire started. It continued to burn for 30 hours after that. I saw the fire in progress and heard the boy state that he set the fire in order to burn down his room that he "hated." No one actually saw him starting the fire, but surely we must assume that he did so, merely because the place burned down and he freely admitted responsibility.

The fire burned for 36 hours. Hundreds of pounds of charcoal briquettes mixed with a wide assortment of flammable liquids provided long-range, high temperature fuel. Thick steel girders were literally burned away. The entire collection of books and documents was incinerated.

When the glowing embers finally passed into ashes the members gathered around the ruins. The question was, "What to do next?" Obviously, disaster had struck. But what was the omen, the message?

Capricornus withdrew by herself several hundred feet into the desert and sat down in meditation. She sought the meaning of the

disaster and in response a loud, internal, booming voice said unto her, "The Gates of Initiation are closed! Send everyone away!"

Instead, she said to herself, "I will never send anyone away!" She then returned to the group and proclaimed, "This is a big problem, but I have decided we will rebuild!"

Note: Capricornus did not reveal her internal message to me (or anyone else) until six months later! This decision was the critical juncture where it all started to unravel.

After that questionable decision was announced, there followed a general discussion of what to do with the six-year old boy who had started the fire. I have seen quotes where it was suggested that we simply kill him; if anything was actually said along these lines, it was certainly no more than sarcastic banter. In fact, the prevailing opinion was that the parents should simply remove both of their children from the ranch.

But their mother, Soror Nephthys, who was working as a waitress at a local Blythe restaurant, indicated that she was simply unable to look after her kids.

Frater Philo, the father of the children, announced that he was also busy and could not accept them. Moreover, he told us that he specifically wanted his son to remain at the ranch and help with the re-building, in the hope that he would see the error of his ways and the trouble he had caused. And so he stayed!

Regarding this decision, Frater Jon told me ...

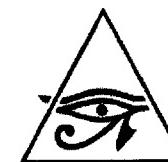
The big bump in the road for me was how she totally mishandled the "Boy in the Box" affair. Any reasonable person would tell you without reservation that Jean bit off more than she could chew when she decided she was going to ... what? ... fix him? ... train him? ... make him repent? Maybe it was her Catholic upbringing that blinded her to common sense that said: *send him back to his parents* so that no further damage will be done.

I think that was the beginning of the end. Because, as it turns out, keeping him at the ranch brought about our downfall, which took another few years to play out. - Jon

Meanwhile, Capricornus had begun a downhill slide from which there was to be no return. Starting from this blazing event, and

with her own personal decision to "not follow her own internal orders," she would gradually assume a tighter dictatorial role, and her future decisions would not always be based on sound judgment.

She had demonstrated a viable, solid link with the "Secret Chiefs," or at least with that part of herself who ruled the Order from beyond the Veil of Illusion, but her failure to follow these instructions would cost us all dearly.



Chapter 29 Exodus

An exodus is "a going out; a departure or emigration, usually of a large number of people." - *dictionary.com*

LIFE SEEMED TO RETURN TO NORMAL. The rebuilding project started immediately. *The Force* apparently was still with us.

But looking in the rearview mirror, I can clearly see that *The Force*¹¹ had used itself up when it imploded the ashram, and that from this point on we (the group consciousness) would be merely running on momentum.

However, a long time before the firestorm exploded and the reconstruction was initiated, a hostile current had already been set in motion.

In the 1960's, Blythe, California was what has been called a "conservative, redneck territory."

Membership in the ultra-conservative John Birch Society was common in the community.

¹¹ The John Birch Society was founded by Robert Welch in 1958-59. According to Welch, both the United States and the Russian-Soviet Establishments are influenced by the same stealthy conspiracy of materialistic, global financiers, who control prominent, corrupt politicians.

¹¹ *The Force* is a metaphysical and spiritual power introduced in the fictional universe of *Star Wars* created by George Lucas. It can be correlated with the *Qi*, *Chi* or *Ki* ("breath") of Oriental Medicine and Martial Arts, where the concept is non-fictional and demonstrable.

In a 1966 speech, Welch coined the name "The Insiders" to describe the leaders of the conspiracy. The Birch Society seems unable to make up its mind if the Insiders are direct descendants of the Illuminati Freemason conspiracy, although the basic concept is clearly related. ^{xxxi}

The John Birch Society was active in promoting a book written by one of their associates, a former F.B.I. agent named Dan Smoot, which was entitled, *The Invisible Government*. This book warned its readers about the existence of a behind-the-scenes organization that came to be widely associated with *The Illuminati*.

Smoot and Welch met in 1956, and they became close friends. Smoot went on to do some of his finest writing for the John Birch Society. ^{xxxii}

According to this particular conspiracy theory, "The Insiders" (*The Illuminati*) were responsible for the French Revolution of 1789, plus the founding of the United States and its consequent war with Britannia in 1775; it is considered by its adherents to be one of the greatest threats to peaceful civilization, because it stirs up wars and strife in order to profit thereby. President Eisenhower, obviously *not* one of its corrupt politicians, referred to it as "the military-industrial complex."

In order to see how all this relates to the history of Solar Lodge, let us remember that the historical *Bavarian Illuminati*¹² (1776 - 1785) was a *political change-agent* that was also a Masonic-style, secret society, and that Blythe was filled with Conservatives, who were generally opposed to change.

The symbol of the Illuminati has been identified as the Eye in the Triangle. You have probably seen the reverse of *The Great Seal of The United States* on the back of a one-dollar bill. This is supposed to be proof of the Illuminati's control over the government of The United States of America. ^{xxxiii}

And, of course, as *our* primary public display, this same despised symbol looked out upon the city of Blythe as a large, red and yellow sign, over the words, *The Eye of Horus*, at our local bookstore. Can you imagine how these local Conservatives and redneck folks must have felt?

¹² The *Bavarian Illuminati* has been described as a "short lived, meteoric and controversial society" and a "mischievous association." Interestingly, these terms also seem applicable to Solar Lodge.

"Redneck" is a derogatory slang term used in reference to poor white farmers. It is similar in meaning to "cracker," "hillbilly," and "white trash" (without this last term's suggestions of immorality). In recent decades, the term has come to mean *bigoted* and *opposed to modern ways*, and it has been used to attack conservatives and racists. At the same time, some whites have reclaimed the word, using it with pride and defiance as a self-identifier.

- condensed from Wikipedia

The very presence of our bookstore was undoubtedly a threat and an insult to them, and the knowledge that their children were actually going into our imaginary "den of iniquity" to purchase pop-posters and mystical prints would have only fueled their anger.

The truth of the matter was that our stock was relatively tame, and we were one of the few such "occult" bookstores that did *not* sell drug paraphernalia of any kind. But that crucial detail was almost certainly lost to our detractors.

Given their preconceptions about us and the bookstore, it is perhaps as well that the good people of Blythe were unaware that the VIII^o confers a title that contains the word *Illuminati*. After all, they were already convinced that they had found the dreaded enemy, and from some perspectives they probably had!

There is one more causative factor that helped to tie this all together. When we first went out to our property in July of 1967, Capricornus invited a friend of hers to come and visit. He was Doctor Mason, a Chiropractor and a Masonic initiate who worked at the U.S. Postal Service in Blythe. Capricornus gave him a copy of *The Book of the Law*. Oh yes, he was the president of the local chapter of *The John Birch Society*!

It must be said that these "simple" town-folk were not that simple. In fact they included a number of individuals who wielded considerable power and authority in the local area.

The loose alliance that arrayed itself against our Order included at least one Deputy Sheriff, the local Judge, some members of the local Masonic Lodge, all of the local bail bondsmen, and what appeared to us to be nothing less than the local paramilitary gang: "The Blythe Jeep Club."

Thinking back, it's interesting to reflect that when it came to

indulging in Apocalyptic thought (one of the accusations sometimes leveled against Solar Lodge), the reactionary citizens of Blythe actually left us by the wayside.

The paradigm in that city, which seemed to be shared by everyone from the most humble of townsfolk up to the civic leaders, went something like this:

Troubled times are coming. The cities are in turmoil and soon hordes of fleeing people, including those damn hippies, will flock outward to the rural areas, especially to Blythe. And when they get here, we will be ready to crush them.

I kid you not! This was the attitude and the living scenario that was picked up by our members who, with their short hair and proper clothing, worked and subtly fit-in, within that conservative city.

Members staying at Solar Ranch reported being watched by the occupants of Jeeps that parked, engines idling, just a few hundred feet outside the compound late at night. Then rifle shots from those same vehicles would send bullets sailing low over the ranch.

Later, looking back, we came to the realization that we had been under observation for a long time and that the Conservatives had merely been looking for a convenient time to make an example of us.

But these same Conservatives simply had no evidence of wrongdoing. That is, until a disgruntled member, Soror Ma, tipped off a Deputy Sheriff that there were now grounds for an arrest.

Frater Dys had been placed in charge of the junior arsonist. One Friday afternoon, a couple months after the first conflagration, he said that he discovered the boy trying to start another blaze.

Dys, a young man of medium height and build, always appeared to be mentally fidgeting. Although physically well-coordinated, he gave one the impression of trembling and shaking, but this was not actually the case. Somewhere, inside, he was just twitchy and nervous.

Frater Dys called Frater Philo, the boy's father, and told him about the problem. Philo said, "I will be there as soon as I can get away from work. Do whatever you have to do to keep him under

control, even if you have to chain him!"

Frater Philo was on duty as a probation officer at a boy's camp (the nice name for a prison). He did not get off duty in time to prevent that which now came to pass.

Following the cue uttered by the father, Frater Dys locked the child in a wooden box-room he had converted from a goat-pen. The goat, along with two turtles, had died in the fire - the only loss of life. He even followed Frater Philo's foolish advice and chained (*chained*, you hear?) this kid inside. Well, the box-room door could be opened, so the chain was attached to a heavy metal plate to keep the kid from wandering away.

Anyway, that's what happened and not a single high-ranking corporate "officer," none of whom were even at the ranch, knew anything about this bizarre activity. Even some of the people who were actually onsite at the ranch didn't know what was taking place, or why.

The next morning, a Saturday, the disgruntled Soror Ma met with a local Deputy Sheriff named Hayes at *The Eye of Horus* bookstore. Other people reported her meeting with a certain "horse-buyer" described below. I was not there and so I do not really know who met with whom. Although she was *seen* talking to him (Hayes or "horse-man"), she afterwards denied any such thing.

However, there came to be no doubt in anyone's mind that she helped to engineer the "sting" that followed.

It has been asked, "But why was Soror Ma disgruntled?"

Well, at least six months prior to this time, she became unhappy because no man in the Order would respond to her desire for sexual activity. Although quite attractive, she also projected a distant, disdainful attitude, which apparently repelled potential mates.

She had previously remarked to another woman, "Nobody around here wants to have any sex. I guess I'll just have to go outside." And she did. Satisfaction was soon found in the person of an attorney in the law firm where she was employed and their union resulted in an instant pregnancy!

So at the time that she became an "informant," she was also six months pregnant and completely dissatisfied with all of us.

About two hours after her meeting with the Deputy Sheriff, a man in a pickup truck drove up to the Ranch. It later became

obvious that his visit was a ploy to establish grounds of "reasonable cause" for a search but, of course, at the time no one knew that.

He spoke with a few members, indicating that he had been told he might buy a horse from them. They told him that their horse was not for sale. He asked if he could look at the horse anyway.

They allowed this and, as they walked with him from the newly erected main building toward the horse corral, the man suddenly broke away from the path and walked directly over to the converted box-room "jail."

He peered inside and said, "Looks like you have a problem here!" Then he got into his truck and left without any further interest in the horse.

And the few members who were present at the ranch did *nothing!*

Later, there came to be a wonderment in those of us who were not there regarding the common sense displayed at the Ranch that morning.

When I had the opportunity to speak with some of them, after the fact, they indicated that they *thought nothing special* about the visitor and, in hindsight, realized that they had made a great error in judgement.

Of course, we were all being moved around like knights and pawns on an archetypal chessboard, so there's really no reason for *blame* to be assigned.

Forty-five minutes later, the Sheriff's deputies arrived. They walked right over to the "box," where they discovered the child in the same (chained) location, and quickly placed the eleven people in sight under arrest for "felony child endangerment."

California Penal Code 273[a] punishes acts of child endangerment. Simply put, this crime occurs when an individual either: (1) places a child in a dangerous situation, or (2) allows a child to be placed in a dangerous situation without taking steps to protect the child. Because this crime may be charged even when the child suffers no actual injury, it is easy (and unfortunately also common) for innocent people to face prosecution under California law.

A twelfth member, Dave Solar, hid in the cow barn for a while and then he ran four miles across the desert to Vidal where he informed Capricornus and me of the arrest.



In the third initiation, is not the candidate driven from the city unto the desert? And do not the town-folk pursue him there and slay him?

They do / and they did.



I was dispatched to check out the situation and, as I drove by in a pickup truck, I saw eleven members lined up and being handcuffed. I drove back to Vidal with my report.

After an hour's discussion, Frater Geo was determined to try a second drive-by.

He stopped and the cops spoke to Geo. "Do you know these people?" he was asked.

Geo replied, "Yes."

The cops called the kid over. "Do you know this man?" they asked.

"Sure! That's Geo!" he said. "He was always nice to me!"

Geo was allowed to leave.



Some misguided authors have reported that "*Sheriff's deputies raided Solar Ranch after getting a tip that illegal drugs could be found there, and that no drugs were discovered, but the deputies did find the child arsonist confined in a six-foot, cuboidal box.*"

Well, nothing was ever said by the deputies about drugs, nor was there a search made for any such substances. As described above, a "set-up" guy was simply sent in to "buy a horse." He knew *exactly* where the kid was incarcerated, went right over to that "box" and strained to look over the top of the door to see him. He then immediately left and informed the cops (so they would have "reasonable cause"), and the officers were there in forty-five minutes.

Oh yes! The cops did actually return *a few weeks after* the original arrests, and then they *were* specifically looking for drugs. But they didn't find any.

Aha! But the drugs were there! Not illegal drugs, mind you,

but *legal* drugs. For, you see, Frater Shem, DDS, had a small supply of morphine, barbiturates and stimulants in a medical supply chest. But nobody was *using* that stuff. Besides, by this time Shem was hiding out in a distant place across the State line, and no one else who was present had a legal narcotics license.

So when they saw the cops coming, I was told that the on-site members just threw the medical box into a pile of trash at the bottom of a large, deep, unfinished, swimming pool excavation. The Sheriffs were obviously reluctant to climb down into a "trash pit," and so they missed their opportunity to cause more, unwarranted trouble.



According to Frater Dys and other members who were present, the boy was chained in the "box" for approximately six hours on Friday afternoon and evening. He was then locked in a bedroom for the evening (without matches) and returned to his "jail" for approximately four more hours on Saturday morning. This represents about ten hours of confinement, which certainly was not the several weeks that were later alleged by the Establishment.

I have no personal knowledge of whether the kid was incarcerated at any other times before this particular Friday afternoon. I do know that he was moving about freely and without direct supervision during each of my almost daily visits to the ranch in the three-week period preceding the arrests, and that I never saw him locked up, tied up, chained or confined at *any* time.

Our next step was to get the arrested members out of jail. Bail was set by a visiting judge at \$3500 each. How convenient for the regular judge to be unavailable. Oddly, every bondsman in town suddenly found themselves unable to write a bail bond over \$2500, which was also more than a little suspicious.

However, a bondsman from Indio was called in and he agreed to write the bonds. They added up to a total of \$38,500, which meant the Order needed to put up ten-percent of that figure (\$3,850), plus securities. "Securities" are material assets like houses. Well, the Order had no shortage of houses and the cash was ready. Eleven bonds were written and I, plus a few other members, went with the bondsman to the Blythe jail to spring the criminals.

Afterward, Frater Ronan, who worked in a clothing store

owned by one of the local Masons, overheard his boss talking to some of his Lodge brethren in the store. They were laughing up how they had arranged the lack of bail bonding in town and how the big bust had gone down smoothly. They really had not expected bail to be made at all.

The arrested members had a Public Defender appointed to represent them. Two days later the Public Defender showed up at Vidal. Capricornus, Sol, Shem, Philo and I were present. The Public Defender told us that warrants had been issued for the child's father and the Officers of the corporation, all of whom were present right there with the attorney, plus an additional fifty "John Doe" warrants.

None of us, of course, had been at the ranch at the time of the offense and we had no first-hand knowledge of what might, or might not, have really happened to the child.

"Officers of the corporation" are mentioned because the Order had been legally incorporated as a non-profit, tax-exempt, religious and scientific organization, entitled "Velle Transcendental Research Association, Inc."

Velle is a Latin approximation of the Greek word, *Thelema*: "Will". The corporation didn't own the Ranch, but it used the Ranch.

As the Public Defender stood up to leave, Frater Philo said, "Well, I better get going."

The Defender said, "You are not the only one who better get going!"

Now you know that attorneys are *never* supposed to advise clients to run. Of course, we were not "clients" yet. The Defender then described the whole affair as a giant set-up, and indicated that anyone prominent in the group had better get lost.

Frater Philo took off for parts unknown. Capricornus, Shem and I had 20 minutes to gather whatever we wanted to take along. Sol absolutely refused to leave his holdings and escape.

"Lesser" members were placed in charge of the properties and we three "Officers" took off for Arizona and *The Ace in the Hole*. During the escape there was much zipping around in a game of peek-a-boo with the cops, and this lasted for hours.

I remember how, at one early point in the dark evening, I was laying face down in a shallow ravine peeking at an idling Sheriff's

car that was only one hundred feet away. Actually, I had crept up that close in order to hear what was being broadcast on their fairly loud, police radio.

A bit later, a Sheriff's car was discovered to be blocking our way onto the informal bridge that led over the Colorado River into Arizona. This was a convenient, unregulated crossing where there was no inspection station.

Anyway, our escape was finally pulled off without any direct confrontations whatsoever.

But, the next day, when we were halfway to Prescott, Capricornus refused to continue until Sol had joined us. So I put everyone, and her dog, in a motel and drove back to convince Sol to get out. As he had been forced to hide in a closet when the cops came with warrants, he was now scared and ready to leave. We both drove back to the motel and then the four of us headed to a new motel in Prescott.

The next afternoon a member at the Ranch observed three Sheriff's cars heading toward Vidal. He phoned a warning to the cafe and everyone but the least-known immediately got into cars and drove south, incidentally passing the Sheriff's cars on the opposite side of the road. The cops rousted the Vidal complex again, but found no one for whom they were looking.

As the police returned to Blythe, Frater Kuat and his friends watched them go by while sitting in a tree that was situated well off the road.

The cat-and-mouse game continued, but no further arrests were made. The Order had re-grouped and re-established its magickal circle.

At this point, we cannot discount the fact that Capricornus had purposely degraded the standards for initiation, and that she had failed to follow her internal orders - but no one knew about *that* one yet.

The main base, Solar Ranch, had been destroyed, partially rebuilt, and then invaded. The corporate officers were now hiding in Prescott, Arizona and the remaining membership was running the businesses, managing the apartments and guarding the properties. Eleven of them were facing trial on felony child endangerment charges.

One of those arrested, Frater Ra, collected his wife and quietly

slipped off to join another mystical-magical group. That well-known organization, with their own degraded moral standards, insisted that they prove their new loyalty by doing some serious damage to their previous group. By the way, this was not *The Church of the Savants*.

So these two deserters turned "State's Witness" and told many tales, a number of which were outright lies.

They spoke openly of the corporate officer's flight to Arizona and even invented some new, horrible stories about the child's mistreatment. Most of the outrageous details reported in the press about the case, including the supposed *fifty-seven* days of prolonged incarceration, were simply their fabrications.

I have read accounts wherein Frater Ra later confessed to manufacturing these falsehoods in order to provide a worthy story - one that would keep him out of jail. The informal term for a person like this is "jailhouse snitch."

Another member who was arrested, Frater Aero, may well be the often quoted "informant who was already in trouble with the law," for somewhere in this time period, just before the arrests at Solar Ranch, he was busted in the back parking lot of *The Eye of Horus* bookstore for selling marijuana. This was his own private operation. Capricornus was incensed. I was not pleased.

Beyond noting that Frater Ra and Frater Aero were close friends, apparently even before joining the Order, there is little left to say that would not be mere speculation.



In order to keep communications current between the officers in Prescott and the initiates in Vidal, Blythe and Los Angeles, telephone calls made from public telephone booths were ciphered in Qabalistic symbology with pre-determined sequential shifts. The "code book" was *The Tables of Correspondences* from *Magic in Theory and Practice*.

Although the telephones were definitely bugged (the volume was mysteriously lowered), no eavesdropper was ever able to interpret the ciphered messages.

A mobile home was purchased in Arizona and we set it up at the Prescott Mobile Home Park. A smaller travel trailer was moved onto the nearby Ace in the Hole property where a few members

were temporarily established.

Immediately after setting up residence at The Ace in the Hole, Soror Ma got up early the next morning, walked out to the highway that ran in front of the property, hitched a ride and disappeared forever from the history of Solar Lodge.



Somewhere in this general time period, Frater Luna, the Past Grand Master of the Order of the Paladin (for a few hours), set up his own adventure.

He decided to imbibe a magickal libation, but neglected to properly defend himself with a magickal circle. He also failed to protect himself by having at least one other initiate present. This is what is called a *solo flight*; it is described as being "potentially dangerous."

Frater Luna ended up getting himself arrested for assaulting a church! On a dark, misty night, the Prescott Police captured him, in an absolutely naked state, as he was vigorously attacking a granite church with one of my samurai swords.

Thankfully, he did not suffer any lasting legal indignities. But he did spend some time in jail while he slowly returned to civilized consciousness. Apparently, attacking a church with a sword that causes no property damage is not against the law.

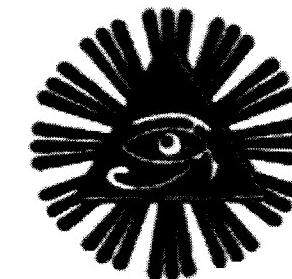


In the Prescott Mobile Home Park, on a sunny, August morning in 1969, two weeks after leaving California, Frater Shem was reading the *Los Angeles Times*.

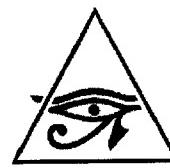
He saw a small article on the second page indicating that federal warrants had been issued against Capricornus, Sol, Shem, Philo and myself for "Interstate flight to avoid prosecution."

The F.B.I. was now after the leaders of Solar Lodge.

Book II



Outside The Law



Chapter 30

South of the Border

The United States of Mexico, commonly known as México, is a republic in North America. High levels of corruption in the police, judiciary, and government in general have contributed greatly to the crime problem ... Mexico is ranked the 86th least corrupt country in the world which makes them less corrupt than Argentina and more corrupt than China. - condensed from Wikipedia

HE WHO WOULD ONE DAY become known as Frater Mont stood in front of *The Eye of Horus* bookstore on Eighth Street in Los Angeles on a warm, late-summer morning in 1968.

He was of medium height and appeared to be slightly overweight, but internally he was solid, extremely-powerful muscle. According to Chinese medicine, he was a *Sanguine Yang Ming*, that is, he was a person genetically predisposed to have light, white skin, rosy cheeks and a reddish tinge all over, accompanied by a protruding belly. Sure enough, in later years his abdomen would come to stick out like a basketball.

He was there in Los Angeles to find out what he could about Solar Lodge, mainly because he was interested in traveling to Tibet and Frater Kuat had intimated that we might be in a position to help him realize his adventuresome dream. Of course, that was nonsense.

Mont kept his appointment that morning with me and identified himself as a resident-citizen of Mexico who was interested in the Spiritual Path.

I spoke with him at length, outlining the structure of the Order and enumerating the benefits of membership. Then Mont returned to Mexico, and was not heard from again for more than a year.



In 1969, in Prescott, Arizona, upon learning that the F.B.I. wanted to capture us, I spoke quietly to Capricornus, saying, "Why don't we connect with Frater Kuat's friend [he who would someday be known as Frater Mont] who lives in Mexico. Frater Kuat is here in Prescott right now and he can make the contact to set up a meeting across the border where the F.B.I. can't touch us."

Capricornus replied simply, "I think that is a good idea." But she had one condition: "If we do that, we will have to get rid of Shem."

Alas, Frater Shem had been acting strangely of late. His physical coordination was jerky and not at all demonstrative of his usual grace. His speech, although normal of tone and timbre, indicated mental misunderstandings and sometimes, bizarre notions.

Although suspected at the time, it was later confirmed that he was taking large amounts of morphine, barbiturates and methedrine. He was, after all, a Licensed Dentist with direct access to these drugs and, for whatever odd reason, the profession of Dentistry is known to include an unusually high number of addicts in addition to having the highest suicide rate of all the professions. They also pull in more money than any other profession, not including, of course, medical specialists, successful attorneys and famous spiritual "channels."

It was agreed that Frater Shem should not come with us into Mexico.

The group held a large amount of silver and some cash. The silver was in the form of big, cylindrical chunks of mixed dollars, half-dollars and quarters. The coins had been gathered by the members and kept in coffee cans at Solar Ranch. They had melted together in the great fire, thus their strange shape.

That same fire also destroyed virtually all of the books, documents, diaries, talismans, Temple furnishings and magickal instruments. Capricornus' key talisman had not been at the ranch, so at least (from that legendary perspective) the magickal current

was still intact.

Silver coins had legally been taken out of circulation a few years previously (simply by not minting any more) and silver was now beginning to sell at a premium value. The silver cache was worth about \$4000.

It was decided that one-half of the silver and cash would be directed toward the purchase and the start-up costs of a local business: a remote, operative, flagstone quarry known to us as "Rockland." Many of the members, including Frater Shem, would lie low and work there while a few of us were reorganizing south of the border.

Nominally, Shem would be "in charge," but his pharmaceuticals would soon come to disable his authority and his interest as he became more and more secluded.



And it came to pass that Frater Kuat did indeed contact his friend who would later come to be called Frater Mont, and he set up a meeting with Capricornus, Sol, and myself at *La Fogata* ("The Lighthouse"), a Motel-Cafe in Tecate, Baja California.

Mont was a most valuable connection. He appeared to be willing and pleased to assist us, even though it was obvious that we were unlikely to play any part in helping him accomplish his desired trip to Tibet, and even despite the fact that he knew we had the F.B.I. searching for us.

Now, it just so happened that Frater Mont's parents used to own a trailer park on the oceanfront, right at the northern highway turn-off that leads into Ensenada. They eventually sold the park, but Frater Mont and the new manager, the soon-to-be "Frater Nat," were good friends. Together, they had spent countless hours in physical conditioning, hunting and fishing.

Frater Mont arranged for our international escape party to rent a large mobile home in this park and we stayed there for exactly one month.

It was during this time in the trailer park that Capricornus told me about the message that she had received in meditation after the Solar Ranch blaze. "The Gates of Initiation are closed! Send everyone away!"

I suggested to her that we could easily have complied with that

message. Even before the fire, we had already agreed on the plan of sending male-female pairs of the IX° out to far flung cities where they would duplicate our earliest efforts in an attempt to spread the Order far and wide.

This was actually our "plan" for the future development of the *Profess House* system, but it carried no timeline whatsoever; like the pyramidal temple, it was a *thoughtform*.

I further suggested that it would not be a bad idea to "Close the Gates of Initiation" until things cooled down a bit and she received renewed, inner "authorization" to again proceed. This surely would have been in complete conformity with her own, internal "orders," but my suggestions only served to make her angry.

It was also during this time in the trailer park that Capricornus rapidly started turning into what, at times, could be called a "cranky old woman."

By firmly vowing that she would "never send anyone away," she had entered that commonplace scenario wherein parents, teachers and *gurus* refuse to "let go" of their children, students and disciples.

Treasure Island

From the beach at the trailer park, we could look out to the west and see *Isla Todos Santos*, "All Saints Island," which was always an impressive sight.

In fact, when Robert Louis Stevenson lived in Ensenada in 1881, it was this very same island that he was looking at on a daily basis as he wrote his famous book, *Treasure Island*.

Frater Mont then recommended an adventure - a boat trip out to the island. One morning he produced a fishing skiff powered by a small outboard motor. Food, water, camping supplies and magickal instruments were packed onboard, and Frater Mont, Capricornus, Frater Apollo and I set out for Treasure Island.

It took a couple of hours to cross the nine miles of ocean and when we finally arrived we saw that Treasure Island was actually two islands, although they appeared to be one island from the shore. There were no facilities on these islands except for two crumbling lighthouses and a little-used fishing camp. The main island itself is about a mile long and a quarter-mile wide with steep cliffs on all sides.

There were absolutely no beaches or convenient landing areas, so we decided to land in a rocky area that was somewhat approachable, but that was also being pounded and battered by waves.

As we pulled up to a flat rock, Frater Apollo jumped out and took hold of the bowline. A wave then came roaring ashore, rammed the bow of the boat into Frater Apollo's crotch and then submerged him as the craft rose up and over his body with the surging, breaking current. Fortunately he wasn't seriously hurt. We pulled him out of the water, managed to get the boat secured on the next attempt and finally made it ashore amidst much rocking and bobbing of the skiff.

Then we took a tour of the island and found that treasure hunters, knowing about the Stevenson-Treasure Island connection, had been progressively and industriously digging a huge hole for decades. Of course they never found anything, but each year the cave-hole got bigger and deeper.

Frater Mont then approached some local fishermen who were anchored in a cove and living on their boats. They had a multitude of lobster traps set in various locations all around the island. After exchanging pleasantries, the fishermen gave him several huge, oversize lobsters and a steel bucket full of sea snails.

We started a fire, boiled the snails in the bucket, and had a delicious dinner.

However, we remained concerned as to what our next major step would be. We didn't want to stay much longer at the trailer park but we certainly had no idea where to go. Thus, the objective of this evening's magickal ceremony was to gain insight into our future direction.

As usual, we took our medicine, followed by the Banishing Ritual and the Invocation of Thoth, and then a formal, verbal request was made for directions. We all sat back in meditation and waited in a receptive state.

I saw it first and I called it to the others' attention. As we sat facing eastward, the coastal lights from Ensenada glowed up into a dark, starry, nighttime sky. Just south of the glow of the city lights, a huge "X" was materializing in the sky. Right next to it, an arrow was forming that was pointing south down the coast. These two symbols, inscribed from cloud-like vapor, became just as distinct

and as clear as if a skywriter was creating them on a windless day.

After twenty minutes of unmistakably clear visibility, the symbols started to dissipate and eventually disappeared. The message was perfectly clear: "Go south. X marks the spot."

Of course, this message held absolutely no practical value for any of us. There wasn't much to the south but the vast wilderness of Baja California.

The next day we loaded up the boat and started back for the coast. The fuel pump in the outboard motor developed problems and we were able to get back only by dripping fuel, drop by drop, into the exposed carburetor with a rubber bulb syringe. It took a lot longer to get back to the mainland than it had taken to initially get out to Treasure Island.

When we finally did get back we mentioned the "X" and the south-pointing Arrow to Frater Nat who replied, "I know where that is!" We were skeptical. But it turned out that Frater Nat was connected to many people throughout the area and he knew of a rancho that was for sale in the sleepy little farming town of San Vicente, about an hour and a half drive south of Ensenada.

We certainly didn't get our hopes up, but a couple days later we drove with him down to San Vicente. As we entered the gate of the property we all looked up at the small mountain that was part of the property next door. This was a little mind-blowing, but there on the side of the mountain, where they had been stripping away the surface while mining for cement, was a huge "X" that was at least a hundred feet high.



It even had an "Arrow" (a straight road carved into the white mountain) that pointed right at the rancho that was for sale.

The price was \$20,000 MN (*moneda nacional*, or "pesos"), which was around US \$1,000.oo. Cheap! Buy!

Gringos¹³ (foreigners) were not allowed to own land here, so Frater Mont, a caucasian Mexican citizen, became the new owner of a seventy-hectare rancho (about twenty-eight acres) that was mostly a mountain, but with about twelve acres of relatively flat land.

We purchased the mobile home that we had been renting at the trailer park and moved it onto the rancho. Shortly thereafter, we moved our other mobile home in from Prescott, Arizona.

Thus the Order found a hiding place deep in a foreign country, tucked safely away from the minions of the U.S. Establishment. This took about two months to accomplish.

This new residence was called the "Pig Farm" as the first purchase made was that of three piglets ... and they grew up to be a big pig family.

After six months in residence, we started construction on a real hacienda made of stone, cement, and bricks. Although it was never completed, the foundation, fireplace and lower walls of the house, as well as a row of cemented-rock pig pens that I built all by myself, are still there and can be viewed on aerial photographs.

In the process, pre-Mont undertook initiation and became Frater Mont, thus named for the ancient Egyptian deity who oversaw and maintained the celestial armory.

The Pig Farm originally had one small adobe house, which rapidly expanded to include two large mobile homes, seven acres of farmland dedicated to alfalfa, a vegetable garden, a washing machine run by a gasoline lawn-mower engine and a fan belt, a hot water heater that was heated by burning wood, and a Ford "Farmall" tractor.

All this required water, lots of it, which we got from a small spring-fed reservoir located about three miles eastward up the canyon. Our Land Cruiser, towing a trailer loaded with 55-gallon drums, trucked the water in.

This labor-intensive task prompted us to hire the local well-digger, Jesus Bernal, who was sixty-five years of age and required

¹³ Gringo: This term derives from Irish immigrants who used to link hands, dance around in a circle, and sing "Green Grows the Grass of Ireland." They became known as "Green Grows."

five dollars a day plus a constant supply of tequila and pure cane alcohol to keep him going. He dug a concrete-lined well, twenty feet deep and four and one-half feet in diameter, and the Farm members finished it up and installed a pump.

We had to finish it because Bernal was discharged for stealing some of our piglets.

A pressurized water supply for domestic and irrigation purposes put the Pig Farm on line for easy living and agricultural production.

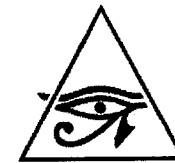


Back in California, the members who were out on bail, plus many members not wanted for any reason by the Establishment, held a massive "yard sale" at Solar Ranch and at *The Eye of Horus* bookstore in Blythe. After that, all the holdings along the Colorado River were abandoned.

With the leadership of the Lodge exiled down at the Mexican Pig Farm, there was no point in trying to continue the Colorado River desert operations.

Instead, the proceeds from the sales, along with the rental income from the apartment buildings in Los Angeles, were put to use in rebuilding and maintaining the Lodge deep in Baja California.

Remnants of the Solar Ranch buildings and the Barris Pile remained intact for years, but by the 1980's it was all gone except for the concrete foundations, which still remain today and can be visited via *Google Earth*®.



Chapter 31 Enter the Caliph

Grady Louis McMurtry [October 18, 1918 – July 12, 1985] was a student of Aleister Crowley. He is best known for reviving the fraternal organization, Ordo Templi Orientis, which he headed from 1971 until his death in 1985.

NOT LONG AFTER THE DISPERSAL of the remaining assets at Solar Ranch and in Blythe had begun, a former Agape Lodge member and Crowley disciple, Grady McMurtry, visited our addresses in Los Angeles as well as driving out to both Solar Ranch and *The Eye of Horus* in Blythe.

McMurtry had recently announced the claim that he was the head (or, as he put it at the time, "Caliph") of the O.T.O., and that he was also acting as a Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the Order. In keeping with this position, he had set forth on a reconnaissance mission.

It seems that he was not only intent on checking us out in general, but that he was specifically looking for any evidence that Solar Lodge members had been responsible for the break-in at Sascha Germer's house.

According to his own written accounts, he ended up playing a seemingly endless game of hide-and-seek with our Frater Apollo, who was very skilled at evasion as he was also waltzing around with the F.B.I.

McMurtry's visit happened to coincide with the "yard sale" at Solar Ranch and *The Eye of Horus* and, by his own account, he

purchased quite a pile of material from both the ranch and the store, including one of the full-sized reproductions of the *Stele of Revealing* that was issued to all new members.

He later professed outrage at finding rare books, supposedly stolen from West Point, for sale at high prices in *The Eye of Horus* bookstore.

While he was correct in his surmise that members of the Lodge had been responsible for the theft, he was quite wrong about any of the spoils being offered for sale in the bookshop.

To my knowledge, any books offered for sale at *The Eye of Horus* were standard, older works that had been previously purchased from other stores. Almost all the West Point material had vanished in the Solar Ranch firestorm.

I had personally sifted through the ashes and viewed the useless remains of the Crowley diaries, documents and robes.

It is certainly possible that a few very, inconsequential books and papers got mixed in with the rest of the odds and ends that had survived the blaze and were subsequently put up for sale at the bookstore, but that would have been minimal, if at all.

There were a number of manuscripts and carbon copies of letters that were still in Los Angeles at the time of the blaze, and these had been forwarded to the Pig Farm.

None of this was really rare material and it demonstrated absolutely no further use to us in our present situation or in our future plans. Its very existence seemed an encumbrance and a liability to us, so after meticulously reviewing every sheet we burned them.

The one exception to this fiery carnage was Crowley's book of Abramelin talismans.

This did survive, as it was constantly in Capricornus' possession.

Not long after McMurtry's investigative tour, a letter was brought to Capricornus. McMurtry had mailed it to her at our Los Angeles address and Frater Vulcan brought it down to us at the Pig Farm in Mexico.

Among other things, and in no uncertain terms, the letter charged her to appear before him. It was accompanied by two photographs, one of which everyone immediately agreed displayed a state of altered consciousness.

In the other photograph (see the *Illustrations* section), McMurtry was holding aloft the *Stele of Revealing* he had bought at Blythe.

To McMurtry, the purchase of the *Stele*, and the destruction that had descended upon Solar Lodge, had been a personal sign. In his letter, he quoted several passages from *The Book of the Law* including: "... thou shalt buy thee an image which I will show thee, especial, not unlike the one thou knowest. And it shall be suddenly easy for thee to do this," and also "That stele they shall call the Abomination of Desolation ..."

As far as he was concerned, Capricornus and Sol had brought the wrath of Horus upon themselves by "meddling in the affairs of the Temple."

He charged them to appear before him promptly, and warned: "So far He has only shown you his displeasure. I would not care to know his IRE."

Needless to say, Capricornus never did appear before McMurtry.

However, Frater Sol replied by return mail, sending a letter that Capricornus and I helped to draft. This letter suggested that we join forces rather than become adversaries.

Instead of sending it back for mailing from Los Angeles, and expecting a reply there as well, Frater Sol simply mailed it from Mexico. *Oh Boy! - How stupid can you get?*

McMurtry was clearly unimpressed by our suggestion and replied with a furious letter.

He also turned over Sol's contact details to the F.B.I. -Thus, we would soon be hearing from that illustrious agency, but not until a few more months went by.



Those who had been arrested finally went to court, where the district attorney dropped the charges! What a surprise.

As the members left the courtroom, they were immediately re-arrested, but this time on new warrants issued by the Grand Jury. This seemed to have been done so as to keep them in jail, and not out running around on bail. But the bondsman from Indio agreed to transfer the original bonds to these new arrests and everyone remained free until the next court appearance.

Another probable reason for a Grand Jury indictment was that the circumstances surrounding the first arrests were somewhat vague. Soror Ma had disappeared and the man who "wanted to buy a horse" seemed to be unavailable.

THE MOST IMPORTANT TESTIMONY

When the trial finally got underway, the most important testimony came from the doctor who examined the child immediately after his rescue by the Deputy Sheriff.

The doctor essentially stated that he was ... "A normal six-year old boy, perhaps a bit dirty, but showing no signs of dehydration or malnutrition."

This statement is simply not consistent with the allegation that the child was burned, continually beaten, and imprisoned for 57 days in heat that reached up to 118° F.

Nonetheless, the hammer fell.

A few members received a felony conviction and six months in jail; a few members received a misdemeanor conviction and three months in jail; some members received a not-guilty judgement and consequently no jail time.

One member (perhaps two) turned "state's witness" and quietly slipped out the side door.



Back in Mexico, the Pig Farm became a hive of activity. Virtually all the members who were still remaining were gradually introduced to the secret rancho down in Mexico.

Money, food, supplies, building materials, equipment and frozen garbage (for the pigs) were brought in from restaurants and rest homes in The United States. Frater Kuat's family owned several skilled nursing facilities plus a wholesale food market that provided a lot of leftover food for the animals and canned food for the people. Construction began on pig pens, chicken houses, goat pens and cow corrals.

Like an imitation of Noah's Ark and Solar Ranch, the Pig Farm accumulated pairs of turkeys (the stupidest birds in existence), chickens, ducks, guinea fowl (the loudest birds in existence), peacocks, goats, more pigs and a single calf.

As life ~~seemed~~ once again to return to normal, retrospective insight revealed that Solar Lodge had just gone through the real-life ceremony of the third degree, which represents death.

Now, you may remember that the fourth degree represents the world *after* death and that it can be administered in a tent-like *Tabernacle in the Wilderness*.

So a large tent was erected to the delight of Jesus Bernal who, in his child-like manner, proclaimed the coming of *un circo* ("a circus"). Most of the members arrived for first, second, third and *fourth* degree initiation ceremonies. Solar Lodge was back in business.



One particular ceremony was held, the nature of which was *not* of the style to which the Lodge had become accustomed.

Capricornus decided that it had now become necessary to strike out magically in self-defense and that task was delegated (of course) to me. I thereupon reluctantly set forth a magickal current of destruction aimed at the prime movers of the inquisition. It took some time, but they all, without exception, fell into disgrace.

This operation involved the business cards of the specific, identifiable leaders of the small army that was pursuing us. Members were asked to visit Blythe and obtain any cards that we did not already have in our possession.

Have you heard of the *magickal link*? Here we gathered several of them.

Please note that Grady McMurtry was *not* on the list of invitations to this event as he had not yet become a "player" in this game. He was not considered to be an enemy.

It was not until 2007 that I learned that it was *he* who gave up our location in Mexico to the F.B.I. We had always incorrectly suspected that one of our members had been tailed "south of the border," but this was not the case.

A particular Abramelin talisman was selected and removed from the Crowley book that held these little powerhouses. It was one of those that "caused confusion in the minds of one's enemies," or words to that effect.

A fully ceremonial application of this talisman to the various links was enacted.

Please note that it was right about this time that the disinformation and confusion started. One might actually be able to see how a talisman of this nature could play a major role in creating the many erroneous myths of Solar Lodge.

Since I was the one who wielded that talisman, letting the genie out of the bottle so to speak, I guess it's only fair that I get to tell the first-hand story of how it really happened. Then, with the genie once again in his bottle, we can all take a mental rest.



During this general time period, IX° initiations were bestowed on Frater Vulcan and Soror Sekhmet.

Vulcan was a fairly tall, pleasantly-mannered man, about twenty-six years old at this time, who weighed in at 180 pounds. He was a graduate engineer, a mechanical wizard and the primary overseer of the Order's properties in Los Angeles.

He also had a history that was, and would continue to be, associated with violent death. His previous wife had died in an automobile accident and Soror Sekhmet, his present wife, was destined to later take her own life.

Soror Sekhmet, a statuesque beauty who stood 5'10", had joined the Order in 1967 along with her then-boyfriend, Frater Milarepa. In 1968, Milarepa suffered fatal injuries in another automobile accident. After a while Sekhmet linked up with Frater Vulcan, and the two ended up marrying, ostensibly "for income tax purposes."

They were administering the Los Angeles properties with the assistance of manager Apollo and several other members.



This quiet time in rural Mexico was our time of maximum expansion in group consciousness. Having abandoned most of the luxuries and gadgets of modern daily living in favor of the simpler life of agrarian peasantry, what did we turn our attention to?

We decided to build a flying saucer!

I don't remember where they came from, but we had a set of plans for constructing an anti-gravitational, inverted, saucer-

shaped, flying machine, based on a flat platform.¹⁴ We submitted the plans to our consulting engineer, Frater Vulcan.

He studied them for a few days, then he said, "Theoretically it will work, but it's like pulling yourself up by your own bootstraps ... It would also be very dangerous!"

I want you to have a good laugh with me about this strange turn of affairs. But then let's remember that there are certain "way-out" neurocircuits that are specifically activated by psychedelics that deal with this sort of thing, and also that there is an archetypal Order of ascension, a completely separate lineage within the White Brotherhood, that is based on these fabulous ships of the inner planes.¹⁵

Regardless of the source of our inspiration, the decision to actually undertake this dangerous enterprise was immediately made ... and then nothing further happened.

I consider this to be a fortunate outcome, because knowing how these things had gone in the past, I would have probably been the test pilot on the first flight.



After the rites of self-defense and initiation were completed and the flying saucer project was relegated to the back burner, Capricornus decided to move back into civilization.

A group of five members stayed at the Pig Farm and seven members moved to a large rented house, the so-called "Ensenada Lodge," where a varied number of members from the U.S.A. would visit each weekend.

The Ensenada Lodge, a former house of ill-repute, was a two-story affair with a courtyard that overlooked Ensenada from its position high up on a hill in an obscure residential neighborhood.

The commanding officer of the local military base lived right

¹⁴ The "wheel in the midst of a wheel" (Ezekiel 1:16; 10:10) appears to be a type of gyroscope assembly - one wheel is near the position of each of the cherubim. In Ezekiel 1:12, 17 and 10:11, the fact that "they turned not as they went" also confirms some form of gyroscopic platform. Even physical gyroscopic platforms in the guidance systems of airliners or guidance missiles always keep the same orientation – that is, they never turn. Thus, as the platform described by Ezekiel travels across the universe, it maintains the same orientation.

¹⁵ Frater Shiva. *Encounters with the Light*. ©2011 by ASI. A free copy can be yours upon request.

next door. He was a friend of Frater Mont. They "used to go hunting together."

It was here in Ensenada that the Lodge began performing the *Gnostic Mass* on a regular, weekly schedule, with myself acting as the Priest, Soror Sekhmet assuming the role of the High Priestess, and various, rotating initiates officiating as the Deacon and the two children..

Lest there be any false conclusions drawn here, it should be noted that Soror Sekhmet and I never had even so much as a single, meaningful, personal conversation. In 1967, immediately prior to her I° initiation, she and I passed each other in a dark hallway. I was attired in my black robe and armed with my traditional, magickal dagger. She later admitted that the sight of me passing by her at that time absolutely terrified her, a feeling that never went away whenever when she was in my presence.

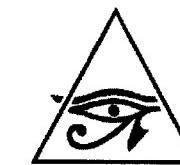
One weekend, Frater Luna visited The Ensenada Lodge and displayed a newly acquired .22 caliber, semi-automatic pistol that looked exactly like a miniature, submachine gun.

Not wanting to be hassled upon his return to the U.S.A., he wired this pistol to the frame of his car in a relatively obscure position. Then he crossed the border and waited in line for clearance to proceed.

Well, the U.S. Border Patrol promptly selected his automobile for a "secondary inspection" and they went through it completely. Upon finding the "hidden" pistol, an Officer said, "Don't you know firearms are illegal in Mexico?"

To which Frater Luna replied, "Yeah! But I'm not *in* Mexico!"

The Officer stared at him for a space of time and then, realizing the truth of Frater Luna's statement, he said, "Okay. You can go."



Chapter 32 Fire on the Mountain

The crisis of the burning ground is entered through the free choice of the initiate who makes this choice at the point of balance where the moment for the reversal of the wheel takes place. There the man has to decide whether to proceed as usual and according to custom or, reversing the wheel, to pass through the burning ground to liberation. - *Condensed from A Treatise on Cosmic Fire* ^{xxxiv}

THE TRAVELER

IN HEXAGRAM 56 of the *I Ching*, *Kên*, the mountain, stands still; upon the mountain top, *Li*, fire, burns upward.

"The two trigrams do not stay together.
A man's house has burned down.
Strange lands and separation are the wanderer's lot.
When a man is a wanderer, he must not be arrogant.
He has no large circle of associates,
therefore he should not give himself airs." ^{xxxv}

One evening in the Ensenada Lodge we held an elaborate version of the Gnostic Mass. The use of the magickal libation had been authorized.

After the Mass, a splendid affair, perhaps our best effort of this rite ever held, I performed a Tarot divination. Capricornus shuffled the cards on behalf of the querant: *Solar Lodge*.

It was a good reading; that is it showed things moving along

without a lot of difficulties and endowed with assorted archetypal insignias. But there was a matter of the first card, the *self* of the Order, the *guru*, having her authority challenged.

"I think there's already been a lot of that lately!" she said. That exclamation was directed at three or four people, but especially toward myself. Here is the matter that, at least partly, provoked that comment ...

In an effort to keep the cash flow moving, Frater Mont, the street-wise entrepreneur of Mexico, suggested we manufacture donuts, which he would sell to the merry cafés of Ensenada. There were no donuts in Mexico! He felt they would go over big.

Capricornus thought this was a great idea and she converted the Grand Tabernacle of the Holy Royal Arch of Enoch that I had built by hand in the lower level into a donut factory!

I spent many hours installing and maintaining the mixers, stoves and fryers; stainless steel gleaming everywhere, all fired by propane or driven by electricity.

Other members formed work groups and they made donuts by the hundreds. Frater Mont was right. The Mexican population became quickly addicted to a sustained first wave of donuts. They called them *donas*.

One must always take caution against doing a job too well. The factory became so trustworthy that I didn't need to constantly attend it. I was able to apply some time towards the reconstruction of the fifth degree.

By "reconstruction" I mean that the three degrees of the oasis, arranged by Crowley under a certain *Islamic* bent, and the fourth degree of the tabernacle, being essentially Masonic and biblical in nature, had been manifested in full, living, daily form on the physical plane. But, perfect magicians or not, we were also dwelling in *pralaya*, the restful bliss of the dead.

The V° draws on the tradition of the Golden Dawn and the various Rosicrucian societies. But the current rites had not been revised into the language of Thelema by *Baphomet X°*, or in his secret name as Outer Head of the Order, *Phoenix*, as he had done with the *Sultan of Egypt* degrees in the oasis. Which is important, for the Hawk of *Thelema* and the Phoenix archetype are the same as the Pelican of the Rosy Cross.

So, here I was, tuning up *Baphomet's fifth* into a Qabalistically-balanced rite of Heliopolis, complete with inner and outer courts, and at the same time, it seemed like I was expected to be on the donut assembly line.

This was another way the cracking egg manifested. I was never ordered to work, but my absence brought about a resentment from the boss of the donut factory, a facility that I still maintained and repaired on a regular basis. I guess you could say it was a "difference in interpretation of my job description."

After the divination though, everyone was fairly content. Then I saw a flickering light outside the front window.

I walked over and saw a fierce fire rushing down the mountain toward our Lodge. Mexican farmers deliberately set fire to their fields in the high spring winds as part of their inherited "slash and burn" style of crop production, and these "field fires" often spread and rage unchecked throughout the surrounding countryside.

But they usually don't come riding right into town. Here we were - high up on a hill - right at the edge of the city, and here it came down from the mountain!

Capricornus was standing next to me and I said, "Look at that. It's Taphtharath and his legions marching at us right out of hell!" It was true - I could see these things, and so could she.

She turned suddenly away, saying, "Don't look at it!" Then she left the room.

Well, the rest of us kept looking out our wide second story window. In the dimly-lit winding street below, Frater Zak suddenly appeared, clad in his hooded black robe and armed with his magickal dagger. He wandered up and down in front of the Lodge, gazing intently at the flames.

"Nothing like advertising what we're up to for the neighbors," I dryly commented to the others. Then I sent someone down to fetch him back inside. This would still have been in the hours of the strongest effects of the libation.

I cautioned the Soror who went to retrieve him to use pentagrams upon exiting the front door and to seal the door behind her in a similar manner upon gaining readmission.

No neighbors came out and no cars passed by before he was brought inside without incident. Our shroud remained intact. But

the fire kept coming, riding the ridges like blazing banshees less than a quarter-mile away.

So I called the group to concentration and we performed the banishing ritual of the pentagram and the Invocation of Thoth, who is also called Mercury.

With Taphtharath being the spirit of Mercury, sort of like a fiery *Ape of Thoth*, and myself feeling full of Thoth, I stepped back to the window and confronted the demon.

There would be no self-styled, heroic battles here! I called upon everyone to assist me, and I directed their attention to various landmarks on the mountainside. It was these points that we connected together to form an electromagnetic barrier, the projected outer perimeter of our magickal circle.

The next morning, no one could tell any difference between the hard line of our thoughts and the edge of the burned area. The fire had burned right up to our projected perimeter, and then it had retreated back to being merely a *Fire on the Mountain*.

This was the night the egg began to crack.

There is no egg in *the Legend of the Phoenix*.

Nevertheless, there is an eggshell-like, electromagnetic membrane that defines the separation point between the decomposing body of the parent bird (in this case the Lodge) and the individualized rising Phoenix.

Some call it *Paroketh*.

This was the night that the questionable authority of the *guru* came to light, followed by the remnants of the Solar Ranch firestorm chasing after us even into Mexico. And it was the night that the *guru* turned her back on the flames and on us, retreating into what would quickly become an habitual intoxication.



On this dark fiery night, we held the line by our own authority. We "pushed the envelope" to its maximum and we stopped Taphtharath's rampage, but in the process we cracked the egg. Then, slowly, month by month, year by year, the birds would take flight.

Everyone is born but once, yet the initiate is said to be "twice born" once the light first comes into his or her consciousness. Even though it rapidly becomes the lesser light of the inflated ego, the

inherent consciousness still expands in relation to its environment, its group, until there comes a fiery flashing forth of a firebird in what is called "thrice born."



The *Tong* was now beginning to manifest, right here in Ensenada, in a donut factory in our basement. From this point on, *work* would be increasing in a never-ending demand.

And as the demand rose, there were psychedelic ceremonies once every other weekend. After ether was added to the ongoing rites, the grand ceremonies in the front room ended, the last one being *The Fire on the Mountain*.

Instead, everyone would gather in the smaller sitting room, shoulder to shoulder on couches. The rituals would be performed, but soon the ether, mixed with the acid, would have everyone intoxicated in a lethargic manner.

In order to keep things balanced, I introduced a new concept, and we began by intoning THE CRY OF THE THIRTIETH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED TEX, both in Enochian and English with alchemical assistance, yours truly presiding.

Two weeks later, the main attraction was THE CRY OF THE TWENTY-NINTH AETHYR, WHICH IS CALLED RII, but we never got any further than that.

Frater Perdurabo had a similar difficulty:

A NOTE Concerning the thirty Aethyrs:

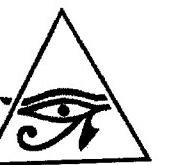
The Visions of the 29th and 30th Aethyrs were given to me in Mexico in 1900, and I am now (1909) trying to get the rest.

- Crowley xxxvi

The biting odor of ether came to be in the air every evening - and then even in the afternoons as well. The atmosphere changed into an hysterical, drunken debauch, fueled by the *guru's* desire to wallow on the lower levels of the astral plane.

I could see all this happening because others were soaked in ether, but I had taken only the libation, foregoing the noxious vapor for its comatose ways.

I had to, as they say, "Stand and Deliver!"



Chapter 33 Excommunication

Excommunication is a religious censure used to deprive, suspend or limit membership in a spiritual community. In some societies, excommunication includes spiritual condemnation of the member. It may involve banishment, shunning, and shaming, depending on the doctrine, the offense that caused the problem, or the rules or norms of the community.

- Condensed from Wikipedia

ALL THE TIME we were in Mexico, the F.B.I. maintained a constant presence that intimidated and unnerved a number of the members. Much of the disharmony that now came to arise within the group was probably partially triggered by the stress that this engendered.

Soror Sekhmet, who was assisting Frater Vulcan in the management of the Los Angeles properties, showed up one weekend at the Ensenada Lodge and complained about uncontrollable fears that were gripping her entire being.

Her nerves were obviously "shot" and she appeared to be constantly trembling and was emotionally withdrawn.

Capricornus, and some of the others, had simply sought escape by going on a continuous, ether-fueled bender (something they had not previously indulged in great quantities) and they became increasingly intoxicated.

Although Aleister Crowley recommended ether as an aid to introspective analysis, I personally hate the stuff! For one thing, it smells bad.

If it is slowly metered into your respiratory system, it will certainly get you out of your body and keep you in a semi-comatose state all night, but this then leads to a horrible, nauseous, odor-radiating hangover throughout all of the following day.

Well, I could take this nonsense no longer and I cried out in disgust, forcibly confiscating their ether rags and reminding them of their oath to moderate such activities.

Capricornus actually ended up physically attacking me in an ether-enhanced rage. As she cried out, "You Bastard!" and swung a wide, roundhouse punch at me, I easily caught her wrist and then held it immobile as I stared directly into her eyes. When she finally stopped struggling I released her wrist and walked out of the room.

This resulted in my banishment by Capricornus to the Pig Farm in January of 1971, but the "bad news" was announced to me by Frater Sol, for Capricornus could no longer face me directly.

Meanwhile the F.B.I. had notified its Mexican contacts that we fugitives were in the area and further told them that we were wanted for "sacrificing babies."

After all, if you want to get the cooperation of Mexican authorities it has to be with a lot of money or a chillingly good story. But the Order, with its own intricate spy system, found out about the closing net before it completely contracted.

The manager of the trailer park in Ensenada, a Freemason and a long-time friend of Frater Mont, had recently joined the Order, becoming Frater Nat.

Conveniently for us, Nat's brother-in-law was the local F.B.I. informant in Ensenada. The snitch flashed the photos of the fugitives (us) to Frater Nat, asking if he knew them.

He said, "Yes - But they moved away." Shortly thereafter he drove over to The Ensenada Lodge and spilled the beans.



In January of 1971, when I was banished to the Pig Farm as sort of a Siberian treatment for the recalcitrant, I took stock of my situation and remembered that it was said that, "If one performs the practices from *The Inner Teacher* three times a day for thirty days, a result is guaranteed!"

So I decided to perform the full compliment of magickal and meditational practices four times a day, and I looked forward to the

ending of the thirty-day timespan.

On the evening of the twenty-ninth day my meditation held a surprise. Upon inhaling and holding my breath during the *pranayama* "Master Breath," a flash of lightning hit me right between my eyebrows and literally threw me across the small room. There were no drugs involved.

Upon coming to myself (for I had been momentarily unconscious), I found that I was still tightly locked in my cross-legged *asana* position, but I was also tilted against the wall about three feet from my original position.

When I was finally able to sit upright I opened the door in front of me and saw several members outside who were gazing at the darkest part of a full lunar eclipse.

The next evening, which was the thirtieth and last day of the series, the final meditation, there were even more interesting results. I performed the practices and realized *no result whatsoever*.

So I simply appealed to my inner self, indicating that the practice was complete, that I was bored, and that I was ready for the next step. Whereupon there *instantly* came a knock upon the door directly in front of me. I reached up and opened it, and Frater Sol proclaimed, "The F.B.I. is here and we have thirty minutes to pack and leave!"

It was time to take off again. The Pig Farm was entrusted to a few members who had valid Mexican Visas and were not on the "wanted" list. Frater Mont was left to defend The Ensenada Lodge all by himself.

Frater Mont versus The Mexican Federales turned into a lengthy battle of wit and will. After six hours of questioning him and searching the house, four *Federales* with machine guns finally took him down into the donut factory basement and threatened to torture him.

Fortunately, their *Jefe* ("chief") intervened, saying, "Leave him alone - I know his father!"



A massive, Nixon-backed, anti-drug program called **OPERATION INTERCEPT** had recently been set in motion at the Mexican border. This meant tight security accompanied by a new computerized

vehicle license-tracking system. So Frater Kuat (he was never "wanted") ran the escape vehicle across the United States border at Tijuana to make certain it was not on the Border Patrol computer list. Then he returned to Ensenada and delivered the vehicle to Capricornus, Sol, Frater Apollo, and me.

We then drove to the gate into the United States at Mexicali. The Border Patrol decided to go thoroughly through all of our bags. No drugs, no guns, no liquor. And not even any identification was required. Whew! Slipped through again.

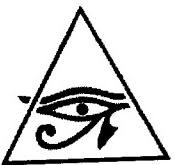
Capricornus had been antagonistic towards me ever since I had put an end to the ether binge (don't expect any thanks if you deprive an addict of their drug, no matter how good your intentions or how beneficial the outcome!). Recent events had only served to exacerbate the tension that had grown between us and our relationship remained strained and distant.

During an informal, group meeting that had taken place about a year earlier, Capricornus had looked at me and said, "I don't know if I really want you on my side, but I certainly don't *ever* want you to be my enemy!" But now she was doing her best to have that scenario become a reality.

I had done the unthinkable. I had berated the brethren and the *guru* for their drunken ways; and I had confiscated their ether.

I was banished to live with the pigs for that. There would never be a formal fifth degree, nor would I ever be arranging any further ceremonies of any kind for the Tong.

With all that simmering in the background, we settled into a motel in Santa Monica and, after about two weeks of regrouping and rethinking, I suggested that we try Canada next.



Chapter 34 Phoenix

"All symbols have their origin in something tangible, and the Phoenix is one sign of the secret orders of the ancient world and of the initiate of those orders."

- Manly P. Hall ^{xxxvii}

THE PHOENIX is said by some to arise in Arabia once every five-hundred years, born fully-formed from the decaying body of its parent.

It then flies to Egypt, bearing the corpse of its father in a ball of myrrh.

Arriving at the great Temple of the Sun in Heliopolis, it builds a nest of Acacia twigs, enhanced with rare scents of frankincense and myrrh, upon the altar of Ra.

Then, sitting upon this nest, the bird initiates a spontaneous combustion, reducing itself and the nest to ashes.

A new-born Phoenix arises fully-grown from the ashes, which then lives for five-hundred years before dying in the desert then and repeating the cycle.

The Phoenix's ability to be reborn from its own ashes implies that it is immortal, although in some legends the new Phoenix is merely viewed as the offspring of the older one.

Sometimes, the firebird is said to be able to change into a human being.

Within myself, there is only one way that I can account for the fiery phenomenon of Solar Lodge.

The correlation is so obvious that there might even be others who agree with me when I say, "Solar Lodge was a manifestation of the ancient Phoenix archetype in modern times on a rather large scale."



1965 Birth of a Firebird. The first gesture in the *Rite of the Phoenix*.

THE PHOENIX IS SAID TO ARISE IN ARABIA ONCE EVERY FIVE-HUNDRED YEARS, BORN FROM THE DECAYING BODY OF ITS PARENT.

Solar Lodge arose in the (Arabic) tent of Saladin within the city of Los Angeles, born from the decaying body of Agape Lodge.



1967 Flying to Egypt. The second gesture in the *Rite of the Phoenix*.

THE PHOENIX THEN FLIES TO EGYPT, BEARING THE CORPSE OF ITS FATHER IN A BALL OF MYRRH.

Solar Lodge then conducted caravans into the desert, bearing remnants of Agape Lodge wrapped in wool and silk and packed in boxes.



1968 Building the Nest. The third gesture in the *Rite of the Phoenix*.

ARRIVING AT THE GREAT TEMPLE OF THE SUN IN HELIOPOLIS, IT BUILDS A NEST OF ACACIA TWIGS, ENHANCED WITH RARE SCENTS, UPON THE ALTAR OF RA.

Arriving at Solar Ranch, we built a retreat out of concrete and wood and steel, enhanced with flammable liquids, upon a foursquare plot of desert land.



1969 Ignition of Solar Ranch.

The fourth gesture in the Rite of the Phoenix.

THEN, SITTING UPON THIS NEST, THE BIRD INITIATES A SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION, REDUCING ITSELF AND THE NEST TO ASHES.

Then, retiring completely to Solar Ranch, the Order underwent a spontaneous combustion, reducing itself and the Ranch to ashes.



1970 Resurrection.

The fifth gesture in the Rite of the Phoenix.

A NEW-BORN PHOENIX ARISES FULLY-GROWN FROM THE ASHES ...

Solar Lodge reorganized itself by opening the Tabernacle of The Holy Royal Arch of Enoch; that is, the IV^o in the world beyond death.

Note: This is the time when the Abramelin talisman "to cause confusion" was used against the Inquisition; rumors, myths and lies began to spread, veiling the *Legend of Solar Lodge* in mystery for decades to come.



1971 Kundalini Solo.

The sixth gesture in the Rite of the Phoenix.

... WHICH THEN LIVES FOR FIVE-HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE DYING AND REPEATING THE CYCLE

Solar Lodge centralized itself in the Ensenada Lodge, where initiation ceremonies up to the Perfect Initiate degree and the Knight of the East and West were undertaken.

Note: The Ensenada Lodge was where I, as an individual, stood before the outermost veil of the Order. To go past that veil, one had to go solo. From this point on, members would be "seeing the light" in a very literal sense, and out of the corpse of its dead parent they would arise, each an individual Phoenix bearing an ember of the fire that is capable of igniting a new nest.



1972 Kundalini Solo.

The seventh gesture in the Rite of the Phoenix.



IN SOME CASES, THE FIREBIRD IS ABLE TO CHANGE INTO A HUMAN BEING.

Well, of course the firebird is human. That's why an initiate is called a "Phoenix."



It might lend understanding to aspirants who find themselves in similar circumstances to know about the concept called, *Blowing up the Ashram*.

You start with an *Order* or an *Ashram* or a *Lodge* - This would be a metaphysical group that has made solid spiritual progress but, still being an "outer order," it is a mixture of egos and aspirations, good and evil, and all the other terms we use for duality.

The individual members eventually become dis-heartened or stifled due to the constraints imposed by the *guru* or the group.

All this is being watched by the Master on the Inner planes - you know, one of the *Mahatmas* or what we might call the *Secret Chiefs*.

The group eventually attains to a mystically-operative, sense of harmonious internal and external *synchronization*. This is a critical prerequisite. This can be compared to "Building the Tower of Babylon."

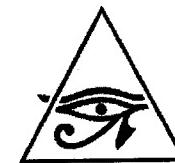
Seeing that the group has essentially reached its limits and is now balanced, the Master drops a bomb right dead-center in the middle of the harmony.

Of course, he (or she) doesn't really drop a physical bomb, although it can have the same effect. It is actually a strong influx of pure energy. Think of that card we call "The Blasted Tower," for it is the primary archetype at work here.

The aftereffect is that some disheartened members run off or drift away, while other previously-stifled members rise to the surface and move on to the next level of consciousness. This is also called, "Separating the Sheep from the Goats."

This is exactly what happened at Solar Ranch in a classical, archetypal presentation, and it is what may happen to many other selected, progressive, outer groups.

The cosmic lightning flash pertains both to the individual and to eligible groups everywhere.



Chapter 35

North of the Border

Canada is a country located in the northern part of the North American continent. It is the world's second largest country by total area. Canada's common border with the United States is the longest in the world.

- condensed from Wikipedia

OUR ESCAPE PARTY arrived in Vancouver, British Columbia, just as the Spring sun of 1971 was melting away the last remnants of winter snow.

We checked in to a motel for the first night in Canada. We saw that the newspaper had an article in it about the unregulated use of marijuana in a place called "Gastown."

Gastown was a section of the waterfront where ships used to unload natural gas. That was all gone now, long ago replaced by saloons. Yes, real saloons where music played and young people sat around tables drinking beer and playing cards.

We picked a saloon and walked inside, where we were immediately swept away by the heavy cloud of cannabis smoke. We didn't see any peddlers or dispensing machines, so we walked over to a fellow sitting alone at a table and asked, "Any grass for sale around here?"

"Have a seat," he said. We pulled up chairs.

He reached under the table and pulled out a clear plastic, one pound bag of grass and tossed it on the table. "How much do you want?" he asked.

I thought Frater Neb was going to have a fit.

He grabbed the bag, saying, "Hey! Be cool, man!" as he shoved it back onto the guy's lap under the table.

Our dealer laughed out loud. "It's okay, man!" he said.

Everybody called everybody "man" in those days.

As we looked more closely around the room, it seemed like every table had a small bag of grass, or a smoking brass pipe, or somebody was hand-rolling a joint.

The strange part was that nobody, not a single person, thought that this was unusual in any way.



We spent one month as tenants in a basement apartment where I slept on the couch. That scenario soon gave way to the renting of a farm about an hour's drive east of Vancouver. Several additional members from the United States and Mexico joined us at this new location.

The ten-acre farm at Langley was clearly divided into farm and forest. Up "front" in the west there were five acres of cleared farmland with a house and some outbuildings, and the "back" five acres were still ancient forest. It was located half a mile north of the border that divided The United States from Canada.

A few times I walked way out back and went deep into the forest. It was a wonderfully secluded, quiet place where one could meditate in peace.

We began to assemble the usual collection of chickens, rabbits and other small animals. We male members formed a gardening team. Each weekday we would get into our 1948 Chevrolet panel truck, loaded with gardening equipment, and proceed to mow the expansive lawns and trim the extensive flowerbeds of the most beautiful gardens in Vancouver. This went on for several months.

One day, after work, I took a walk out back into the forest and sat in meditation for a while. Then I went inside to my room, for I was banished to isolation when not working, and I sank into silent despair.

My segregation, combined with the condescending, stupid and superior attitudes of most of the membership, led me to admit to myself that everything was going wrong and staying that way.

I could not and *would not* leave the Order, for I was firmly committed to the Spiritual Path. Yet all was amiss, and I simply fell

onto my bed with a firm resolve to die!

I'm not trying to be dramatic here. I just simply gave it all up in what seemed like an ultimate rejection. There were no drugs involved in this scenario.

Lying on my back I sensed and *saw* my etheric body expanding and rising away from my physical body.

This gave me cause for alarm and I involuntarily withdrew back into my physical vehicle. But then I reaffirmed my "death wish."

My etheric body ascended and separated completely from my dense body, and I became aware of rising up and entering a vast, soft, dark womb wherein I completely lost consciousness.

Upon regaining my conscious senses some twenty minutes later, I noticed that I was filled with an overpowering sense of universal love. All the misery and despair that I had experienced only a few minutes before had been completely transformed.

And to my amazement, right there in the center of my room, was a miniature Sun! Although this Star was undoubtedly subjective, it certainly appeared to me to be fully manifested in objective reality.

A soundless, internal conversation that was *very* precise took place between myself and this Sun.

To my astonishment, I was slowly lead to the realization that I could leave the Order and still move forward on the Spiritual Path (a hitherto incomprehensible concept). In fact, it was explained, I *must* leave if I was to remain on the Path!

I finally got the picture and was ready to pack that very instant and to simply get into one of our many automobiles and drive away, something that many members did in later years.

But the Sun advised patience, explaining that the time would come naturally and of its own accord.

As this vision slowly dimmed, I felt my power and position as an officer in Solar Lodge simultaneously fade away, and I was acutely aware of the sensation as my "officership" transferred directly into Frater Mont.

This phenomenon is well known in Tibet and several other Oriental countries. It is the "reincarnation" or "transmigration" of an astral (or higher) entity that overshadows mystics and magicians.

Frater Mont did indeed become the next "right-hand man" in line under Capricornus. He later reported to me that he too had felt the transfer happening at that same time.



Sol just couldn't take the pressure any more and so he went back alone to The United States to defend his honor, to save his frozen retirement bank account, and to do battle with the Establishment.

Capricornus soon decided to follow him.

In August of 1971 a general pullout from Canada was announced. I was asked to "cover the retreat."

And I did - by moving into my own apartment and inheriting the panel truck, the gardening tools, and many of the fast-growing lawns and beautiful gardens of Vancouver that needed careful tending.

This, of course, was the ideal way to get rid of me, for I was no longer unquestioningly going along with Capricornus and her sour attitude and ever-changing plans.

At the last minute, I received a telephone call from Frater Vulcan who spoke the words, "Jean says you can stay there or come along - it's up to you."

I replied, "No, everything is already arranged and I'm nicely settled in. You guys just go along and I'll cover the retreat." I did not add that this was now the time that a certain "Sun" had promised.

Thus Capricornus and all the others returned to Los Angeles, determined to wage a behind-the-scenes battle with the authorities.

There was absolutely nothing to do in terms of "covering their retreat." They simply ceased to exist. I remained alone in Canada and the F.B.I. was still looking for everyone.

However, I had adopted a new identity and was actually in possession of a full set of official documents, including a Canadian passport.

It was during the period that now arose that I decided to undertake the Invocation of the Holy Guardian Angel. I started to gather various instruments and began to design the ceremony.

Little did I know that it would be three more years before that rite actually commenced.

Synchronistic Entertainment

The movie *Billy Jack*, released in 1971, is a tale about a woman named Jean who ran a ranch that was invaded by local conservatives. Many scenes are reminiscent of Solar Lodge in 1969.

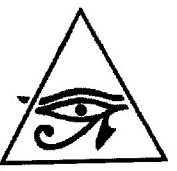
Zabriskie Point, released in 1970 (but shot a couple years earlier as Solar Lodge members stood and watched it being filmed), starts at the entrance to U.S.C. and then follows the travels of the heroine out to Zabriskie Point in Death Valley.

In a series of scenes, she is seen in Vidal, and in our Cafe at that town, talking to Harold, our motel's only full-time resident, who ended up quietly dying in his room a year later.

In the end of the film, she focuses on a place of materialism in the desert, projects mental destruction, and everything explodes - big time - just like the firestorm at Solar Ranch.

I went to the theater and watched both of these films in wonder soon after my solitary residence in Canada began.

Sometimes the strangest things get into the movies.



Chapter 36 The Midnight Press

"Capricornus and Sol published a newspaper, *The Midnight Press*, that revealed illegal and improper conduct by Riverside County authorities."

- lashtal.com/wiki/Solar_lodge

CAPRICORNUS AND SOL rented an apartment near the buildings they owned in Los Angeles and set forth to expose the tactics of the Riverside County Deputy Sheriff, the District Attorney and various Judges.

The Order printed a newspaper entitled *The Midnight Press* that was circulated throughout Riverside County and elsewhere. It was quite effective!

The Midnight Press revealed a multitude of cases of unethical and improper conduct. It spoke of the inquisition against Solar Lodge and it identified and exposed many wrongs that had been done to other, non-Order prisoners. Endless, shameful actions of the sheriff's office and the court system were fully exposed.

The results were amazing: Judges resigned, the District Attorney lost his up-and-coming judgeship appointment and the whole rat's nest was publicly examined and purged.

Throughout this period, the F.B.I. was always just a step away. Telephone lines had been tapped from the beginning of the adventure and members of the group simply assumed that any telephone conversation was subject to eavesdropping. They therefore continued to use ciphers when mentioning names or

addresses, or when issuing specific instructions. Even members who were not on the wanted list were frequently kept under supposedly covert observation and often found themselves being shadowed by suspicious-looking figures.

Sometimes they were obviously tailed for hours, followed deep into the desert or up and down the coast, while they bought time and space in which to lose their pursuers.

One day, Frater Apollo looked out of the second story window of one of the Order's mansions and saw a suited man crouching in the bushes. A small, black boy was standing on the front lawn confronting the F.B.I. agent.

"Hey man! What you doin' there?" he asked.

The man made grand "go-away" gestures accompanied by "shush!" noises. But the boy persisted and the amusing scene went on for a long time.

Eventually time ran out. Despite her attorney's strong recommendations, Capricornus ordered him to continue doing everything possible to avoid going to court for settlement of the issue.

At one point she even arranged for some of the members to capture the attorney, bind him, and administer the o° ceremony, apparently in the misguided belief that such an act would immediately transform him and bring on a change of opinion.

This was really a stupid idea because the attorney simply got angry and decided to call a halt to all the nonsense by informing the F.B.I. of their whereabouts.

Shortly thereafter, on September 9, 1971, Capricornus and Sol were arrested at a furniture auction house on Adams Boulevard. They had only been back in Los Angeles for about a month.

The court situation, however, had been purged. This was now an old case. The people with axes to grind found that their axes had been turned upon themselves and nobody was going to do any jail time!

Meanwhile, Capricornus was experiencing what might be termed "material plane overload." Many books that had been destroyed in the fire had been replaced by new acquisitions.

And it came to pass that certain members read those books, often for the first time. Then, when Capricornus made dictatorial pronouncements and issued commands, some people thought it fit

to say, "But that's not what Crowley said!" or "But in such-and-such book it says..."

She locked up the sacred texts, permitting no one to study or read, preferring that they *work* hard instead. Frater Mont had built up a catering truck business in Los Angeles for the Order, and money and work were not in short supply.

This was the formal beginning of the "*Tong*" that had started on a smaller scale in a basement in Ensenada.

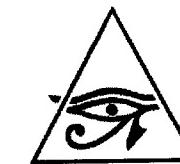
Tong is a Chinese word meaning "Fist" (among other things, including "organization"), and it is a nickname for the infamous Chinese "societies" that ruled by force and terror in the early days of San Francisco. Frater Jon's father applied this term to Solar Lodge and sure enough, it stuck!

The members were forbidden to read or to argue. They all ended up working absurdly long hours, either in the apartments, the catering business, or both. Their food and lodging was included in the deal and each person received five dollars a week for cigarettes, regardless of whether or not they smoked.

Of course, anyone could escape anytime they chose, so it really wasn't slave labor – it only looked like it.

Sol eventually had his charges dismissed due to lack of evidence. Capricornus offered a plea of *nolo contendre*, and was essentially found to be guilty. She received three years of probation along with a \$500 fine. The same was true for a few other members who now came in to have their *karma* balanced.

The funny thing is, *none* of these folks had anything to do with the original crime: the confinement of the diminutive arsonist!



Chapter 37 Myths & Lies

"Ed Sanders [born August 17, 1939] is an American poet, singer, social activist, environmentalist, author and publisher, and has been a longtime member of the band *The Fugs*. He has been called a bridge between the Beat and Hippie generations ... In 1962, he founded the avant-garde journal *Fuck You* ... In 1971, Sanders wrote *The Family* ..." - [wikipedia.org/wiki/Ed_Sanders](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ed_Sanders)

AND THEN A BOOK was published. It was called *The Family* and was written by Ed Sanders. It professed to tell the story of Charles Manson and his notorious "Family," and the events leading up to the vicious Tate-LaBianca murders.

The book drew connections between Manson, his confederates, and Solar Lodge, and it also contained an entire chapter about our Order, which described all manner of ghastly acts that had been committed by Lodge members including animal sacrifices, serial child abuse, and even – it seemed to hint – murder.

Members of Solar Lodge read the book in astounded disbelief.

I read it myself, sitting on the floor of a bookstore in Vancouver, British Columbia – mainly because I didn't care to spend any money on what I considered to be trash.

In one particularly offensive passage, Sanders suggested that we had held magickal ceremonies wherein we evoked malevolent energies that we then dispatched into the Afro-American suburbs of Los Angeles to incite racial unrest and hasten the onset of the race-wars that we believed were about to explode.

This is all nonsense.

Put simply, we never did any such thing, nor did we have any interest in doing such a thing, nor did we have any belief that there was going to be an all-out, coming race war.

As it happened, we *had* been in the middle of the Watts riots of 1965 and we did know all about race riots.

Frater Sol had casually walked one block away from the house to stand with a bunch of black people who were watching Thrifty's Drug Store go up in flames as they chanted, "Burn baby, burn!"

At night we watched carloads of young, black men driving up and down 30th Street while randomly shooting off their guns.

After two days of that kind of stuff, we just left. Capricornus, Sol, Diana Renata and I boarded the Brayton's yawl, *Destiny*, and sailed over to Catalina Island for a week.

On our way to the boat, as Diana and I drove down the harbor freeway at night, we were *surrounded* on all sides by blazing warehouses and office buildings, and people took pot-shots at us from the overhead passes.

I simply stepped on the gas pedal and drove faster!

Upon our return from Catalina, we found that we were *inside* a zone of martial law, and anytime we left or re-entered the area we had to pass through heavily armed military checkpoints.

Our experience did not, however, lead us to conclude that some widespread racial conflagration was just around the corner. Through the wonders of television, we could see similar riots as they broke out in other cities, but then everything would settle down, and we were never really afraid that this was going to get out of hand and become a major, overall problem.

By the way, the newspapers reported that there were sixty deaths of Afro-Americans in the Watts riots. A co-worker of mine, who had actually been in Watts as part of the National Guard, said that it was more like sixty bodies were piled up at *every intersection*.

Did you know that what is released in "the news" is not always correct, and that sometimes the Establishment will purposely give out false information?



To the horror of everyone in the Lodge, *The Family* sold well and was widely read. Another group, *The Process Church of the Final Judgment*, one that also felt itself unfairly treated in that book, sued Sanders' publisher and won, apparently receiving a financial settlement and revisions to the text.

A few years later (around 1976), Sol tried the same thing. But he eventually lost!

Nonetheless, when made aware of the errors, Sanders and his publisher arranged for subsequent printings of the book to be issued without the offending Chapter on Solar Lodge. However, this did little to contain the damage. There were still plenty of copies of the First Edition in circulation and it was widely quoted, and - more recently - pirated and posted on numerous sites on the Internet.

The effect of the misinformation in the controversial Chapter has thus been widespread and lasting, and the falsehoods that were first aired in Sanders' book now seem to reappear almost whenever anyone writes anything about Solar Lodge. Regardless of how many times the truth of this matter has been revealed, it seems like Charlie Manson will always be thought of as *The Shadow of Solar Lodge*.



As to what took place within Solar Lodge in respect to the lawsuit against Sanders, I can tell you nothing because I was not there.

But we can all sit back in amazement as we read what Frater Anubis told me in 2011 ...

In regard to the libel case against Sanders, I was the contact point with our attorneys up to the time I left. Sanders did produce a source for the Manson association libel. His name was [Frater Meadow]. He did have some brief contact with us during the time that *The Eye of Horus* bookstore was on Eighth Street, and he may have taken the Minerval degree.

His testimony was that he had seen Tex Watson walking across the front lawn at 1241 West 30th Street. That was it! That was the source of the libel.

Frater Meadow was associated with *[The Church of the Savants]* and we suspected that he had been sent in undercover to gather information for *the Savants*, who had a facility close to our bookstore on Eighth Street.

Just before I left [in 1981], Sanders and the publisher offered to settle the case for \$50,000 and a full retraction. Dick [Frater Sol] refused to settle, insisting that the case was worth "six figures."

Our attorneys were urging us to take the settlement because of some cases that had just come down from the Supreme Court, which essentially made it impossible for a "public figure" to sue for libel.

The Supreme Court rulings were that to prove libel, one had to prove that the author knew or should have known that the libel was false.

Dick's refusal to settle under the circumstances was part of the reason for my leaving the group. After working for so many years on the case and having a chance to have a favorable settlement, his refusal, and Jean's support of his refusal, made no sense to me.

I discovered the outcome of the case years later when I came upon the published decision.

Dick Brayton and *Velle Transcendental Research Association, Inc.*, lost on a motion for summary judgment where the court ruled that he was a *public figure* and therefore could not meet the standard for proving libel.

- Anubis

Here's the Straight Stuff on *The Family*

There were never any sacrifices, of chickens or otherwise. Everyone fully well knew that the expected "sacrifice" was that of each individual's ego. There was never any swapping of sex partners. There was never any group sex or sex conducted while third (or fourth, etc.) parties were present – in or out of ceremony. There never were any bikers who came around, and there was never any "loan-sharking" of members or students.

There were never any visits by Charles Manson or Charles "Tex" Watson, or any of "*The Family*" cronies, either in the city or in the desert.

Manson was obviously never there! Nobody is pushing that fable anymore and even the repetitive gossip of the rumormongers is slowly fading away.

But the waters that swirl around this and other subjects have been rather muddied by the fact that virtually *everybody* lied about *something* during one or another of the confrontations described in this little book.

In the court case mentioned above, even Dick Brayton firmly denied, under oath, that he ever had *anything* to do with an organization called O.T.O.

Frater Ra said the "Boy" had been in the "Box" for fifty-seven days. Sanders said we projected hate vibrations into Watts. Soror Ma said she never talked to Deputy Sheriff Hayes. Frater Nat told his brother-in-law (the F.B.I. snitch) that he didn't know where we were. I told the Canadian government that I was born in Vancouver. This list could go on and on. Let's stop it here.

Remember, there's the spirit of an Abramelin talisman "to cause confusion" dancing around throughout all this muddled disorientation.

Given this litany of misinformation, it's no wonder that I have had to step in and sort it all out. I might add that I no longer have any reason to lie in these *True Tales of Initiation and Inner Adventure*. Except for those matters already dealt with in the courts, my involvement in any activity that might be construed as illegal was peripheral and falls well outside the *statute of limitations*. I have nothing to fear from everyone finally discovering what really happened.

Indeed, my primary reason for writing this book has been to destroy the veil of Illusion that has enveloped the history of Solar Lodge, and to tell the real story of the sometimes noble, sometimes silly, sometimes misguided, and sometimes right or wrong, activities of our little band.

The Solar/Manson connection was merely a time/space coincidence. Charles Manson and members of Solar Ranch were arrested around the same time. Charlie and his group went down on August 16 - and Solar Ranch was taken down on July 29, only 18 days apart.. Both were busted in remote California desert locations.

However, Manson was a murderer, while we Solar Lodge members didn't even slaughter our own animals for food - we kept

them for pets and bought our meat at the grocery store.

One member chained an unstable pyromaniac child for approximately ten hours, arguably as much for his own protection as for that of those around him.

So where did many of the false stories and linkages come from? Here:

Somewhere around 1967, a guy who professed to be interested in the Path showed up at the 30th Street house. He took the preliminary oath but he never even went on to become a Probationer and he never entered the initiatory camp of Saladin.

The preliminary oath, required of anyone who asked for initiation, or information, or just to be on-site for metaphysical reasons was:

I solemnly and sincerely swear to do all in my power
to know and understand the Truth for myself.

He betrayed this simple oath from the outset. What he was really after was the *Tarot Cards!* You see, Crowley's *Book of Thoth* was then very rare. One copy of the First Edition sat in the Cherokee Bookstore on Hollywood Boulevard, inside no less than an armored safe, and it carried a price tag of \$500. It was the only copy known to be available for sale at that time.

You might also be interested in knowing that there were originally only 200 copies of this book. The printing had been mainly financed by members of *Agape Lodge* in the USA, who paid "in advance" for their own copies. So after publication, a box of books was loaded on a ship that sailed off into the Atlantic Ocean - where it was sunk by a German U-boat. Nobody in the United States received their book due to *the perils of war*.

Each book was numbered, and thus identifiable. You can imagine the surprise when these "sunken," numbered copies started showing up in used book stores.

- as related by Frater Aquarius

Solar Lodge had a photocopy of this book, for Aquarius had loaned his volume to us for reproduction. In fact Frater Shem had purchased a camera with a photo stand and he had made clean, black and white copies of the Tarot card designs in the book. Our

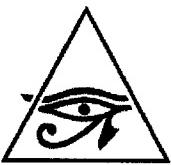
visitor saw the copied book and Frater Shem's cards and he lusted after them. He asked to borrow them, and we loaned them to him. And then he disappeared.

Telephone calls to his home received promises to return the copied book and the cards. Months went by. We made more telephone calls and received more promises. Still, there was no return. So, one evening three of us knocked on his door.

There were no threats, and there was neither violence nor intimidation. Yet, such vibrations hung heavy in the air.

He unhappily delivered the copies as requested, and then he took his little form of revenge much later when he had the opportunity to spill bold-faced lies about Solar Lodge to Ed Sanders.

And that disaffected individual, who really had only the most fleeting contact with Solar Lodge, along with a police investigator who later confessed to "exaggerating" the facts, plus a single individual who said that he saw Tex Watson walking across our lawn, and a "State's Witness" who admitted lying to stay out of jail, with all of this being subtly orchestrated in the background by Grady McMurtry - well, these folks were the principal sources of the misinformation in Sanders' book.



Chapter 38 The Judgement Hall

In the Tuat, the judgement of the dead was performed in the Hall of Ma'at by weighing a man's heart against the feather of the law. The heart could not be heavier than Ma'at's feather.

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1972, the last two Solar Lodge fugitives surrendered themselves in the Superior Courtroom at Blythe, California

I returned from Canada and arrived in court along with Frater Dys who, incidentally, was the one who actually confined the child in the first place - the one they *supposedly* really wanted!.

The charges against me were immediately dismissed, there being no evidence that implicated me in any crime.

It was an interesting scene. The judge (a temporary judge - again - for some reason!) looked at me and said, "I find nothing about you in this testimony [he held up the Grand Jury transcript] other than *honorable mention*. Charges dismissed!" *Big inward sigh of relief.*

The judge then continued in a loud voice: "But you can't tell me nothing happened out there in that desert."

He raised his voice even louder: "I've read all of this transcript, and I just know that ..."

He was ranting, he was raving.

And the defense attorney leaned close to me and said very clearly in a low voice, "Turn around ... Right Now! ... And walk out of here!" Wow! What courtroom drama.

The judge was still raving loudly as I let the courtroom doors swing closed behind me.

Then things quieted down in court. Frater Dys pleaded guilty to a felony charge and received probation. It was finally finished!



After having my charges dismissed in court I was driven to the original Tong house on 30th Street in Los Angeles and handed a key by Frater Anubis. He said, "You have room number 3! Your rent is eighty dollars a month." And he walked away.

I then meditated and received the message, "You approach the crossroads of your life!" The crossroads were attained within a month, exactly on my thirty-third birthday.

The Tong had taken all my money and I had no job. So I called my brother and borrowed \$250. I then climbed on a bus and returned to Vancouver where I still had a car, inside of which were my few belongings that included a cache of Canadian silver coins.

I said goodbye to my friends in Vancouver and drove back to Los Angeles. I then sold most of the silver coins and repaid my brother. My monetary *karma* was now perfectly balanced; that is, I had no money, but I also owed absolutely nothing.

Now it was time to find a job. I walked back into the U.S.C. School of Dentistry to visit one of my previous professors, known to us as Doctor A.

The good doctor informed me that the school was in need of an x-ray technical instructor. Being skilled in this area, I applied for the position and was immediately hired.

Then one evening I was asked to come over to the Grand Lodge. Of course, this was to be my turn at receiving the "Tong Treatment." The Tong Treatment was like a Grand Tribunal - but much more informal.

It came to be presented as a standard format wherein Capricornus would be propped up in bed, under the covers, with a lot of Tongolites sitting in chairs around her. The accused (in this case, myself!) would sit in a chair at the end of the bed.

So I sat down and had a conversation with Capricornus while everyone else sat in silence and simply observed. There were no charges. There was simply an exchange of ideas and philosophies. Naturally, *all* of my ideas and philosophies were wrong, and I was

so informed in no uncertain terms.

After an hour and a half we finished and I went back to my room at the other house. The whole affair was obviously a working analysis of my present position and intentions.

Two weeks later, on my 33rd birthday, I was again invited over to the Menlo Avenue mansion. This event was more like a party, but it certainly had nothing to do with my date of birth.

Frater Kuat was there and he sat me down in a high-backed chair. He then knelt at my feet and begged my forgiveness for the wrongs he had done unto me.

He told me specifically how he had projected ruin upon me with concentrated thoughtforms back in the days of Ensenada, just before the ether parties began.

He carried out this confession in a loud, sorrowful voice with a few other members casually watching his display. Frater Kuat was a drama queen, and he loved every minute of it as he emotionally crucified himself before a small audience.

He was also a homosexual queen and he had long ago fallen in love with me. Realizing that I would never respond to his desires, he had taken it upon himself to destroy me.

I forgave him of his sins and we've been un-romantic friends ever since.



Later in the evening Capricornus asked me to accompany her into a room on the second floor.

She said, "I want you to come back." (As if I had physically gone somewhere).

I replied, "But if I come back, I will probably just try to break everything up."

She had her own interesting reply: "Well I'm doing a pretty good job of busting it up all by myself." *Right!*

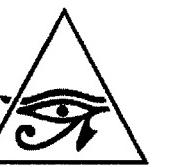
The result of this meeting was that Capricornus (indirectly) released me from my Oath of Obedience with these words: "Okay, you do what you want, but I'd like to see you here. I really need help keeping all this in line."

A few days later I moved into a new, non-Tong apartment, one that only cost thirty-five dollars a month, and then I tendered my formal, written resignation.

When I left, I took absolutely nothing with me that belonged to the Order. No books, documents, talismans or magickal instruments. Oh, there were three personal items: A copy of *Liber AL vel Legis*, my silver IX^o talisman, and my Lamen in the form of a rubber stamp that bore the image of an ascending, phoenix-like, trident of *Shiva*. This was to become *my* "magickal link" to a future of renewed effort, but along completely different lines.



The Lamen of Shiva the Phoenix © 2007 by Frater Shiva



Chapter 39

Life in the Tong

A Tong is a type of organization found among Chinese living in the United States and Canada. These organizations are described as *secret societies* or *sworn brotherhoods* and are often tied to criminal activity.

SOLAR LODGE CONTINUED operating. The world did not end. The books remained locked up and the initiation rituals were essentially stopped, although some limited initiations did take place and other ceremonies, including the *Gnostic Mass*, were still held weekly.

However, each weekend, there would (still) be ether sessions. They were now buying it in five-gallon drums from a well-known chemical warehouse.

The "pharmaceutical" grade was too expensive, as was even the "laboratory" grade. So they simply bought the inexpensive, low quality, *solvent* grade and used it like a thirsty man drinks water.

Now it just so happened that the Tong was running a big catering truck business and one of their daily stops was in the parking lot of the U.S.C. School of Dentistry.

So it came to pass that, on a semi-regular basis, I would take a break from work and step outside to purchase food from the Tong.



Early in 1973, I met Soror Rena who was an x-ray technician at the School of Dentistry. Soror Rena showed some interest in the Great Work and I admitted her to Probationer status in the A.:A.:A..

One day, during our lunch break, I took Rena to Gilbert's Book Shop, self-proclaimed as "Hollywood's Oldest Book Shop," which was located near the famous corner of Hollywood and Vine. Gilbert's carried the largest selection of Crowley books available on the West Coast at that time.

Soror Rena had never been in this bookstore, but as soon as I opened the front door she pointed toward the back of the shop and said, "There! I want *that* book!"

I said, "What book?"

She replied, "That book!" She then walked toward the back of the store and went directly to the Crowley section (which could *not* be seen from the front door). She reached out and put her finger on a book. "That book!" she said.

I took the indicated book from the shelf. It was entitled, *The Secret Rituals of the O.T.O.*, edited by Francis King.¹⁶

I was amazed by what I saw and immediately purchased the book.

We hurried back to the dental school where we found the Tong catering truck that was just finishing up serving lunch. With a certain amount of perverse glee I showed the book to the Tongolites. Then we went back to work.

It was later disclosed to me by Frater Mont that this little display caused a great uproar back at the Tong house when it was reported.

Another day I took Rena over to see the Tong houses on Menlo Avenue. We drove through the large parking lot of the Ralph's Market that was right behind the fence of the Tong mansions.

Lo and behold! We saw a person sitting in a car, obviously looking up and down at the Tong houses and writing notes. With a bit of ancient, protective loyalty I drove around front, knocked on the door, and informed a member that they were being observed. Then we went back to work.

About two hours later I received a telephone call at the school from Capricornus. She invited me over and added, "Bring your girlfriend along if you like."

¹⁶ King, Francis, ed. *The Secret Rituals of the O.T.O.* New York: Samuel Weisberg, 1973. These were indeed the genuine rituals. However, Mr. King was not in knowing possession of the true word of the III^o and he also stated that there were no rituals for the VIII^o and the IX^o, which was not true.

So, after work we stopped by the new Tong house, a third mansion that they had acquired at 2635 South Menlo Avenue.

We had a superficial little chat, then Capricornus said to Soror Rena, "Come with me!" She took Rena by the hand and led her upstairs to see the Temple, where she had the audacity to give her a pitch about joining the Order. Then they came back down and Capricornus told me to go up (by myself) and look at the Temple.

This Temple, somewhat smaller than the expansive layout of the first Grand Lodge, displayed a three-dimensional wall painting by Frater Neb of Ankh-af-na-khonsu derived from the *Stele of Revealing*. This depiction of the "Priest of the Princes" was larger than a person and he was, in a frontal view, looking right out at you with his hand extended, just like in the *Stele*.

It was a very impressive sight, one that I could appreciate much more than his "nude beach" mural in the older Temple at 2627 South Menlo.

But since I last saw him, the "Warrior Lord of Thebes" seemed to have taken up the practice of weightlifting, for his appearance now displayed that muscular physique common to all the figures in Frater Neb's artwork.

After I returned downstairs, Capricornus gave me a pitch about returning to the Order. I essentially declined and Capricornus said, "Well, I think you're pretty stupid!"

I replied, "Right. Well, we have to leave now."

Rena was flabbergasted that I was able to sit in neutrality and absorb the haughty, condescending remarks of my former teacher.



Much later, at yet another meeting (one that I did *not* attend because I was "long gone"), Capricornus painted a verbal picture of the death and destruction that was soon to descend on humanity.

She was now getting really serious about Armageddon and she laid out new plans involving the next move, which would be to Las Vegas, Nevada.

She called upon each member, individually, for a vote of confidence ("Are you with me, or are you ag'in me?").

When his turn came, Frater Mont said, "Well Jean, all I ever wanted was to go to Tibet. Instead I followed you through Mexico, and Canada, and Los Angeles, and Livingstone, and now you want

me to follow you to Las Vegas. I'm sorry, but this is where I get off."

He saw the light and, in his turn, tendered his resignation.

An ongoing observation of the departure process of a number of members revealed an interesting pattern:

Those who went out the *front door* continued their practices and looked upon their adventure with the Tong as a part of their Path, a stage in their development.

Those who went out the *back door* stopped any pretense of spiritual development and blamed the Order and its leaders for their present misfortune, all the while turning their full attention to the material world. In fact, the general concept of the spiritual Path evoked their full anger.

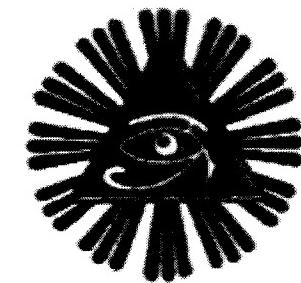
The *front door* method involved facing the *guru*, tendering a formal resignation, turning on one's heel, and walking out the door.

The *back door* method involved hiding from the *guru*, offering no resignation, grabbing anything of value and climbing out a window in the middle of the night.

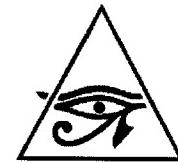


And so the Tong went to Las Vegas where they prospered in the catering business. The properties in Los Angeles, all together, were sold over a period of time for something in the neighborhood of one million dollars.

Book III



Beyond the Veil



Chapter 40 **The Magickal Island**

San Juan Island is well known for splendid vistas, saltwater shores, quiet woodlands and Orca whales. But it was also here in 1859 that the United States and Great Britain nearly went to war over a British company pig that was shot while rooting in an American's garden. When British authorities threatened to arrest the American and evict all his countrymen from the island as trespassers, a delegation sought military protection and battle lines were drawn. The "pig war" was eventually settled by peaceful means.

- condensed from National Park Service ^{xxxviii}

MRATER SHEM RESURFACED IN 1973. This is his tale of travel, travail, trouble and woe. Because of his unreliability due to excessive drug use, Shem had been left to "supervise" the members who stayed in Arizona when we learned that the F.B.I. was looking for us and we departed for Mexico.

Rockland was a working flagstone quarry near Prescott, purchased for the members to work and to provide them with an income.

The purchase price of \$2000 bought the quarry, some buildings, a truck, a stone-splitting machine, a bunch of tools and lots of dynamite.

The rock was blown up, split down to size and trucked to town where it was sold to home improvement centers and lumber yards.

During this time, Shem became so utterly spaced out on pharmaceuticals that he discussed designs with other members wherein he planned to take a bunch of dynamite, with which he was constantly experimenting, and blow up the power lines leading out of the huge generating station at Boulder Dam. Thankfully, this temporary insanity soon passed and the electrical grid remained intact!

After a couple months at Rockland, Frater Shem gave up. He ran out of drugs, sobered up, returned to California, engaged an attorney and surrendered himself to the Establishment. Because the publicity and foul play was still rampant in Riverside County, he requested and received a change of venue to San Bernardino County where he appeared before a judge.

As he had rapidly obtained employment again as a dentist, the judge sentenced him to 30 days in jail – to be served on weekends! He dutifully served his time for a crime in which he had not participated.

Now, way back when he was in dental school (1961-65), Frater Shem had borrowed money from a friend who was a member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church to which Shem himself had previously belonged. Frater Shem always wanted to be the "rich man on the hill" (he knew of one when he was a child) - this was his preoccupation and his openly-admitted obsession. So several times during the course of his dental school training he borrowed money, paid his tuition and fees, and lavished the remainder on his friends, thus playing out the "rich man" syndrome.

After graduating from the School of Dentistry, the income from his dental practice provided the majority of the funds that were funneled into the Order. He was indeed Solar Lodge's "Rich Man from the West." But he never repaid his loans.

Somewhere along the line, the original lender of the funds died and the promissory notes were bought by unknown persons. After his term in the Order, and after his time in jail, people started coming around who wanted to collect on this debt. Unusual people. Tough guys. Men in dark, three-piece suits who drove black Cadillacs.

So Frater Shem just bailed out. We wonder why he didn't simply strike a deal to repay his loans? After all, he was a practicing dentist with a healthy income. But he didn't want to repay and he

never really justified his flight (to me) from what he considered to be the underworld.

He took his dental assistant and went to live in a tiny cabin on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta, Canada that was owned by a psychologist friend from his earlier days. They and their chickens, goats, dogs and a horse, lived through a winter where the temperature was -60° F. *Brrr!*

When the winter passed, they returned to stay with the cabin-owning psychologist in San Bernardino, California. Shortly after they arrived, Frater Shem called our old professor at the dental school, Doctor A (he that was known for his far-right politics). Doctor A told him that I was working there and the next day Frater Shem just showed up at U.S.C. So Frater Shem and I were re-united, and after that I often visited him in San Bernardino on weekends over a period of several months.

Unfortunately, the psychologist with whom Frater Shem was staying had recently been busted for fraudulent activities. He was billing government agencies for his professional services, but the clients were actually counseled by unqualified assistants. The psychologist was now undergoing disciplinary proceedings related to keeping his license (or not).

The Doc finally lost, his license was revoked, and he was faced with selling his palatial estate. Frater Shem obviously could not remain there any longer.

I was with him the day that he loaded up his pickup truck and tiny 13' travel trailer with his dental assistant, some chickens and goats, and a dog.

They drove north, looking for a place to settle. They finally ended up camping on San Juan Island, the most northwestern portion (island) of the continental United States. Here they met a merchant marine and his brothers, who collectively owned eighty acres of forest in the remote center of the island. They gave Frater Shem the use of an old woodcutter's cabin to live in as compensation for his becoming the estate's caretaker while they were away at sea.



In 1982 I lived and worked on this "magickal island" with Frater Shem for five months. I also visited the island several times

between 1979 and 1986. My residence there in 1982 was a particularly critical time for me, for it was then that I wrestled with, and worked out, the final steps in what had been a twenty-six month journey of internal distress that defined the crossing of that great gulf in consciousness that separates fiery aspiration from the plateau of intuitive understanding.

Also, that last year, 1986, was notable as I ended up acting as Frater Shem's personal physician during the final days of his life.

This was a true "survival" camp. All the surrounding neighbors firmly resisted the intrusion of the telephone, electrical power lines, any type of externally-provided utilities, and all tourists. They paid their taxes but otherwise expected the Establishment to keep its nose out of their affairs. Everything ran on batteries, solar panels, generators and propane. It is still in operation today (2011).

One day Frater Shem was in a confessional mood. He told me about several events in his life that he had not described before. In particular, he dwelled on the event in 1967 wherein he was the prime mover of the small group that performed a seizure of the books from the O.T.O. library in West Point, California.

After Capricornus and Sol had returned from their 1966, six-month, journey to Europe, they had secretly stopped by West Point to visit Sascha Germer (the wife of the deceased Karl Germer, Frater Saturnus). Being in an apparently demented state, she simply ran them off.

Later, in 1967, Capricornus privately conferred with Frater Shem. She told him that the O.T.O. library was under the care of an insane person and that she wanted those books "soon."

Now, on the surface, Frater Shem had one of the nicest, kindest, most benevolent personalities that you could possibly ever encounter, but underneath there lurked a rather dark side.

For example, one day in 1965, I took Capricornus to Frater Shem's office for a routine dental procedure. Frater Shem medicated her with the strongest stuff in his pharmaceutical arsenal: Demerol, Seconal, Vistaril and Scopolamine. This is a standard, heavy-duty, sedative mixture (and also a "truth serum," no less) used only for the most uncooperative patients and for major oral surgery procedures.

It worked just fine for the dentistry but Capricornus was in a semi-hypnotic state for over 24 hours. The point is, Frater Shem

enjoyed mixing and administering powerful, intravenous, sedation cocktails, and indeed sometimes administered them to himself just for the fun of it.

So it came to pass that Frater Shem and a few of his acolytes went to West Point, grabbed the old lady, and he administered one of his famous mixtures. He then sat holding Sascha's hand while the others loaded up many of the books.

I had long ago known all about this piracy, but Shem was now merely filling me in on some of the previously undisclosed, personal details.

He recounted that she had told him, "You can't take those books - they're packed up and are going to Switzerland." Apparently she had decided that their rightful place was with Hermann Metzger, who was the Head of an O.T.O. group in Switzerland, and who had declared himself "Outer Head of the Order" following Karl Germer's death.

Although there had been reports of how Mrs. Germer had been beaten, Frater Shem insisted that she had been treated in a very gentle manner and I have no doubt but that this was true. Other considerations being set aside, Frater Shem was neither a violent man nor a physically aggressive person. However, regardless of his viewpoint, the administration of unwanted, potent drugs is legally considered to be *battery*.

Frater Shem described to me, in great detail, how she reacted, for this was the crux of his tale, the scene that had impressed and haunted him for many years.

"She thought I was Karl Germer," he said. "She kept calling me 'Karl,' and I felt as if I actually was her husband."

Well there certainly was a similarity in the role portrayed by these two initiates. Although played out in different times and places, both Frater Saturnus and Frater Shem obviously filled the role of "The Rich Man from the West" as mentioned in *The Book of the Law*.

And so it was that the books quietly made their way into the Solar Lodge library along with piles of other books that were bought, begged, borrowed and - it must be said - stolen from other sources. I have given this subject some length as it is a key point in the overall story. Other people thought that members of Solar Lodge had plundered the library and, even though we denied it for

decades, it now turns out that they were right.

Unfortunately, virtually all this material was destroyed in the fiery destruction of Solar Ranch in 1969.

A few items survived. For example, Frater Jon, in his capacity as print-man, had personal possession of carbon copies of the entire Crowley-Germer correspondence and he retained these when he departed the Tong.

I later heard that the son of Frater Anubis had joined the *Caliphate* O.T.O. (as it was then known) and that he had presented that organization with these copies. This story is somewhat true, but only around the edges. Here is the actual sequence of events:

Frater Jon did indeed have these copies.

The son of Anubis did indeed join the *Caliphate*. The local chapter was rather curious about him, for he was a link to a legend from the past.

Then the son of Anubis introduced some of his *Caliphate* brethren to Frater Geo.

In a spirit of helpfulness, Frater Geo made copies of the copies of the letters that Frater Jon had retained. He then presented a set of these letters to the O.T.O.

He was essentially told, "Thank you very much. But we're really looking for something a bit more substantial."

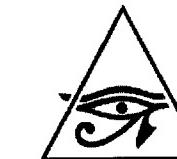


Meanwhile, Frater Shem had drifted into alcoholism. Deprived of his dental license and his extensive collection of pharmaceuticals, he had turned to strong (20% alcohol content) wine.

Each day, after we finished working, he always went to visit the market where he would buy a bottle of the cheapest and most powerful wine. One day he told me, "I'm not even hungry any more. All I want is this stuff."

This was indeed an ominous omen, for nothing is more ruinous to the mystic than a constant, heavy intake of alcohol (or ether, which is directly derived from alcohol).

Well, perhaps *methamphetamine* is just as bad (or even worse), as we shall see further on in this tale.



Chapter 41 The Anti-Tong

Anti- is a prefix meaning "against" or "opposite of" used in the formation of compound words and used freely in combination with elements of any origin.

- Dictionary.com

ONE DAY IN 1976, I was driving to my home in the hills overlooking downtown Los Angeles. A very short block and a half away from my abode I saw someone working in a yard who looked like Frater Mont.

I parked at home and walked back down the street. I peered through a hedge to see this person more closely and said, "Mont - Is that you?" It was.

Thus I was re-united with Frater Mont, who had previously been a close friend. It transpired that Mont was even still associated with Frater Jon, the former lead guitarist of the Solar Lodge rock band who was our pressman as well, and they were living together in Mont's house. A slender man who was 5'8" tall with brown hair and blue eyes, Jon had the sort of gentle, soft, friendly personality that seemed to charm everyone.

I was certainly pleased to see both of them again, and we three soon formed a loose network of magicians that we came to refer to as the "Anti-Tong." That is, it was a free association of like-minded individuals. There was no dictator and there was no dictation. It continued for many years.

It eventually grew into *Star System*, the non-dictatorship that

attracted notables like Frater Estar, Frater Lightblazer, Soror Maat, Soror Artemis, and Frater Osiris, many of whom went on to establish their own schools of thought.¹⁷



Frater Anubis showed up one day in 1981 at Mont's new apartment in Hollywood.

Anubis was six-feet tall and displayed a slender frame with a medium build, brown hair and blue eyes. He was very intelligent, rather quiet, and had been the bass guitarist in the Solar Lodge rock band. His musical demeanor was reminiscent of the manner displayed by *The Rolling Stones*.

We already knew that the Tong had moved from Los Angeles around 1975 and purchased a farm in Livingstone, California (near Merced) where they started the whole pig-cow-chicken thing all over again. They maintained a very large pig farm, several huge alfalfa fields, and a nearby restaurant called Mom's Cafe. At the time they still owned the Los Angeles properties and continued to run the Los Angeles catering trucks.

After Frater Mont's tenure, they sold the last of the Los Angeles houses and the Livingstone properties, and moved completely to Las Vegas, Nevada, to which city they transferred their catering truck business.

Frater Anubis' last task was to sell the three Los Angeles properties on Menlo Avenue, which he did, for 300,000 dollars. He then, in his turn, packed it in and went out the *back door* in the middle of the night by "borrowing" a Tong automobile. He had no funds and contacted Frater Mont for assistance in returning to his native State of Washington.

Frater Anubis related the current state of the Tong to us. It was described as a very large catering truck business with an attendant "catering house" base in Las Vegas, plus a normal residential house in North Las Vegas with a traditional pig farm way out in the sticks about one and a half hours north of Las Vegas.

As had become standard, the Tongolites worked eighteen hours a day for no wages and slept on the floor of the catering

¹⁷ The stories of these worthies have not been included in this tale as they did not contribute directly to the history of Solar Lodge, but you can read about our adventures at the *mystic-history* website.

house from 11 PM until 5 AM (more or less) each night. There was virtually no spiritual activity. The Tong itself was filthy rich. They had a "cash room" where they counted the daily take and stored large amounts of money. There were no significant bank accounts, and not much in the way of taxes was paid.

Since Anubis was the treasurer, he would be the most knowledgeable about the Tong's finances. In 2011, he told me that he doubted some of the "massive amounts of cash" stories, adding that when he left in 1981 that they *only* had about \$100,000 on hand, the rest of their funds being invested in real estate..

Somewhere around this time Capricornus discovered that the Crowley talisman that she had received from Aquarius, and that served as her "link" to the Thelemic current, was missing. She had the Tongolites search everywhere but it was never to be found.

Thus, the original basis of magickal "authority" upon which Solar Lodge was founded had been removed. However, this certainly didn't stop the forward momentum of the moneymaking machine.

Based on what Frater Mont and I heard from Frater Anubis, we decided it would be a good idea to rescue Soror Isis from the Tong. This adventure ended up being our final direct contact with Solar Lodge.

Frater Anubis, Frater Mont's wife, and I set out for Las Vegas one evening in early September of 1981.

Mont's wife was a short, chubby woman who swore like a sailor and later turned out to be a pathological liar. She is simply referred to here as "Mont's wife" because she had not taken formal initiation. However, she had signed the "Preliminary Oath."

We arrived at the Las Vegas catering house around 2:00 AM. Frater Anubis had a key and he and I entered the premises. Tongolites were spread out sleeping on the floor and on food preparation tables. One of them woke up, saw Frater Anubis and me and said, "What are you doing here?" Frater Anubis replied, "We're looking for Isis!" He then proceeded to search everywhere for her.

By now everyone was awake and I was surprised to see that Tama was there. She was the older sister of the famous "Boy in the Box." The boy's parents had long ago departed, but Tama had apparently been adopted by the Tong. It was even rumored that she

had entered the Hall of Initiation.

Within three minutes of our entry I was handed a telephone.
"Capricornus wants to talk to you!"

"Hi," I said.

She replied, "I thought I got rid of you a long time ago."

I stated, "We want to talk to Isis!"

Capricornus said, "She's not there. You know you're trespassing and I want you out of there."

I replied, "I'm here as the guest of one of the officers of your corporation and he has a key. That's not trespassing." There was silence on the other end of the line.

Meanwhile, Frater Anubis had completed his search – no Isis.

"Anyway," I said, "we're leaving now." And we left.

Frater Anubis knew that if Soror Isis was not at the catering house, she most likely would be found at the remote pig farm. So we drove north to the pig farm in the wilderness where we arrived at 4:00 AM.

Frater Anubis warned us that Frater Yama, a long-term, enthusiastic practitioner of the art of ether-sniffing, was likely to be there. Yama stood 5'11" tall with a somewhat overweight body. He had been the extroverted drum player in the Solar Lodge rock band and was considered by Anubis to be the most unstable and potentially dangerous of the members that we might encounter.

Sure enough, there was Yama, brandishing a shotgun and screaming, "You better get out of here you mother-fucking black brothers!" A *Black Brother* is technically a high-ranking initiate who sells out to the material world for ego, profit, or power. In the Tong, a "Black Brother" is anyone with magickal inclination who thinks differently than the Tong, especially one who has escaped.

This was a nighttime version of High Noon, a potential Gunfight at the Pig Farm Corral. Although both sides were armed, only one side was brandishing a weapon.

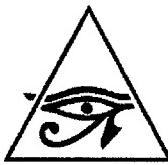
Frater Mont's wife intervened as a "neutral" party. She told Frater Yama that "We just want to talk to Isis for a minute." Amazingly, he relented, summoned Soror Isis, and allowed Frater Mont's wife to speak in whispers to Soror Isis through the locked gate while he stood nearby cradling his shotgun.

In the star-lit darkness of a cold, Nevada night, Frater Mont's wife told Soror Isis that if she wanted to leave we would help her to

escape and ~~she~~ slipped Soror Isis a small scrap of paper with a telephone number on it that Isis palmed and slipped into her pocket.

Then we left without further gunplay. This was the final Tong adventure for any of us. We never heard again from Soror Isis. The rescue attempt was a complete failure.

Soror Isis was, of course, totally dependent on the Tong. She was excessively introverted and Capricornus was always concerned about Soror Isis' psychological presentation to outsiders; she was usually confined to the farm or some other Tong facility.



Chapter 42

Echoes through Time

Echo was a nymph whose unrequited love for Narcissus caused her to pine away until nothing but her voice remained.

- thefreedictionary.com

MONT AND HIS WIFE and their three children were living in San Diego when he took it into his mind to contact Frater Kuat. Frater Kuat's family resided in San Diego and Kuat had lived there off-and-on all of his life.

Kuat stood 5'10" and, like all his family members, had been overweight from the time of his birth. Tipping the scales at 300+ pounds, he exuded a solicitous, friendly personality and always spoke in a thoughtful, formal, refined, and very clear manner.

Frater Kuat originally became affiliated with Solar Lodge in 1967 when we hosted "A Night on the Nile," a grand gathering in the ancient Egyptian style, complete with food, drink and ceremonials.

In celebration of the restoration of the Order's new mansion on Menlo Avenue, the members invited everyone they knew who showed even a remote interest in things occult or mystical. Frankly, many people came who had absolutely no interest of any kind in spiritual matters.

About seventy people, including friends and family members, showed up for what promised to be the metaphysical party of the decade.

I put a moderate dose of vodka into the communal punch bowl

and Frater Shem (in his usual mad-poisoner mode) put a heavy dose of LSD into that same bowl.

Essentially, it went quite well. However -

- The (attorney) father of one member became insane and went ranting and raving all over the mansion, angry with his wife and anyone else he encountered. The membership found this to be amusing.
- Dr. A set aside his politics and appeared to have a good time, but on his way home he started experiencing strange feelings accompanied by kaleidoscopic visions. He went immediately to an emergency room where the attending physician told him, "It looks like someone slipped you some LSD."
- Frater Kuat met Capricornus when she pitched in to help as he was washing dishes in the kitchen.

Frater Kuat had been washing dishes in his parent's skilled-nursing facility since he was three years old (*child labor laws* evidently didn't apply to families). He developed an immediate rapport with Capricornus. After all, she too had done time as a dishwasher!

He eventually became the only member of Solar Lodge who came and went on a regular basis. He would visit the Lodge for a while (in Los Angeles, the Desert, Arizona, Mexico, Livingstone, Las Vegas and Texas), and then return to his adventures at his family's home base in San Diego.

Most of his adventures were pharmaceutically-based.

As a child he had promoted friendship with other children by offering various, illicit substances, a gesture that he continued throughout his life.

At the age of eight, he organized and presented the first of his famous Grand Parties.

Entertainers were hired, food was prepared and most of the little kiddies attending had their consciousness altered with one gift or another from child Kuat.

Thereafter, he continued to host similar parties on a regular basis for decades.

Frater Kuat was always particularly close to Capricornus, essentially acting as her "personal servant."

In 1989 he became Frater Mont's and my source of information regarding the workings and history of the Tong after we both had departed.

Some of his reports included the following:

(1) In Las Vegas, the Tong purchased a used, enclosed, rental trailer from the *U-Haul* company. A large, deep hole was dug in the ground with Tong excavation equipment and some shovels. The Tong crane was then attached by a chain to the trailer hitch and the trailer was lowered, back gate downward, into the hole and covered over. By the way - the trailer was packed full of cash!

Frater Anubis, the actual custodian of the cash until 1981, doubts that this scenario took place as described; for one thing, there was never enough money on hand to pack this type of trailer "full."

(2) The Tong eventually abandoned Las Vegas and moved to an undisclosed location deep in the heart of Texas where they purchased and operated a mobile home park.

(3) The Tong was essentially owned and run by Capricornus and Sol. The other members owned nothing. To create a sense of balance and fairness, Frater Kuat suggested to Capricornus that, since there were so many assets, it would be appropriate for a Trust to be established wherein the few remaining members could be beneficiaries. Remarkably, Capricornus agreed and the Trust was formed. Frater Kuat and Frater Anubis were among the beneficiaries, but they never received, nor wanted, any monetary remuneration from that source.

And then the day came when Capricornus "took her Seat in the East." The bizarre circumstances are as follows:

The Strange Death of Capricornus

One day in July of 1984, Capricornus was not feeling well and Frater Kuat drove her in her Cadillac to see an Oriental acupuncturist in town. The acupuncturist treated her and then said that she needed some "herbal potassium mixture."

"But," he said, "you cannot come to the office. Meet me in the alley behind the office in two hours."

Frater Kuat and Capricornus pulled into the alley two hours later and the acupuncturist delivered a black, liquid mixture in a bottle, the exact nature of which was never disclosed.

Since he was there at the time, I asked Frater Kuat repeatedly about this mixture. He described it as "a thick, brownish-black, liquid with a sweet-bitter smell and presumably, a similar taste."

To me, this sounds *exactly* like "Brand X," which was becoming popular at that time. A multi-level-marketed product that was a strong "potassium supplement" solution, it produced an euphoric buzz within a few minutes of drinking a small amount. It became very popular in "healthy-minded" circles; I even carried it and distributed it from my herbal pharmacy.

Then it came about that several illnesses and a few deaths were attributed to this "Elixir." It was later found to contain toxic by-products, so they *changed* the formula. After that, nobody got the euphoric buzz any more - but nobody else died either. This company is still in business, so I'm not going to identify the brand name or the manufacturer.

Medically speaking, *Hyperkalemia* is "an elevated blood level of potassium." Extreme degrees of *Hyperkalemia* are considered to be a medical emergency due to the risk of *fatal arrhythmia*. For a person with normal kidney function, *Hyperkalemia* would be seen only with high doses of oral potassium supplements.

I suspect this was the product, and that is my long-distance diagnosis.

Capricornus drank the liquid. Then they went home.

Upon arriving at the house, she immediately began to complain of a variety of symptoms, some of which were quite severe. She asked to be taken to an Emergency Room, so several members got her into the Cadillac and started driving toward the hospital. Frater Kuat knew immediately what was happening and he didn't want to go along on *this* trip. He had been raised in a skilled-nursing facility and had witnessed many deaths.

On the way to the hospital, Capricornus said, "I can't breathe. Open the windows!" The windows were rolled down, but to no avail. When they arrived at the hospital, Capricornus was already dead.

After the death of Capricornus, Sol spent much of his time in a drunken stupor and was frequently seen cavorting around town in his newly purchased, flashy convertible, accompanied by various "girlfriends" who appeared to be "professionals." He died four years after Capricornus.



I eventually got around to asking Frater Kuat if the book of Crowley's Abramelin talismans was still with the few descendants of Capricornus' last, small group.

He replied, "As far as I know!"

And that, as far as I know, is the only remaining item of monetary or magickal value from our once extensive cache, which *probably* is still in existence on this planet.

It would be useless to ask me anything more about its location, for I honestly do not know who is left or even the name of the city in which any of those people reside or last resided, nor do I (or Frater Kuat) know who might be in charge of any group that still remains. Or who might be in possession of this great Book of books.

But what I do know, with absolute certainty, are the details of the book, and these I am quite happy to share. Now anyone reading this will probably be familiar with the often-published photograph of The Master Therion (Crowley) dressed in magickal garb and posing alongside a large book with a pentagram on the front cover (if not, it is reproduced in the *Illustrations* section). What they almost certainly will not know are the details of that book.

Externally, it was about twelve inches high, nine inches across, and two inches thick. Encased in black leather, the front cover displayed a gold-stamped pentagram within a red (maroon) circle.

Inside it was really more of a photograph album than a "book." The pages were made up from very heavy paper, like "card-stock," that had sixteen, forty-five-degree slits in each page, so cut as to hold the four corners of the "photographs," which were, in this case, Abramelin talismans. There were four talismans to a page. There was neither a Table of Contents, an Index, nor any other labeling that identified the talismans. One had to actually know what they were doing, as well as possess access to the Enochian

alphabet designations, in order to figure out which one was which. However, to make matters easier, they were arranged in the same order as found in their original sourcebook, *The Sacred Magic of Abramelin the Mage*.

The talismans had been constructed in the traditional manner, that is, they were square pieces of vellum (fine parchment), approximately three inches to each side, upon which the Enochian letters had been inscribed in (presumably) Indian ink.

For anyone possessed of magickal sensitivity, the book, and the talismans, simply *radiated* energy.

When I first examined this work it was wrapped in black wool and contained a typed and signed note from Gerald Yorke, the executor of Crowley's estate, to Karl Germer, informing him that, if he was wise, he would always keep it wrapped in wool in order to restrain the spirits that dwelled therein.

Wool, as well as silk, is of living animal derivation and thus able to exert an "insulating" effect on forces contained within its folds.

Upon further inspection, I found that all the talismans were in their places, but *one* had been removed. Even more investigation proved this missing item to be the one known as *For a great Treasure!*

This became fully understandable when I came upon an old newspaper article. It described the demise of Aleister Crowley, stating that he had died penniless, but with an Abramelin talisman found under his pillow, or in his pocket according to other accounts, that was designed to obtain a *great Treasure!*

So, I reasoned, *someone*, somewhere (probably in England) was certainly in personal possession of this absent storehouse of energy.¹⁸

We later restored this talisman to the collection. In another one of those entertaining, magickal scavenger hunts that I had already so often undertaken, I pursued and obtained a piece of parchment (which is, after all, only processed sheepskin or calfskin) and cut it to the required size. With India ink, I carefully inscribed the proper Enochian characters. The finished product

¹⁸ There is a fairly well-documented story that tells how Gerald Yorke adapted this talisman, *For a Great Treasure*, to be employed in his search for rare books ... apparently to great effect.

was then purified, consecrated and charged in a IX^o manner.

Next, we held a ceremony - the very one that I have previously (although briefly) described. One sunny weekday afternoon, a small group banished the shells unto their habitations and I invoked our favored deity for magickal operations, Wisdom-crowned Tahuti.

I then proceeded to evoke the spirit ASTAROT. With the talisman in the center of the triangle, and the spirit called forth and mandated by the power of my magickal wand, his face actually materialized within the swirling smoke issuing from the incense that burned at the three corners of the triangle of evocation.

Extending the wand out of the circle and into the triangle, I called upon ASTAROT to set his hand upon the instrument in token of obedience to come when called and to exercise the power of the talisman. This is when the jolt of electricity hit me.

I then gave ASTAROT license to depart in peace unto his abode, causing no disturbance within the environment, and the collection of talismans was considered to be complete.

I have handled and perused this book many times, and I have used its talismans on several occasions. We *never* used the "negative" talismans, except in the singular instance when I was instructed, at the Pig Farm, to put down the ravaging members of the Inquisition who were pursuing us.

Also, we never used the "to obtain" talismans. In fact, there were really only two squares that were ever used on a regular basis: Due to ongoing, legal difficulties, *To Acquire the Affection of a Judge* saw moderate use, and *To Hinder Sorcerers from Operating* was the all-time favorite.

The Book was always kept tightly wrapped in its heavy woolen jacket in order to contain the "demons" that resided therein. Oh yes, they *were* there.

Frater Sol once made the mistake of taking an afternoon nap next to the unwrapped book; actually, he had no idea it was nearby, so he's not to blame. He just got the chance to have some really terrible nightmares. I was sitting near him as he suddenly awoke, wide-eyed, terrified, sweating and crying out, "God damn! Get away ... !" Then he looked at us and said, "Nightmares - Really bad!" He was normal within five minutes, joking and carrying on in a grand manner, and we all saw how he did this in order to forget

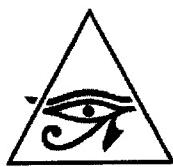
(repress) something that had scared the hell out of him, and that he never talked about again.

I can also say, in great sincerity and from personal experience, that the *magickal* aspect of those famous talismans is easily duplicated. Any Crowley or Abramelin talisman is no more powerful than one I (or you) can build today in five to thirty minute's time, with or without Enochian characters, even as I did in the middle of the Arizona wilderness when I had need *To Fly like an Eagle*.

In fact, I prefer the non-Enochian, non-Abramelin formats as there seem to be absolutely no residual side effects! Frater Perdurabo and Gerald Yorke both warned us and everyone else about the potential unpleasant side-effects of the Abramelin talismans, and Frater Aquarius told us to "Watch out for that Enochian stuff - It *really* works!"

I have heard that there are people who believe that a cache of the Crowley material that some of our members took from West Point is still out there, awaiting discovery. Unfortunately, they are just indulging in wishful thinking.

Somewhere, there is *probably* still that one great book of parchment squares with squiggly lines, but that is all that remains of the Solar Lodge Crowley-collection, except for perhaps some carbon copies or maybe a book here and there.



Chapter 43 Embers

Embers are the glowing, hot coals made of heated carbon-based material that remains after a fire. Embers can glow as hot as the fire which created them. They radiate long after the fire has been extinguished and can rekindle a fire that is thought to be completely extinguished.

- Condensed from Wikipedia

As THE ASHRAM of Solar Lodge continued to blow up throughout the eighth decade of the twentieth century (that is, the 1970's), various initiates rose to take my place as the right-hand man of the *guru*.

I understand that everything became very businesslike, and although the ceremonials continued, there were no more advanced degrees transmitted. The *vizier*, the primary right-hand man, was no longer a formal member of the Sanctuary of the Gnosis.

In the early 1980's, when the ashes of the Lodge were being toted around by only eight or ten people, I could imagine that Capricornus passed on the advanced degrees as her tenure on planet Earth drew to a close; but that would only be a speculation.

Some initiates of the inner circle, the bearers of the *ankh*, each a right-hand in their own rite, came to see that their future lie along their own solitary path and they resigned themselves to it, and they resigned from the Order and walked away, one by one - carrying their own internal glowing ember, a legacy of the fantastic fire of the fabulous Phoenix.

In another circle of the same arena, Grady McMurtry stepped up to become the formal, recognized "Phoenix" of the resurrected American Ordo Templi Orientis, and his history is written elsewhere - for it is not in my domain.

As for Solar Lodge, it was just a pile of ashes, a product of spontaneous combustion.

In yet another circle, some campfires kept burning.

I found that I had to cross my own personal, internal burning ground.

It's enough to make a person wonder if it will ever end.

My first *solo* encounter with the inner Fire was in 1973, and it was psychoactively-enhanced.

I named it, "Exit the *guru*; enter the Phoenix."

"Accumulated thoughtforms and associated astral and physical links with the *guru* [including the silver talisman] were assembled and incinerated, both in an outer ceremony and in an inner vision.

"The internal ignition was initiated by a Star that was sensed and seen, but only dimly. The immediate vision was the release and ascension of the Phoenix from the debris."

- Shiva, Record

This was my form of "deprogramming."

Everyone has to do it at some point; and then they get to repeat it over and over at many levels.

But that's little enough about me; the final tale to tell is about the triad ...



There is a valley resting at a rather high altitude in the Himalayas in Tibet. At the time of the full moon in Taurus, sojourners from the surrounding district begin to gather in this valley.

The legend tells us that amongst those thus gathered together is a group of great beings who are the custodians on Earth of the divine plan for humanity.

These "secret chiefs" or *Mahatmas* are the primary

participants in the Wesak Festival that takes place annually in the outer world and simultaneously upon the inner planes. Great expansions of consciousness are possible at this time and in relation to this event. The etheric celebrations are synchronized with the physical plane in the sacred Wesak Valley of Tibet.

This festival, known by many to be a day of superior spiritual impact, is not a commemorative celebration, but rather an immediate, living event.

Before 1985, awareness of the Wesak Festival in the Himalayas was only a legend in most of the western world. And then some people went there with cameras.

In an hierarchical portrayal, the Buddha is said to transmit a blessing into the primary triad of the Great White Brotherhood, being the *Manu*, the *Bodhisattva* and the *Mahachohan*.

These three then radiate the resulting energy down through the various ashrams, orders and arcarias of the planetary hierarchy, thence unto humanity.

In a Qabalistic rendering, the *Nirmankaya* of *Ain Soph* would be transmitting some of the "boundless light" of the void into the inherent triadic structure of *Ain Soph Aur* that precedes *Kether*, the point, the eye in the triangle.

The supernal triad, being the *Ipsissimus*, the *Magus* and the *Master of the Temple*, then radiate the resulting energy down through the various lineages of the white brotherhood and out into the world.



There is also a valley resting a little bit above the coastline of the Pacific ocean just north of Ensenada in Mexico.

In 1978, we thought that we would match the legend of the Wesak Festival against the reality of our magick. There were five of us, a fortunate number because there happen to be five officers in the Tibetan rite, being those four mentioned above plus a fifth who represents mankind.

Three of us had been together in Solar Lodge and three of us had graduated from the Tibetan ashram, myself being the one who had been resident in both schools. We were all initiates of a previous *guru*, and everyone was a tried and proven acid-master. We were not initiating newcomers in those days, for had not the

Gates of Initiation been closed?

At this time, Frater Mont, Frater Jon and I had been working our magick together for about two years, after finding ourselves mysteriously living in the same tiny neighborhood, tucked away on a hill overlooking the vast metropolis of Los Angeles.

Soror Harlana, Soror Proctora and I had spent three years working together in *The Lighted Way*, an ashram that thankfully "graduated" its polished initiates, rather than force them into the "breakaway syndrome" that some of us had come to know so well.

At this point, we had all been affiliated with each other, and several others as well, in our common ceremonial work for a year and a half. This was without parental supervision of any kind. We had no silver talisman and nothing blew up. The neighbors and the police left us alone. Sometimes we used a magickal libation.

Our hidden venue was only a couple of miles off the main highway - much more convenient than the eight-day, non-stop driving expedition one would have to join in Lhasa before driving across six-hundred miles of Tibetan Himalayan ranges.¹⁹

With everything so close at hand, the five of us boarded Mont's big pickup truck, the one with a sturdy camper shell, and as the sun set over the Pacific, casting *Treasure Island* into a black silhouette against a golden sky, we hit the trail for ...

THE WESAK VALLEY

*This is the official record of the event,
written so many years ago.*

* April 22, 1978: Ensenada, Mexico: Wesak Festival. Full Moon in Taurus, 8:12 PM. Attending: *Shiva* as Buddha, *Harlana* as Mahachohan, *Jon* as Manu, *Mont* as Bodhisattva, *Proctora* as humanity.

6:15 PM: (Sunset) Departed Ensenada for the Wesak Valley.

7:00 PM: Camper stuck in mud.

7:30 PM: Decided to abandon camper 'til after ceremony.

7:35 PM: Walked on into valley.

8:04 PM: Began ceremony.

¹⁹ Read and see about this at ... <http://www.wesakfilm.com>

* Overshadowed by the Buddha, I evoked *Mara* and his host of illusions while vowing to stand fast. I stood fast.

We sent forth the electric fire through the Bodhisattva, into the triangle, the circle, and the valley of illusion; we all consciously stood at the true Wesak Valley festival in shimmering, etheric light.

* At midnight the ceremony closed and we began to free the camper. We succeeded at 4:30 AM.

Note: The pickup truck with the camper on it was buried up to the axle. We spent four and a half hours jacking up wheels and gathering huge boulders to sink in the mud to provide a foundation for the next round of jacking up.

*Here follows my official recollection of the event,
as still remembered by me today.*

6:15 PM: Departed Ensenada for the Wesak Valley.

7:00 PM: Camper stuck in mud.

Mont saw it coming and he berated himself later for slowing down instead of speeding up as was required to keep moving. It was a mere dark patch in the road, a damp warning of the quicksand that lay below. We came to a dead halt at the entrance to the valley.

Note: The 1985 expedition in Tibet had their truck break down at night at an altitude of 20,000 feet in a temperature of minus twenty-five degrees. They were right at the entrance to the Wesak Valley.

7:30 PM: Decided to abandon camper 'til after ceremony.

The exact moment of the full moon was less than an hour away. Timing was of the essence. We changed into our robes, took up our magickal instruments, imbibed our alchemical elixir, and started walking. The valley center was only ten minutes away.

8:04 PM: Began ceremony.

* Overshadowed by the Buddha, I evoked Mara and his host of illusions while vowing to stand fast. I stood fast.

After preparing the altar, banishing the circle and assuming the ceremonial positions of the *Wesak arrangement*, we only had eight minutes to synchronize our efforts with the inner rite and the

pilgrims in Tibet at the precise moment of lunar fullness.

The libation was already working at optimum levels, so we each moved into the assumption our designated "godform."

I immediately did what I needed to do in order to temporarily assume the role of the Buddha: I sat down under a Bodhi tree, probably more like assuming asana next to a large mesquite bush, and I said, "Okay, Mara. Let's see what you've got!"

It took Gautama forty-nine days to conquer the temptations of the Lord of Illusion; I did it in eight minutes. However, I believe that Siddhartha, the Gautama Buddha, did it without a magickal libation.

Mara unleashed his army of demons alright. Unlike the Buddha, he had no time to deal with individual temptations wherein I could gently but firmly raise my hand in dismissal; rather, the hallucinogenic onslaught came on in never ending waves.

I shifted my consciousness to that dark and mysterious eighth chakra that resides high above the crown, engaging the pinpoint of light that lies therein and then allowing that light to flow down and through my being. Its radiation was sufficient to expel any form of temptation or desire save that of holding a vast field of nothingness charged with invisible electric light.

I was the "enlightened one" for about twenty minutes, but so was everyone else. We were all consciously operating in our bodies of light, yet walking around on *terra firma*.

* We sent forth the electric fire through the Bodhisattva, into the triangle, the circle, and the valley of illusion; we all consciously stood at the true Wesak valley festival in shimmering, etheric light.

These symbols portray the gestures and mechanisms of a group transmission of light into human consciousness, with that light then radiated out and passed on to general humanity.

In a certain esoteric manner, we had fulfilled that ancient urge that lay so strong within Solar Lodge - we had taken the trip to Tibet.

There were five of us standing on a vast plain. Around us stood the dark images of many, many more. I even saw the outline of a hors

among them.

Immediately after the formal ceremony, around ten o'clock, we were all back in the Ensenada Wesak Valley, the high plains (planes) of Tibet having receded halfway around the world. We were standing in a close group, the libation still lending strong support.

It being the time of the full moon, that luminary was high in the perfectly clear, nighttime sky.

We all saw it coming from a great distance. A cloud, shaped like an arrowhead, was moving swiftly from out over the ocean straight towards our valley. Mont and I immediately recognized it as the same *deva* that had pointed our way deep into rural Mexico eight years before when we camped out and did our magick on *Treasure Island*.

It came in at high speed, much too fast to be riding on the wind, for there was not a breeze stirring and not a single other cloud in the sky.

It stopped, all at once, with nothing "gradual" about its instant deceleration. It parked directly in front of the moon, draping a dark veil over the lunar light.

Then that veil thinned and the light of the moon projected a silent motion picture upon the three-dimensional surfaces of the cloud. The *deva* gave us an animated show.

Exquisitely detailed pictures began to flow one into another so rapidly that there was never a still scene, not even enough time to say, "Look, that one's *Mayan*!"

During the show there was enough time to comment upon the spectacular process, and after the show we could say, "Mayan, Egyptian, Assyrian, Tibetan, Hindu and Aztecan," but when the presentation was under way, there was no chance to hold it still and voice a particular descriptive word.

Each scene momentary flashed a display of esoteric symbols and spiritual processes through the unique insignia of some particular race or civilization. They rolled so rapidly into each other that the underlying message was crystal clear:

There is only one process, one system, underlying the emblems and the protocols of any culture, and of all cultures anywhere and at any time.

Then we packed up and walked back to the truck. Consulting a timepiece, and following the "four-hour rule," we determined that we had a little over an hour to go before we would undertake treacherous work on the physical plane.

So we all we changed our clothes and climbed into the camper that rested on the bed of the truck that was mired in the mud, and we sat back comfortably and closed our eyes.

Here we were, minding our own inner business, when that ship of the inner planes from the Sonoran desert showed up again. It was beginning to look like the Wesak Festival was an excuse to have an "old friends" reunion.

I know we took a ride in it this time, because afterward we talked about it for a while. Then it was midnight and time to go to work.

* *At midnight the ceremony closed and we began to free the camper. We succeeded at 4:30 AM.*

The pickup truck was buried up to the rear axle. There was no solid ground available to jack up any part of the axle or the frame or the bumper. There was only the option of throwing large rocks under the axle and then using them as a foundation for the hydraulic jack.

The problem was that the rocks would go down into the oozing mud as fast as we jacked. So we hauled rocks for a few hours, hoping that at some point the pyramid of rocks would reach stable ground somewhere at the bottom of the pit.

At first we fussed around with screwdrivers and sticks, loosening the rocks we needed from the compacted soil just above the road. Then we laboriously carried them over to the mired truck. These rocks were each in the fifty to one-hundred pound range, about the weight of a sack of cement. We were still strongly under the influence of our magickal medicine and I suddenly had a novel idea about rocks. I tried it out and it worked.

Seeing the ladies struggling with these massive boulders, I called them over and showed them a trick, a marvelous, practical *siddhi*.

"First you scout the moonlit hill for the rock that you want," I told them. "Then you walk up to it and take hold of its sides. Next, you shoot an oscillation of energy into it, causing it to vibrate free of the soil, and you lift it up with a levitating, anti-gravitational gesture."

I stepped forward, vibrated a rock up and out of its securely held position and casually walked it over to the truck; it weighed a good eighty pounds, but it felt no heavier than a large basketball.

I must admit to the sin of being pleased as the ladies set to and plucked huge rocks out of the earth and floated them away. It is said in the literature that with a psychedelic one might have "feelings of superhuman strength." These were not "feelings." This was a display of powers that lie hidden, most of the time, deep inside us all. The next day, there were no tired muscles or any other signs that we had moved a ton or two of boulders with our bare hands.

Our pyramid of rocks grew to be several feet high and many feet wide at the base, for the rocks would slide away off to the side as the jack pressed down upon them. And then the axle began to rise.

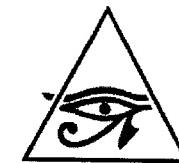
It took many more rocks, but the time finally came when we jacked the wheel barely out of the mud and onto a stable board - just as the neoprene seal in the jack burst and hydraulic fluid began to seep from the now worthless tool.

But we had gained the level of the surface of the Earth. Now we simply had to drive out over the mud; sort of like walking on water.

Brush and cardboard, covered with our ceremonial robes, were spread along the muddy surface in a twenty-foot driving ramp. We all pushed as Mont launched the truck forward, wheels spinning and mud flying everywhere.

I think we might have actually cheered aloud as Mont drove on to stable ground.

The remaining forty-five minutes of the great expedition to the Wesak Valley was, as they say, "home free!"



Chapter 44 Concurrence

"Consensus Reality refers to the agreed-upon concepts of reality which people in the world, or a culture or group, believe are real (or treat as real), usually based upon their common experiences."

- Condensed from Wikipedia

People seem to have individualized, subjective experiences; it is interesting when different people agree that they saw exactly the same thing out there in objective reality.

The Wesak Valley Experience

© 2012 by Frater Jon

ON A BEAUTIFUL SPRING NIGHT in May of 1979, Frater Shiva, Frater Mont and I had a great adventure.

We were energized and had a feeling that a notable experience would be taking place tonight. This was to be an exceptional full moon experience, brought about by our celebration of the Wesak Festival.

Shiva had this idea that we should not simply *commemorate* the Wesak, but that we should *experience* it by setting the proper magickal circle, in the right place, at the right time, to invoke the Buddha and the other participants of the Wesak Festival.

"Okay, fine, I'm in!" That's what I said to Shiva. Mont concurred, as he was never one to turn down an adventure; in fact, he created quite a few adventures himself that I remember.

Shiva undertook the task of finding the most suitable setting for a Wesak experience. You do what you have to do with the tools that you have. He was quite familiar with southwest topography, so he located a suitable venue for the event in an uninhabited area in the desert, that would be conducive to the gathering of consciousness of the planes for the celebration.

So the three of us ventured out with camping gear, which was not much more than blankets, water, meager food sustenance, and a good dose of liberating medicine. We hadn't taken that yet, but after about three hours, we arrived at our destination.

I don't remember where we were, but Shiva says it was *Last Chance Canyon*. That would be appropriate, for this would literally be the *last chance* for a triad of "liberated" Solar Lodge initiates to stand and deliver under ceremonial libation.

Yes, we were really way out in the middle of the desert. This is the type of adventure Shiva has orchestrated on numerous occasions, beginning over ten years ago, back in the days of Solar Lodge. Invariably, a good time was had by all, so I felt very comfortable on another excursion with him.

We left Los Angeles by freeway, making turnoffs from time to time to smaller roads, ending up on a sandy, dusty dirt road in the desert. We arrived late in the afternoon and set-up a crude campsite. Then we kicked back, spooned in some libation and proceeded to discuss metaphysics. In particular, we addressed *The Book of The Law*, our experiences back in the days of Solar Lodge, and thoughts about the future.

It was a full moon of course, as this was the night of the Wesak celebration. The landscape was a miniature of the Grand Canyon. Shiva was spot on. The Moon was overhead, and the cliffs across the way were sculpted by the moonlight and shadows.

It was a gorgeous spring night, the weather was clear, and chilly, with clumps of clouds passing by. Although we were not at 20,000 feet, as is *Mount Kailas* in Tibet that overlooks the Wesak Valley, and even though the temperature was not minus 25 degrees, it was exhilarating just the same.

It was as if we were transported to the Wesak Valley.

As the night went on we commented on how the cliffs reflected a great resemblance to the Valley of the Kings and how Egyptian emblems were embedded in all of the surrounding geography.

As the Moon moved across the sky the cliffs turned into temples. It was incredible!

After a few hours of meditation, ceremonials, conversation and great enjoyment, I noticed that there was a strange activity in the clouds - I'm sure that the libation helped to improve my perception. Although that may sound redundant, the scene was true nonetheless.

The clouds were passing by in the sky from left to right, but there was also an unusual random movement that was not wind-driven. It was strange.

Mont and Shiva both noticed this and we all discussed the fact that we were seeing the same phenomenon:

There was a force that moved through the clouds, going in their same direction but at a higher velocity, and it created an electromagnetic disturbance – one that we could easily see and discuss as it moved through the slower cloud formations. It was a phenomenon similar to that of a magnet disturbing the polarity of iron filings as it passes through black sand. But here it was space and time that moved through the clouds.

The clouds contorted in response to the magnetic presence, twisting and turning, and we could see an invisible trail of something that created the phenomenon.

But there was nothing that we could point to as the cause of it, or an object that caused it - it was a physical effect of an incorporeal force.

What the hell? I asked myself. *Aw, come on!*

But I can't deny what I saw and experienced.

As the phenomenon moved across the sky, I was mesmerized because it was also a dance. As the force moved through the clouds, the clouds came alive and seemed to relish it. It was like a ballet where the clouds danced around the friendly force.

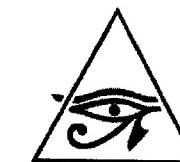
The disturbance to the clouds was *no big deal*, for the clouds merely reformed to their comfortable juxtaposition as they were before they were disturbed.

After I was rocked by what I saw, I said to Mont and Shiva, "Did you see that?" Each of them started talking at the same time, saying the same words that described what I just saw.

It was uncanny and inexplicable. I am convinced that the ethereal display was an apparition and evidence that confirmed the

appearance of spiritual forces celebrating the Wesak based upon a concurrent experience of all of us that were there.

This was a testament to the fact that the Wesak is a living event, not just a historical moment.²⁰ There was a transmission of power from another plane that manifested that night, right in our own little Wesak Valley.



Chapter 45 Requital

"Marcelo Ramos Motta [June 27, 1931 - August 26, 1987] was a Thelemic writer from Brazil ... He claimed to be the Outer Head of the Order of O.T.O. This claim culminated in 1986, when Motta sued Grady McMurtry for ownership of Crowley's copyrights. However, his claims to the leadership of O.T.O. and the copyrights of Crowley's work were dismissed in court."

- Condensed from Wikipedia

Motta means "revenge," "retaliation," "vengeance" "requital" ...
- websters-online-dictionary.org

Motta is a Hawaiian slang term for "Marijuana."

- urbandictionary.com

A COUPLE MONTHS after the Wesak festival of 1979, I wrote to Marcelo Motta in Brazil. From what I had read, his *Society Ordo Templi Orientis* seemed to be authentic and I was writing to see if we could establish some sort of a link.²¹

I was not looking for a *guru*, or even for someone to validate my existence or my position. I told him, "I am inclined to contact you for the purpose of mutual introduction, inspection, exchange of facts/ideas, and considerations of how I and my associates might be of assistance to humanity and Thelema ..."

²⁰ "As the Full Moon is approaching, the Great Ones, the Initiates and the disciples are forming a great field of energy in the Himalayas, through their meditation, contemplation, mystical and sacred rituals, and through their great striving, invocations and contacts ... This energy field is formed of the four cosmic ethers and, as a huge cloud formation, spreads itself all over the world."

- BBC Religion and Ethics page May 6, 2008

²¹ There were 18 total pages of correspondence between us. I have merely included the "high points" of our conversation.



He replied, acknowledging the fact that Ray Burlingame "not only had the IX° O.T.O. but also - which is rare - was well trained in it." He then went on to say that only Karl Germer had the authority to open an O.T.O. Lodge.

I found this position to be a bit odd since he (Motta) had opened an O.T.O. Lodge, although I believe he was somehow claiming that Germer authorized him to do so.

It is also my impression that such authorization was never demonstrated.

Marcelo went on to say, "I had not the slightest interest in the O.T.O., and still, to be candid, I don't." He then asked to see my A.: A.: Records (diaries), as well as the records of my associates, before he could consider accepting any claims. He would not accept us as O.T.O. members because Solar Lodge was not authorized. He then asked me to describe any acts of piracy against Mrs. Germer.



By return mail, in reference to Solar lodge, I stated, "I agree that this was an illegal or clandestine lodge ... There is only an "inner-plane" story which does contain some interesting synchronicities; but certainly no charter."

I also made it clear that, "I am not looking for validation of my OTO degrees. I do not wish to be connected to the OTO. I am not interested in group working ... [Due to police and FBI] we were informed that records were not to be kept ... My (AA) personal work is another matter ... Fortunately, I am not actively seeking acceptance of any degree or grade."

Then I told him the standard cover story that would be the lie that lay over the big secret until 2005: "I am not aware of any robbing of documents from Mrs. Germer."



His reply asked me to supply him with a notarized affidavit that stated Solar Lodge did *not* pilfer the O.T.O. library.

He then went on to make me this amazing offer: "I am badly in need of an O.T.O. Regional Director in California, and would welcome you as such if your Angel allows it ... I demand the utmost

obedience and discipline from those who accept my authority. If I told you to kill yourself, I would expect you to do so promptly. Care to comment on this?"

You, the reader, may wish to pause and consider how you would comment on this.



My final letter to Mr. Motta summed up my position in several areas. I said, "I subscribe completely to the premise that Oaths of Obedience, Poverty, Chastity, and the Like were indeed valid initiatory aids in the passing Piscean (Osirian) Age, where the pupil attached him/her self to a Guru or Master; however, with the New Age, the Master or Teacher is responsible ONLY for the enunciation of TRUTH; the pupil or co-worker is the one responsible for how he/she will act upon this enunciation."

I continued: "Thank you for your consideration of myself as O.T.O. Regional Director. As I mentioned in another letter, I am not interested in the OTO or any other form of Spiritual Dictatorship, even if it is a "benevolent" dictatorship. If you asked (or told) me to kill myself, or to blink my right eye, and I was not convinced within myself that such an act was in complete harmony with my (and consequently, the Universal) Will, then that act would never be completed. Any such conditions of Dictator-type Authority are those which form the endless cycles of emotional, mental, spiritual and physical cataclysms which continually wrack at and upon the Gnosis and its attendant grades ... You have claimed this grade [Magister Templi], and your work goes on; others join in your efforts; if your causal body has indeed burned off, then your work is in harmony with the plan and vision for the New Age of Horus or Aquarius; if not, then things will get all bogged down, and complicated, and the cycles of wrath will come again."

"I do not care to become involved in any (ANY!) action, activity, affidavit, fight, quarrel, discussion, accusation, defense, etc, involving any branch of the OTO (legal or clandestine). I got my walking papers from the Tong a long time ago, and I do not intend in any manner to become involved in the ancient cyclic battle for "King of the Mountain" ... And so I feel there is no further yoga

between your system and my place in the goals you have set ... I wish you well in your endeavors."

Thus my correspondence to Marcelo Motta ceased.



However, Motta was not finished with me. He replied once more, saying, "... my personal obligations demand that I should write you once more, officially; else you may think that my silence implies consent ... It is my assessment that you have quality. It is a pity that you are not willing to serve, for you might have been useful to me ... We give nothing. And we take all."

"As I said, you have quality. Most Jews have these days. If a good Indian is a dead Indian, as they used to say in the States (and still say in Brasil), a good Jew is a live Jew. You may still thank Hitler for that, some day."

"However, you do not differ, essentially, from most intelligent Jews that have approached Thelema in the last few decades. Regardie, Schlag, Wasserman, Neuberg, you ..."

"Your letter, however, made it clear that you are not mine. As to your work, it may be interesting, or useful to others ... but it is not the Great Work."



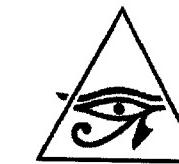
This last letter of his was so ridiculous that I did not respond. Why bother? But perhaps I should tell *you* what I might have said if I had chosen to continue ...

Dear Magister Marcelo,

Like many people before you, you have confused part of my Austrian-derived last name with the European surnames that are so often associated with the Ashkenazi Jewish people.

You see, according to Heinrich Himmler's strict Nordic standards required for qualification as a member of the "Aryan Master Race," you would be looking at me.

I have nothing to "thank Hitler" for, except possibly as providing us all with a fine example of a prominent member of The Black Lodge.



Chapter 46 Acid Reduction

"The idea is first to master these psychedelics, then to use them in the deepest possible sense. If the use is accompanied by the ancient practices of self-realization, the time will come when one needs less medicine to accomplish the same ends, and less again, until finally these powers and abilities will be granted, under full control, in normal, everyday consciousness."

- *Liber Nesek vel Coruscatio* xxxix

SOLAR LODGE, throughout its history, pretty much used full doses of alchemical libation for most of its psychedelic ceremonials. There were a great many more rites performed *without* a potent libation than *with*, but when it came time to authorize a libation, we tended to fill the cup to the brink and drink every drop.

Within a year after my resignation from the Tong, I came to a decision wherein I would calculate how *little* of any magickal libation I could consume in order to obtain some effect.

Within the Lodge, we had often speculated and theorized about the concept of attaining the ability to shift into these other dimensions without the use of medicine, but it never came to a practical application.

We freely recognized that these elixirs were only *previews of coming attractions*, but we weren't walking into the magickal theater without them. Capricornus, of course, had long since adopted the habit of imbibing only a few drops, but as time passed

her dosages tended to increase again.

In less than a year after my departure from Solar Lodge I had already begun reducing the amounts and I switched to cannabinoids instead of psychedelics.

Then came a period wherein no psychoactive substance of any kind were used.

By 1976, the "legendary" Jack Schwarz asked me, "Don't you notice that these things (the *siddhis*, the "seeing") are starting to become part of your normal, everyday consciousness?" Actually, I had *not* noticed, for I was continually practicing and beginning to give readings, and whatever was taking place was so "normal" that I gave it no special notice.

A period of three decades then went by wherein my use of psychedelics was minimal. I would take a small amount only to act as a guide for aspiring psychonauts, and larger doses were reserved for special occasions that were becoming rarer and rarer.

Today I am essentially retired from *psychedelia*.

There are many more tales to tell, some of them stranger and even more "real" than my *Tales of the Tong*, but they slowly move away from the subject of Solar Lodge, which is now closed, being nothing more than a pile of ashes, so we need not go into them here.

The point is that one should not expect to blast their way into these other dimensions and planes with psychedelics, and then be required to keep blasting away for the rest of one's life in order to keep the vision alive.

However, in order to bring these "other worlds" and these rarified levels of consciousness into practical daily living, one does need to undertake what is known as "disciplines."

These will vary with the individual, but the results are always the same: Control of the physical body, control of the astral plane, and control of the mind. *Raja Yoga* and ceremonial magick, by any name that they are called, provide the tools that are required.

There seem to be a few people, rare indeed, who are born "awake" and they stay that way. These folks are called *avatars*, in the classical sense.

Then there are a few people, not many at all, who become "awakened" by some traumatic event or by a spontaneous enlightenment. Their stories are amazing and inspirational, but

unless someone happens to actually *be* one of these people, the way will be hard.

An often-repeated *maxim* in Solar Lodge was, "Nobody ever said it was going to be easy!"

This is, perhaps, the main flaw in our contemporary *New Age* movement, generically so-called. Its exponents imply that these dimensional changes are *easy!* "You create your own reality" is a far more common watchword than *Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law*; it is also more appealing to the ego.

Before the psychedelic era of the middle 1960's, not many were proclaiming how *easy* it can be.

When LSD rolled out the magick carpet for the masses, it suddenly became *easy*, from a certain, casual perspective.

After that, every government in the world had a fit about its citizens visiting the cosmos and the inner realms ...

"The Convention on Psychotropic Substances of 1971 is a United Nations treaty designed to control psychoactive drugs ..." - *An Online Encyclopedia*

... and then the present *New Age* took over and began to promote endless numbers of gadgets, techniques and processes that promised a "shortcut" to enlightenment ... or at least to *prosperity*. These entrepreneurs usually have a fee schedule in mind, in one form or another.

Personally, I have only come across one "shortcut" that really works, and that way can be dangerous indeed ...

"Through the ages we found this one constant story. Stripped of its local and chronological accidents, it usually came to this - the writer would tell of a young man, a seeker after the Hidden Wisdom, who, in one circumstance or another, meets an adept; who, after sundry ordeals, obtains from the said adept, for good or ill, a certain mysterious drug or potion, with the result (at least) of opening the gate of the Other-world ... and we sought it by fruitless attempts to poison ourselves with every drug in (and out of) the Pharmacopoeia."

- *The Herb Dangerous* ^{x1}

In 1965, we didn't need to poison ourselves in fruitless

experimentation. Timothy Leary & Company had sorted all that stuff out for us, eventually saying *on PBS Late Night America*, "Aleister Crowley ... I'm carrying on much of the work that he started ... Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." ^{xli}

Crowley, Leary and Solar Lodge all got into some kind of trouble with the Establishment. Whether by reputation or direct intimidation or by otherwise operating outside the law, we fellows chose the fast path, the forbidden *hyperspace bypass tunnel*, the shortcut across the spiral rings of evolution.



There is no evidence that either Crowley or Leary ever progressively cut down, taking less and less in order to demonstrate the Other-world in "normal" consciousness on a permanent basis.

But the knights and ladies of Solar Lodge that I still know today did just that. How much "Other-world" they are exhibiting in their lives is their concern, but they're not hosting psychedelic ceremonies every other weekend, or even once in eleven years.

There are those who stayed on the path, that is, they did not decry the whole metaphysical realm for utter nonsense (as some did), but who fell victim to vampires. In *every* case, the vampire was pharmaceutical ... but *never* a psychedelic.

The primary demon king, who slew more initiates that I have known than any other, is called METAPHETAMON in the spirit language, and is known to the scientific pharmacist as Methamphetamine.²²

- Marijuana and other modern cannabinoids *may* help to open some of the inner veils. Think of the *ego* and the "queen's chamber" in the Great Pyramid.
- The true psychedelics and their modern analogs *will* open several of the inner veils and *may* help to open the outer gateway. Here we have the *super-ego*, the "higher self" and the "king's chamber" in the Great Pyramid.

²² It has been implied that this substance was a primary psycho-catalyst employed in the chilling tale, *The Black Lodge of Santa Cruz*. That story, so I was told, could be summarized in a sentence from the spiritual record of Dr. Dee: "I had a sight offered me in crystallo and I saw."

see <http://www.biroco.com/kaos/lodge.pdf>

- Methamphetamine and "crack" cocaine *will* open the pit into which the dragon has been contained. Bear in mind the *id* and the "subterranean chamber" under the Great Pyramid.

Those who fell to the vampire are gone now, dead or crippled beyond repair. Their light has been put out or their radiance has been dimmed. Beware.



Anyway, Jack Schwarz also asked me, "Look I know you only use this to open the doors of perception; why don't you just leave the doors open?"

He was right, and my motto became, "less and less until there was need no more."



Chapter 47 Light

"The world, soul and God are imaginations or mental creations in our essential self, like the imaginary silver that we see in a shell. These three [world, soul and God] appear at the same time and disappear at the same time."

- Ramana Maharshi

THE WORD, LIGHT, appears throughout all the sacred texts, all the magickal documents, and all the mystical poetry of all the places and all the times. It also appears repeatedly throughout this little treatise.

The Light, the source, in its purest sense, is the Primary Clear Light as described by the Tibetans. It is a state of being without qualifications. It is *samadhi*.

Any dialog or interactions with this Light come under the term, "Secondary Clear Light." This would be comparable to a conversation with one's holy guardian angel.

All other manifestations of the Light take place in the realm of hallucinations. The Light is the star, the moon, the fabulous flying ship of the inner planes, the lamp, the lightning flash, a silver talisman, the kundalini, the magickal censer and a burning red rubber ball.

Everything I have written in these *True Tales of Inner Adventure* took place in the Bardo of Hallucinations or in the Bardo of Re-entry ... except for those close encounters of the third kind with the Light.

Those encounters with the Light are the really important tales,

for the others have already turned into ashes and blown away on the desert wind.

Before anyone can be "fully initiated," in the greatest possible sense, that person must thoroughly investigate and learn to control both the worlds of darkness and of light - the realms of the body of light and of the shadow.

There is an universal saying, "head in heaven, feet in hell."

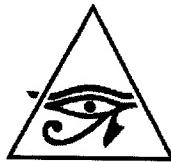
My adepts stand upright; their head above the heavens, their feet below the hells.

- Liber Tzaddi ^{xlvi}

A full-strength magickal libation is going to expose the candidate to the darkness and to the lights, and hopefully to *the Light* that is the projector of all the lesser lights.

Sooner or later, there will surely come to anyone moments of "very darkness" and total confusion, as well as times of great distress, and at this point there is just one overriding recommendation that pre-exists all the holy laws and all the lesser principles ...

Go for the Light?



Epilogue

"The Ultimate aim of Karate lies not in victory or defeat, but in the perfection of the character of the participants." - *Gichin Funakoshi - Father of Japanese Karate*

IN MID-2004, I was in Los Angeles for a *Karate* tournament. I was no longer a competitor, for competition is not permitted after age fifty, but I was now a tournament judge.

With some free time on my hands, I took a drive through the old neighborhood.

The original Solar Lodge mansion and its attendant small house on 30th Street had been demolished to make way for new apartment buildings.

The Grand Solar Lodge, and its two adjacent mansions, on Menlo Avenue had also been demolished to make way for new apartment buildings.

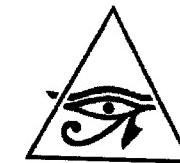
Well, there would certainly be no more slumming around, visiting the demolished sites of my earlier endeavors.

NOW IT'S 2012, and there is nothing left to reveal. Here is the final promulgation:

Dear Solar Lodge,

♩ This is the last book, I'll ever write for you.

Frater Shiva



Summarium Est *This is the Summary*

♦ In Memoriam ♦

Christopher Hartwell, student extraordinaire, was the first of the Solar Lodge casualties. Prior to joining Solar Lodge, Chris had consumed excessive amounts of Stramonium herbal tea (*Herba Datura* - commonly known as "Loco Weed."). His father, a physician, had warned him after his seventh - and almost fatal - episode that the next dose would kill him. He was given his final dose of this horrible brew by the traitorous Frater Ra when they were on guard duty at Solar Ranch following the arrests. Frater Christopher wandered off into the nighttime desert in an altered state of consciousness and his body was discovered two days later. He was 21 years old. The deputy sheriff who found him said, "You folks have had a lot of trouble out here. We'll just call this a case of "accidental exposure."

Frater Ronan (James Wellman), member of the II^o, was asleep one evening in the passenger seat of a Tong truck that was traveling at a moderately high speed. When the car negotiated a long, sweeping curve, Frater Ronan woke up, perceived (incorrectly) that the vehicle was out of control, opened the car door, and stepped out at 50 miles per hour. He was 28 years old. He was not under the influence of any drug.

Soror Sekhmet (Julie Angelson), member of the IX°, High Priestess of the *Gnostic Mass*, went out the *back door* one evening in 1972. Her body was found several months later in a remote desert location.

She had left a note vaguely referring to "Doing her Will." Circumstances suggested suicide and there was no evidence of foul play. She was 28 years old.

Frater Shem (Ed Dunlap), member of the VIII°, an engineer who was the original discoverer of airborne radiation from Soviet Union nuclear testing, and a superb dental surgeon. He was the Grand Architect of the Solar Ranch facility, and eventually became a self-initiated fugitive from the underworld due to unpaid loans.

He departed from the Order relatively early in the game (1970), several months after the firestorm destroyed Solar Ranch.

He surrendered in court in relation to the "Boy in the Box" matter and received thirty days in jail – which he was allowed to serve on weekends!

Everyone who waited longer (than 1970) did no jail time at all, even those who were actually guilty as charged. Frater Shem had been five long years in the Tong.

He died peacefully in 1986 during an afternoon nap at his home in a remote location on San Juan Island, Washington. He was 56 years old.

Soror Capricornus (Georgina "Jean" Rose Brayton), The Supreme Grand Master Baphomet of Solar Lodge, known by some as *Ma Brayton and her Gang*, the Guru who turned to materialism and (virtual) slavery, died in July of 1984 after drinking a secret elixir prepared for her by a Chinese acupuncturist.

She was survived by a small group of six members, plus her husband, all of whom have faded into obscurity somewhere deep in the heart of Texas.

She was 62 years of age.

Frater Sol (Richard Montgomery Brayton), V°, token honorary IX° (never having attended the formal initiation ceremony). He was a retired high school teacher (civics), as well as the Court Jester and the Great Embarrassment of Solar Lodge, being the run-around husband of Capricornus. He liked to be called *Ippy*, short for *Ipsissimus*.

After Jean died, Ippy became the Director of the legal Trust that had been created for the Oath of Poverty recipients who were the remaining survivors of what had once been Solar Lodge. Ippy thus gained sole control of the considerable funds, and he spent virtually all of it in a continual orgy of drunken debauchery until he finally died. The secret Solar Lodge Treasury, a small fortune even by today's standards, was thereby dispersed into the cosmos and returned to the elements.

He passed away four years after his wife. He made it to the age of 76.

The infamous Doctor A (anonymous!) was a Master Mason, a dental surgeon and an associate of Solar Lodge, but never a formal member.

He was a fan of Manly P. Hall and Heinrich Himmler.

His "son," a blond giant of powerful muscular proportion, and a demonstrable superior mental capacity [IQ 181], claimed to be the product of Adolph Hitler's semen and an egg from the Merovingian bloodline, fused and grown in a test tube in 1936, in a German genetic laboratory.

They were both active, potential restorers of the Nazi party - shaped on new, metaphysical insights, but based on old, separative ideologies.

Doctor A died in 1997 at 74 years of age.

★ In Honorarium or Dishonorarium ★

Frater Taurus, member of the I°, was a firm supporter of Solar Lodge in its formative years of 1965-66. He was the first member to go out the *front door* (even though he physically exited via the back door) by confronting the *Guru*. He told Capricornus that, "I love everyone, but I won't be coming around any more."

Capricornus said, "You can't quit!"

Frater Taurus replied, "Oh no? Watch me!"

He walked out and went on to become an administrator for a large city. It was he who first suggested publishing this present book. He is now retired and living in a rural location with his wife, a pack of dogs and some chickens.

Frater Mont, member of the III°, Lord of the ancient Egyptian Armory, is (presumably) still living in his native Mexico. A devoted supporter and sustainer of Solar Lodge, he became the right-hand-man of Capricornus when Frater Shiva surrendered this position. He left by the *front door* and went on to eventually take the Oath of *Magister*, but always refused to accept any formal students. He did whatever it took to keep the ball rolling.

Frater Jon, Member of the V°, the master printer of Solar Lodge, went out the *back door* one evening in 1976, solely in order to preserve his Fender guitar, which surely would have been taken from him. He then he returned the following week to confront the Tong, thus earning *front door* credit. He went on to become a businessman, and then an attorney. He still plays the guitar.

Frater Anubis, V°, honorary member of the IX° (never having received the formal initiation ceremony), is the former Grand Treasurer General of Solar Lodge. He went out the *back door* one evening in 1981 but returned a few days later to confront the Tong, thus earning *front door* credit. He went on to become a Certified Public Accountant and, eventually, an attorney. He still plays the guitar.

Frater Kuat, member of the III°, was the eternal party-maker. He suffered certain serious physical vehicle disorders, yet he still continued the practice of exuberant methamphetamine pharmaceuticalism. He was finally diagnosed as *psychotic*, a condition that has receded and been supplanted by chronic depression following total withdrawal from pharmaceutical intake).

He was the only long-term member of Solar Lodge who was allowed to come and go at will. His family was wealthy and he always had a home in San Diego. But he was attached to Capricornus and he always had a second home wherever the Tong went.

He signed on in 1967, and he stayed off-and-on until 1984 when Capricornus died. He eventually came to be seventeen long/short years in the Tong. He currently lives in a nursing home.

Frater Shiva, your author. Member of the IX° and former Grand Secretary General of Solar Lodge. I went on to become a University Administrator and a Doctor of Oriental Medicine. I am now happily-married, retired, and living in New Mexico. I still teach martial arts on a regular basis.

After leaving Solar Lodge I embraced the revolutionary concept of the *Anti-Tong* with Frater Jon and Frater Mont. I eventually developed *Star System*, another powerful initiatory Order based on the curriculum, and under the Great Seal, of the *Astrum Argenteum*.

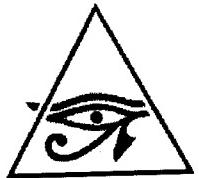
You may email me at:

shiva-ss@lycos.com



DOES IT END HERE?

Sure. Why not?



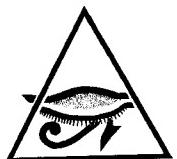
Solar Lodge has faded into secluded obscurity.

If you are interested -

The Further Adventures of
Mont, Shem, Shiva, Estar, Lightblazer, Kuat, Maat
& Artemis, in the post-Tong era
are available with photos for your viewing pleasure at
<http://mystic-history.angelfire.com>

I hope you have enjoyed these
True Tales of Initiation and Inner Adventure

**DO NOT PERFORM ANY OF THESE ACTS AT HOME
WITHOUT PROFESSIONAL SUPERVISION.**



The Eye of Horus is Closed



APPENDIX A

The Chronology of Compartments

The Mediterranean cultures and countries (that is, the Greek, Roman, Jewish, Christian and Islamic nations) have used in the past, and indeed still use today, systems of chronology that have *fixed starting points*, thus permitting the calculation of years forward and backward.

On the other hand, China has always utilized a *Chronology of Compartments* - a series of temporal cycles isolated from each other.

The Chinese Chronology of Compartments has the advantage that each historical fact is situated in an extremely precise framework.

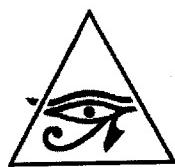
The disadvantage includes the fact that time is conceptualized as a *series of moments without continuity* and that it is *difficult to extract a fact from the framework*, because the fact has been set so firmly *in the framework*.

Chinese culture is *unacquainted with the notions of evolution, comparison, and context*.

There is a *precise knowledge of what happened in a given period of time*, but there is often no determined attempt to *compare a period with preceding or following periods*.

This has led to a *timeless atmosphere* in which there is no fundamental differentiation of scientific data, works of art, or techniques that may be separated by vast periods of time.

- *The Archives of Oriental Medicine*



APPENDIX B

The Archaeology of Solar Lodge

YOU CAN EXPLORE the various sites described in this book with the use of wonderful, modern technology. You can examine the locations of the Solar Lodge expeditions and the foundations of its buildings on your computer with programs like TerraSever®, Topozone®, Google Earth®, Yahoo® Maps, DeLorme Topo ®, and others.²³



WARNING

If you intend to actually visit any of these sites, please respect the rights of the present owners and residents.

Also be aware that many of these sites are located in remote and potentially dangerous environments.

If you are not familiar with such areas, do not attempt to visit them without enlisting the services of a competent local guide.

Neither the author nor the publishers of this work can accept any liability for any loss or injury incurred under any circumstances that might be claimed as a result of physically following these directions.

²³ Except for *The Stone House*, the map coordinates given in the first edition of *Inside Solar Lodge – Outside the Law* will no longer take anyone to the correct location. Either *Google Earth®* has changed its technology or *Planet Earth* has experienced a *polar shift*. The coordinates in this edition are precisely correct as of February, 2012.

THE ARIES VORTEX is located in Last Chance Canyon just north of Saltdale, California, deep in the Mojave Desert. If you approach from the south, massive boulders or washouts may block your way. An approach from the north has generally proved to be accessible (even in sports cars - although these vehicles are not recommended as you can easily get stuck in the sand).

The canyon is located within Red Rock State Park, and is open to the public. The center of the vortex is:

35.410198°, -117.923069°

THE SITE OF SOLAR RANCH is located in Riverside County, about a mile west of the Colorado River, a mile east of Highway 95 and only a few hundred feet south of the San Bernardino County line. Access is by a dirt road that runs from Hwy 95 right along the county line. Beware of getting stuck in the loose, powdery dirt.

This property is privately owned although no people ever seem to be around. The foundations of the buildings that burned are grouped around:

34.073147°, -114.462741°

THE SITE OF THE PIG FARM is located in Baja California about an hour and a half drive south of Ensenada. A Tourist Visa is required, unless you know the secret road around the immigration checkpoint that will add forty-five more minutes to your trip.

Turn east in the town of San Vicente and follow the canyon road about three miles until you see a huge white "X" on the side of a mountain (which has eroded and is now changed). Access is by a dirt, stone and sand road that runs right along the (sometimes-flowing) river. Beware of rattlesnakes.

This property is privately owned and people are obviously in residence. The foundations of the various buildings and animal pens were centered around:

31.354825°, -116.202713°

THE STONE HOUSE appears to be indestructible. It still exists, and is located about an hour's drive north of Los Angeles.

From Soledad Canyon Road, turn north at Briggs Road. Access is by a good dirt side-road that runs right up to the house.

This property is privately owned and currently inhabited. The building is found at:

34.451314°, -118.291313°

THE MAGICKAL ISLAND (San Juan Island) is found on any map of Washington State. Access is by the ferryboat or airplane of your choice.

The town of Friday Harbor is found at:

48.534266°, -123.017124°

TREASURE ISLAND (*Isla Todos Santos*) is due west of any beach in Ensenada. Access is by the small boat of your choice. Beware of steep cliffs and breaking waves.

31.804172°, -116.792482°

THE TONG MANSIONS no longer exist. They have been demolished to make room for new apartment buildings.

Anicca, Anicca²⁴ - *Everything passes away!*

²⁴ *Anicca* (Ah-nee-chah) means "impermanence." Buddhism argues that there is nothing permanent as all things are constantly changing.

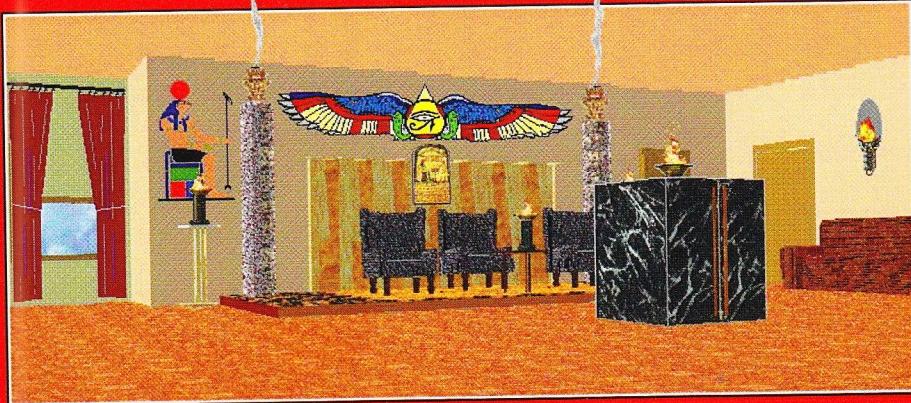
ENDNOTES

WEBLINKS ARE EPHEMERAL AND SUBJECT TO CHANGE

- ii http://wiki.answers.com/Q/What_was_Eisenhower%27s_warning_about_the_military_industrial_complex
- iii Photo of Frater Shem and his wife: 1948 © Leo Scone
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- viii Allan Bennett, Aleister Crowley. Liber Israfel at sacred-texts.com © OTO
- ix <http://hermetic.com/crowley/libers/lib671.html> © OTO
- x <http://hermetic.com/crowley/libers/lib61.html>, line 31 © OTO
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- xix http://hermetic.com/eidolons/Introduction_to_Book_220 © OTO
- xx <http://www.cornelius93.com/Blogo9-4April1.html>
- xxi The Master Therion. *Book 4 - Part 3*. London: 1929 © OTO
- xxii Photograph of 2627 Menlo © 2007 by Frater Shiva
- xxiii http://www.rahoorkhuit.net/library/libers/lib_0028.html © OTO
- xxiv After a long conversation with our group, he pointed at me and said, "But I have come here this evening to bring *you* a message. *When you find yourself in difficulty, remember to trust ...*" And he pointed his finger upward. About two hours later, I found myself in psychedelic difficulty and remembered to simply *give up* to a force that was perceived as being above me. This is perhaps the most important secret of all, even if it is a common truism.
- xxv Kenneth Grant. *The Manifest of New Isis Lodge*. 1955
- xxvi The Master Therion. *Book 4 - Part 3*. London: 1929 © OTO
- xxvii *Fiat money*. © Answers Corporation
- xxviii Photograph of Mao & Nixon *This work is in the public domain in the United States because it is a work of the United states Government*.
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- xxxiii Whether called *Illuminati* or otherwise, the fact remains that a clandestine international criminal network with governmental linkages was exposed in 1988-90: see: <http://mystic-history.angelfire.com/15a-PL.htm>
- xxxiv Alice Bailey. *A Treatise on Cosmic Fire*. New York: ©1962 Lucis Trust
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- xl Timothy Leary: "*I carried on Aleister Crowley's work.*"
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- xli Liber Tzaddi. <http://lib.oto-usa.org/libri/libero090.html> © OTO

Inside Solar Lodge



Behind the Veil

includes
the original tale
of
Inside Solar Lodge
Outside the Law
Highly Expanded